THE

HISTORY

OF

NED EVANS.

INTERSPERSED WITH

MORAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS;

ANECDOTES AND CHARACTERS OF MANY PERSONS well known in the Polite World;

AND

INCIDENTAL STRICTURES

ON THE

PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

"O'erstep not the modesty of Nature!"
SHAKESPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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OF

NED EVANS.

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CHAP. XXXIII.

THE inſipidity of Lord Squanderfield's character was a great mortification to Lord Rivers, and no ſmall diſappointment to Lord Ravenſdale himſelf—He had been led, by his ſiſter Lady Elizabeth Belmont, to form a very different expectation of his noble gueſt; and as the wiſh neareſt his heart was to ſee Lady Cecilia happily and ſuitably ſettled, he was ſenſibly touched by his failure in the preſent inſtance. To Lord Squanderfield's family or ſituation there could not be any objection; but to unite one of the moſt ſenſible and amiable, as well as noble and beautiful of her ſex, to a man who did not know the value of ſuch perfections, ſeemed to his lordſhip to be like Jephtha's ſacrificing his daughter, and little leſs impious than the immolation

lation of virtue upon the altar of Mammon.—To this cruelty no worldly views could ever persuade him; and upon consulting with lady Cecilia herself, he had the happiness to find her sentiments entirely coinciding with his own, and that in this instance her duty went hand in hand with her inclination. Indeed this ecclaircissement with her father had a happy effect upon her ladyship; for, now that she was relieved from the apprehension that Lord Squanderfield's addresses would be supported by her father's recommendation, she recovered her usual gaiety, and appeared much more willing to entertain him, and to make his stay at Ravensdale agreeable. But in proportion as Lady Cecilia recovered her gaiety, poor Ned lost his:—he could not be long insensible to the alteration in her conduct towards Lord Squanderfield; nor was he able to account for this alteration from any other motive than that of her acquiescence to the will of her father to receive his addresses—"Good God!" he would say to himself, "she cannot love him!—A mind like hers, fraught with every virtuous, wise, and noble sentiment can never love a man who (whatever may be his fortune) has a soul inferior to the hand that ploughs his fields, or the footman that wipes his shoes—She cannot love him—and where she cannot give her heart, honour will never let her give her hand—But, alas! why do I rave? Unhappy Edward, what is it to thee whom Cecilia loves?—Canst thou forget the difference of your stations, or overlook the mighty gulph which nature and fortune have placed between you?

This poor youth had indeed drunk large draughts of love's intoxicating potion since his arrival at Ravensdale—The intimacy in which

he dwelt there (being conſidered as one of the family), and the daily and unreſerved intercourſe he had with Lady Cecilia had put him off his guard; ſo that he ſwallowed the delicious poiſon, almoſt without knowing it, till the alarm of a rival let him into the knowledge of his real ſituation—It was then his eyes opened on the gulph into which he was ready to fall. The miſery this gave him was inexpreſſible—He recalled to his mind the ſcene in the cavern in Wales, and the agitation of Lady Cecilia on the moſt diſtant and reſpectful hint of his attachment, at a time when ſhe was his gueſt, and he unacquainted with her rank. To renew any ſolicitation of that kind would be now preſumptuous in the higheſt degree: it would be to break the ſacred promiſe he had made to Lady Cecilia—it would be to abuſe the confidence of Lord Ravenſdale, and the hoſpitality of his houſe—it would be to loſe that friendſhip which had already done ſo much for him, and which was ready to do more—and what was worſe than all, it would leſſen him in the eyes of Cecilia herſelf, and probably be the means of baniſhing him from her preſence, and perhaps from her heart for ever. But to forego the ſweet hope, to quench in his ſoul that cordial drop which he had ſo long cheriſhed as the precious panacea of all his cares and afflictions, this was like parting with life itſelf, and which, when once loſt, could leave nothing behind to intereſt or engage his affections. The neceſſity of this ſacrifice however was obvious: and here he made the firſt trial of his reſolution, for from this moment he determined to depart from Ravenſdale; not to give up the idea of the adored Cecilia, but to make himſelf worthy of her, if fortune, who is ſaid to favour the brave, ſhould at any future

period ftole upon him. His regiment was foon to embark at Cork for America: he determined to make this a pretence for quitting Ravenfdale, that he might be with them fome time before they failed; and refolved to take an early opportunity of communicating this refolution to Lord Ravenfdale and Captain Rivers.

This victory over himfelf was a fource of much confolation to him:—however tender the fibres of his heart were, however powerful the paffion that rent thofe fibres almoft to breaking; yet the inward approbation of his mind, the joyful confcioufnefs that he was going to facrifice paffion on the altar of virtue, fupported him in the conflict, and enabled him to be more than conqueror. And here fortune did for once reward his refolution; for an accident happened which at once difplayed his vigour, courage, and addrefs in the higheft point of view, and made Lady Cecilia a fecond time indebted to him for her prefervation.

There was upon Lord Ravenfdale's eftate, a few miles from the houfe, a mountain of a fingular form, and which commanded one of the nobleft profpects that is any where to be feen: [illegible] of this mountain is a level plain, con[illegible]t fifteen acres of ground, and which is as [illegible]th and as richly covered with a fhort pile of velvet grafs, as if it had been formed for a bowling green, and kept by conftant care in the higheft order. One fide of this plain is bounded by foreft trees, which connect it with other mountains higher and more craggy; the other fide forms a natural terrace, defcending in a fteep flope, equally fmooth and velvet-like with the top, which continues for feveral [illegible]dred yards to the bottom; which is wafhed by [illegible]p bend of the river Shannon, which there fo[illegible]

an extenſive lake, over which the eye ranges for ſeveral miles, and diſcovers beyond a variegated ſcenery of woods and lawns, mountains and valleys, ſtreams and villages.

The morning was fine, and particularly favourable for viewing this reſplendent ſcenery. It was propoſed to carry Lord Squanderfield thither, and Lady Cecilia agreed to be of the party. It was the faſhion for men of quality at this time to wear the dreſs and aſſume the manners of grooms and coachmen—indeed to drive a phaeton was by ſome of them conſidered as the acmé of human ingenuity: among his other follies, this was one with which Lord Squanderfield was ſtrongly tinctured, and from which, as we have ſeen, Lord Rivers was not wholly free. To diſplay his ſkill before Lady Cecilia was an ambition worthy of the Engliſh peer, and her ladyſhip with more good nature than prudence conſented to accompany him in her brother's phaeton. Ned Evans was mounted on a very fine hunter belonging to Lord Squanderfield, which he brought with him from England, and Lord Rivers and the Captain accompanied on horſes of their own. Every thing was pleaſant and agreeable, and they arrived at [illegible] the mountain in perfect ſafety. Lord Squanderfield was ſtanding in the phaeton with the reins careleſsly lying at his ſide, and admiring, or pretending to admire those beauties which Lady Cecilia was pointing out to him, when a loud holloa, as if they were juſt in at the death of a fox, was very ſuddenly and unexpectedly vociferated almoſt in their ears. This proceeded from Nettlefield, who by chance had been out rid[illegible] that way, and, ſeeing them, choſe to ſurp[illegible]em by this mode of ſalutation. The [illegible] in the phaeton, which were very high-

mettled,

mettled, took fright, and instantly set off like arrows out of a bow. Lord Squanderfield, who was standing at the time they set off, was flung out by the suddenness of the jerk, and narrowly escaped being killed by the wheel going over him. Poor Lady Cecilia held fast by the phaeton, but in a situation of terror that hardly left her the power of knowing what to do. The first emotion of Nettlefield was to laugh when he saw Lord Squanderfield tumbling from his seat. Lord Rivers and the Captain stood petrified with apprehension. Evans alone retained any presence of mind—he watched the course the horses were taking—he saw them skirting round by the wood, and that they would soon inevitably make towards the slope, in which case certain destruction must be the consequence:—he spurred his hunter therefore full speed towards the slope, so as to get between it and them, and then facing round he resolutely placed himself directly in their way: they were now coming, as he foresaw, still at full speed; the noble animal on which he was mounted stood firm, and died on the spot, for the pole of the phaeton entered above two feet into his breast—there he stuck impaled with Ned still firm in his seat: the shock threw Lady Cecilia forwards, and he was fortunate enough to catch her in his arms, which prevented her receiving any material injury. The horses in the phaeton stood trembling in a lather of sweat; they were soon disengaged by Lord Rivers and the Captain, who now came up, and nothing was really hurt but the generous beast which had so well seconded his rider's views.

As for Ned Evans, his conduct was above all praise——nothing upon earth could [illegible] saved Lady Cecilia's life, but the very step [illegible] took;

took; a ſtep which required the utmoſt unconcern for his own, and alſo a preſence of mind which, if it had been deferred but three minutes, would have rendered all aſſiſtance fruitleſs. Their firſt care was for Lady Cecilia, whoſe terror was greater as ſhe had leiſure to contemplate the danger from which ſhe had been reſcued—but whoſe gratitude was ſtill greater than her terror, when ſhe conſidered the means by which ſhe had been ſaved: ſhe even reſumed courage enough to mount again into the phaeton, but under the guidance of Ned Evans, who drove her ſafely home to Ravenſdale Houſe. As for Lord Squanderfield, he choſe to remain at a cottage in the neighbourhood till the carriage could be ſent for him; where he damned Nettleſeld and Evans, and Ireland, and the proſpects, and every thing about him. Nettlefield thought the beſt apology he could make was to ride off. Captain Rivers followed the phaeton with his ſiſter and Ned; and Lord Rivers, out of reſpect to the peerage, waited to accompany Lord Squanderfield.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

SUCH was the iſſue of this day's adventure, which ſeemed to open new proſpects to the aſpiring views of Edward—for certain it is, the ſervice he had now rendered to Lady Cecilia was greater than that which firſt introduced him to her notice, and his perſonal courage and proweſs were more advantageouſly diſplayed. Her ladyſhip no ſooner alighted than ſhe waited upon her father, where Captain Rivers ſoon joined her, and related to his lordſhip all the circumſtances of her wonderful eſcape. The terror of the recital where the horſes approached the precipice in full ſpeed, made him tremble ſo that the chair in which he was ſitting ſhook under him; but when he heard of the gallant action by which his daughter was reſcued from inſtant death, he folded her to his boſom, and burſt into tears. The agitation of his mind indeed was ſo great that it overpowered his body, and he was obliged to lie down;—not, however, without ſending by Captain Rivers, the warmeſt acknowledgments to Ned Evans, with an aſſurance of an indelible remembrance of this new and ſignal favour which his noble and gallant conduct had conferred upon him.

Ned had walked out into the garden to compoſe a little that tumultuous agitation which the fearful event of the morning had naturally raiſed. He ſought the deepeſt ſolitude and the

moſt

moſt receſſes of the grove. He revolved in his mind the imminent peril in which Lady Cecilia was, and the happy preſence of thought which had enabled him to reſcue her from it; and when he conſidered the great danger to which he himſelf was expoſed, and the almoſt miraculous preſervation they had both experienced, he could not help believing that an omnipotent arm had interfered; and thinking himſelf alone, he poured out upon his knees a grateful effuſion of praiſe and thankſgiving to that Being whoſe providence he verily believed was over all his works—whoſe ear was never ſhut that it could not hear, nor his arm ſhortened that it could not ſave. Ned fancied himſelf alone; but chance conducted Captain Rivers to the very ſpot. He ſaw him through the trees upon his knees, and his wicked imagination firſt ſuggeſted to him ſome amorous aſſignation—but when he diſcovered how he really was employed, his diſpoſition to laugh was inſtantly checked. The overpowering ſenſe of virtue awed him in his preſence, and the character of this young man blazed upon him at once in all the radiance of perſonal courage, and all the ſacred awfulneſs of perſonal virtue. If he loved him before, he now added veneration to affection; he checked his unhallowed ſteps that were going to interrupt him, and waited with reſpectful ſilence till he ſaw he had finiſhed. He then met him as if by accident, and, taking no notice for the preſent of what he had ſeen, Ned ſtill ſuppoſed himſelf to have been unobſerved. Captain Rivers then congratulated Evans on the magnanimity he had diſplayed—informed him by his father's order of the high ſenſe he retained of his new obligation, and added ſuch

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enthusiastic encomiums of his own, that Ned was determining in his own mind to reveal to him the situation of his heart, and make him the confidant of his love for his sister. Twice he was on the point of opening all his mind to him, and as often did his voice falter so as to refuse the power of utterance. Captain Rivers thought something was the matter with him; but he assured him he was perfectly well. Lord Rivers and Lord Squanderfield just then appearing in a distant walk of the garden, the Captain went to join them, and Evans struck again into the recesses of the grove. "Good God!" said he when alone, "was ever any thing so unaccountable? Wherefore did nature give me a tongue but to express myself? What hindered me to speak? Why could I not reveal my sentiments to Captain Rivers two minutes ago with as much ease as I have done a thousand times before, and as I am persuaded I could now do if he was here again? Is love dishonourable, that a man should be ashamed of it?---Perish the thought! Say rather, is it not the most sacred and exalted of all passions? Is it not the soul of every thing that exists? God is love—and a pure and chaste passion is an emanation from heaven. Yes! adorable Cecilia! I will cherish the holy flame you have kindled in my bosom. It shall warm, it shall comfort, it shall illuminate my heart; it shall consume, by the ardour of its concentred rays, every sordid wish or ignoble desire, and purify my thoughts with greater effect than ever the refiner's fire was able to exert on gold. With such reflections did Ned justify his passion, and resolve to cherish it however hopeless it might seem:—and indeed I must so far confess myself to be of his mind, that "be-

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lieve love, when it is fixed upon a chaste and virtuous woman, far from debasing or enervating the mind, on the contrary fortifies and exalts it—expands the heart from a mean and solicitous attention to self, and inspires it with a desire to attain those qualities which may render it most estimable in the opinion of the beloved object.

He now returned into the house, and joined the noble company who inhabited it; but neither Lord Ravensdale nor Lady Cecilia were composed enough to come down to dinner, so that the two younger lords, with Captain Rivers and Ned, had the whole of the entertainment to themselves. I know not whether Lord Squanderfield had conceived any jealousy of Ned Evans, or whether he fancied Lady Cecilia looked upon him with a more favourable eye than she did on himself; but it is certain that from the first he shewed no great disposition of regard towards him, of which, if envy was the cause, the event of this morning did not contribute much to the soothing of that passion. The glass circulated freely after dinner, and Lord Rivers did Ned the honour to fill a bumper to his health, as the gallant deliverer of Lady Cecilia. The Captain filled his glass to the brim: but Lord Squanderfield said he could not possibly pledge the toast, at least under that title; for he could not see any thing in the action but perfect madness, the effects of which had fallen upon him; but "he expected Mr. Evans would make good to him the loss of his horse, which he had so unnecessarily and so cruelly destroyed; and for which he had given fifty guineas a few weeks before." Ned Evans replied, "that it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether

his

his lordship drank his health or not; that what he had done was the impulse of the moment, which appeared to him to be the only possible chance for saving Lady Cecilia's life, and which perhaps his lordship's inattention to the reins, notwithstanding his having so precious a charge under his care, was the primary cause of bringing into danger:—that for his own part, he would gladly have laid down his own life to save her; and therefore could not hesitate a moment to sacrifice that of a horse, though it were the most valuable of the race: that fifty guineas, which he demanded as the price of him, was but a paltry consideration even to him who was but an ensign, in comparison with the satisfaction it gave him to think he had been serviceable to Lady Cecilia—a satisfaction which he could assure his lordship (poor as he was) he would not forego for fifty thousand." So saying he rose up and left the room. "The gentleman is in a pet," said Lord Squanderfield, as soon as he was out; "but by G— I will not be chouse'd out of my horse." Lord Rivers replied, that he was surprised to hear his lordship make use of such an expression:—that since he thought proper to demand a compensation for his loss, he was certain Mr. Evans would make it, for a spirit like his was incapable of any sordid affection. At the same time he must inform his lordship, that Lord Ravensdale and himself, and the whole family considered themselves so much indebted to Mr. Evans upon this occasion, that they would not suffer him to be at any loss by it; nor could any comment on his conduct diminish the glory of it in their eyes, nor their gratitude to its author.

Mr. Evans now returned into the room, and

brought with him a draft for fifty guineas on the agent of the regiment, which he handed to Lord Squanderfield without ſpeaking a word, and which his lordſhip with equal ſilence put up in his pocket-book. Indeed the party was like to become very diſagreeable; for nothing but that inviolable reſpect to the laws of hoſpitality, which is above all other laws ſacred in Ireland, could have prevented both Lord Rivers and the Captain from ſhewing that contempt and diſguſt which they had conceived for this right honourable character, nor ſuppreſſing their reſentment for any unworthy ſlight offer'd in their preſence to their young friend, whom they juſtly held in the higheſt eſtimation. They ſoon after ſeparated —the brothers to enquire after their father and ſiſter—and Ned to revolve in his mind what courſe he ſhould purſue.

The evening was ſerene:—a ſoft ſhower, which had fallen an hour or two before, had refreſhed the buds, which were almoſt ready to burſt their crimſon folds:—an odoriferous fragrance exhaled from the ſurrounding ſhrubs which every where profuſely adorned the ſequeſtered walks of Ravendale:—the groves rung with the melodious notes of thouſands of the feathered ſongſters, whom the return of ſpring had waked to joy, and who were now tuning their little throats to ſing the raptures of new-born love:—all nature ſeemed to ſmile, and to bear in her benign boſom that peace and tranquillity which was the richeſt endowment of the borders of Eden. Ned felt the beauty of the ſcene in all its power; and oh! thought he, what dæmon is it from hell that envies man theſe bliſsful abodes, tears them from the endearments of nature, and drags them five thouſand miles over an

inhospitable ocean, to blast the peace of other men like themselves, and worry one another to death! How soon must I myself engage in the dreadful conflict! How soon must I, who have no animosity to any human being, exert all the energy of my mind and all the power of my arm, to plunge those who never injured me into the dust of death! O war! offspring of hell! I detest thee! Yet will I pursue thee; for thou only canst array me with that glory that can encourage me to raise my aspiring hope to the divine Cecilia. O my adored Cecilia!—" Just as the words were pronounced, Cecilia herself appeared—they vibrated on her ear;—the sweetness of the evening had tempted her out also, and, like Eve in her days of innocence, she had been visiting her shrubs. Intent among them, and concealed among their boughs, she had neither seen nor been seen by Edward, till the sound of her own name so passionately breathed forth, aroused her, and the next instant discovered to her her preserver. Both stood—both gazed! A deep blush suffused the lovely cheek of Cecilia, while a quick vibration of the heart almost suspended in Edward the power of breath. At length his voice found utterance —"Yes, my adored Cecilia!" said he, taking her hand and pressing it gently to his bosom— "feel here the throbbings of a heart which beats only for your service, and which, if you refuse your love, shall soon cease to beat for ever."— "Oh! Mr. Evans," said Lady Cecilia, "why do you oppress me? Is this the promise ——" "Talk not of promises," said Evans, "I have vowed to love you for ever, and I shall be perjured if I break it. Oh! my Cecilia, blessed be this day, which has given me some

claim

claim to an intereſt in you! And bleſſed be Fortune, who has ſo well ſeconded her favours as to give me this opportunity of declaring to you how I adore you!" The hand of the lovely Cecilia was ſtill locked in his, from which ſhe did not attempt to withdraw it. A tear, chaſte as the dew of the morning, trickled on her crimſon cheek, which the enamoured Edward kiſſed off, whilſt the unreſiſting Cecilia leaned on his boſom. A few moments of this tender rapture paſſed between them, ſufficient to tell Edward he was beloved—ſufficient to ſpare Lady Cecilia the pain of confeſſing it. Yet her generous and noble mind did not wiſh to conceal longer an affection which ſhe thought ſo juſtly placed. The ſoul of Edward now felt a tranſport which he had never experienced before. To ſay this was the happieſt moment he had ever known, is but a feeble expreſſion for that ecſtacy of joy which thrilled through every fibre of his heart. He again preſſed the lovely Cecilia to his boſom, and ſealed upon her willing lips the vow of everlaſting love. Nor was the heart of Cecilia leſs moved with pleaſure than that of her generous Edward. He had long been amiable in her eyes, and certainly poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of her affections:—but the adventure of this morning, which made her abſolute debtor to him for her life, ſeemed to her to demand every return ſhe could poſſibly make with honour; and what could be more juſt, and therefore more honourable, than that ſhe ſhould repay with her love the gallant youth whoſe love for her made him encounter the moſt imminent peril, and rate his own life as nothing provided he could reſcue hers? Oh! amiable and faithful pair! may every guardian power, to whom fortitude

tude and generosity in man—to whom modesty and truth in woman are dear and estimable, watch round your fortunes, and direct the events of your lives! that the barriers which now seem to separate you for ever, may be removed; and that your hearts, which seem formed only for each other, may at last be united in the indissoluble bonds of wedded love. But, alas! Fortune seems for ever to continue the unrelenting foe to Love. Not relying on those almost insurmountable impediments she has already placed between you, she calls in the aid of war—she lifts up the trumpet of Bellona, and, with its horrid blast, dissipates those gentle prayers I would waft to heaven in your behalf.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

THERE are moments of rapture ſcattered thinly in almoſt every lot, the happineſs of which is too intenſe to laſt, and which perhaps, if much prolonged, would, by the agitation they produce in the mind, degenerate into pain. Providence therefore has wiſely ordered, that the brighteſt objects ſhall have a ſhadowed ſide, and that the moſt fortunate and favourable events ſhall ſtill be mixed with ſome alloy inſeparable from this ſtate of trial. The preſent moments were ſuch to Ned Evans;—the moſt lovely and moſt beloved of women was leaning on his boſom: he adored her with all the powers of his ſoul; and he had now for the firſt time the ſupreme delight to hear her own a ſimilar affection, and candidly confeſs a mutual flame—"But oh! my Edward," ſaid the charming Cecilia, "though truth and gratitude compel me to acknowledge to you the ſentiments of my heart, yet think not that I ever can be yours; whatever may be my wiſhes in your favour, yet I am not at my own diſpoſal. My father loves you, eſteems you—and I have his commands to tell you, that his gratitude to you will not ceaſe but with his life. Yet, oh! my Edward, did he ſuſpect there was any attachment of love between us, I know how ſoon his pride would eradicate all theſe ſentiments—

I know

I know he would rather see us both dead at his feet, than that we should be united. My brother too, with pride still greater, and a heart far less tender and affectionate, would become your fiercest enemy; whilst in the storms that would ensue, your poor Cecilia's peace would suffer shipwreck."—"Rather let mine be destroyed for ever!" replied the enraptured Edward: "but say, my Cecilia (for I must claim the privilege to call you by that tender name), will you not allow me to hope? Can you have the goodness to acknowledge to me a sentiment in my favour, and the cruelty with the same breath to bid me despair?"—"No, Mr. Evans!" said Cecilia: "I do not bid you despair; but, for both our sakes, I beg of you to act with the utmost caution and circumspection. You must consider your own situation as well as mine; your country calls you now, and I know my gallant Edward will not let her voice be drowned by the lamentations of a silly woman; for, alas, I must and will lament you! But while my sincerity confesses this, the same sincerity obliges me to declare, that I would not suffer you to remain, though it were in my power. The call of honour must be obeyed; and I will not scruple to say to you, that your honour is dearer to me even than your life."

"O matchless Cecilia!" said Mr. Evans, "how glorious is my lot when such a heart as yours deigns to unite itself with mine! Yes, I will obey you, you shall be my guardian angel; I will implicitly follow your commands, I will go where honour calls, I will court glory in the fields of death—and if in those fields to die shall be my fate, the same breath that carries away my soul shall waft a prayer to heaven for my Cecilia."—"And mine shall not be wanting," replied

replied Lady Cecilia, "to avert that fate from you—but should it happen, my Edward shall find a tomb in the heart of his Cecilia." "No let me live there," said Edward, passionately folding her in his arms—"Love and Fortune which have already done such wonders for me, will not desert me—they will shield me in the day of battle, and bring me back to lay my trophies at Cecilia's feet."—"I hope they will, replied her ladyship, "and that you will be restored safe to me. But if you wish our hands should ever be united, the most distant thought of such a hope must not now escape you. We are both young enough—we have neither of us yet seen twenty years. Let us then, by a little timely prudence, lay a foundation for future happiness, and not, as is too often the case, blast the comforts of a whole life by some momentary act of indiscretion."—"I submit, Lady Cecilia," replied Ned; "I have told you already I implicitly submit. I see and acknowledge your wisdom, and whatever you command I will obey."—"Then, Mr. Evans, all I have to request is, that you will keep your attachment to me a profound secret from all the world, and above all from my own family. I have dealt with you with that candour to which I think you entitled. I have scorned the silly affectation of my sex; and feeling as I do for you the utmost gratitude, and even more than gratitude, I have not been ashamed to own it to you. Rely therefore on my constancy and truth; but know at the same time, that I will never disobey my father, and that I would rather die this night than ever give him cause to shed a tear for my misconduct, or to accuse me of undutifulness by disposing of myself without his consent."—"Lovely Cecilia!" replied Evans,

"equally

" equally gracious in what you grant and what you refuse, how ſhall I expreſs my gratitude to you for your noble and generous confidence? Accept then the ſolemn vow I here make upon my knees before you—and do thou, O my Creator, witneſs it!—that from this hour I dedicate my life to virtue and Cecilia. I will go, my Cecilia—I will ſerve my country and my king; but, for the reward, it is to you, thou empreſs of my ſoul, that I look up!" " Riſe, Mr. Evans!" ſaid Lady Cecilia " and do not hazard the being ſeen in this poſture. Go, my Edward! ſerve your king and your country; act worthy of yourſelf, and reſt ſecure of your Cecilia's love." The charming promiſe was ſealed with a tranſporting kiſs, through which their ſouls ſeemed breathed into each other. When the rapture of their mutual explanation had a little ſubſided, they returned into their uſual habits of conduct to each other. The conſciouſneſs of being beloved by Lady Cecilia was a never-failing banquet, for the ſoul of Edward to feaſt upon; but like a voluptuous epicure, he was compelled to feaſt on it by himſelf—for Cecilia though ſhe had owned her love, loſt none of her dignity, which ſhe well knew how to preſerve, and to which indeed Ned, to do him juſtice, was not a whit leſs diſpoſed to pay all due reſpect. But though all the outward forms of ceremony were ſtrictly preſerved between them, yet their private converſations were conſiderably changed, and became much more intereſting—for Ned now took no ſtep without conſulting Lady Cecilia; and her ladyſhip feeling herſelf deeply intereſted in his welfare, frankly entered into his intereſts, and gave him ſuch advice as her excellent judgment deemed moſt likely to promote them. She approved highly of his intention

tention of immediately joining his regiment, which was now lying at Cork, and shortly to embark—"What though I lose you a few days sooner?" said she, "yet I know this step will be approved of by my father, and will certainly prevent his forming the slightest suspicion of any attachment between us—for who knows what that odious lord might suggest to him? The wretch knows I hate him as much as I can hate any thing; and the envy of your gallant conduct to me this day has, I perceive, already rankled his base soul into hatred against you; I dread therefore the effects of his resentment."—"Dread nothing for me, my Cecilia!" replied Edward: "he dare not for the life of him attempt any thing against me."—"Not against your person, I am convinced, my Edward," replied her ladyship; "but the baseness of his envious heart may strike a blow which you can neither see nor parry, and nothing more likely than to endeavour to injure you with my father."

Just as he was speaking, Lord Squanderfield himself appeared at the end of the walk: he was alone, and was turning to approach Lady Cecilia; but, viewing Ned with her through his opera glass he passed off through another path that led into the wilderness of shrubs. "There he goes!" said Ned; "and there let him meditate what mischief he may! I despise his malice, and defy it; nor do I believe that your noble father would receive an unworthy impression of me from any insinuation of his. But, my ever beloved and ever adored Cecilia! I have promised to obey you: and though to part with you is, I am persuaded, more painful than to part with life, yet I will begin my duty by making this sacrifice; in the certain hope that this

your

your firſt command will be the ſevereſt you will ever lay upon me—and that when I have been able to ſurmount that difficulty, you may reaſonably expect I ſhall not be deficient in any future duty to you."

They were now within ſight of the houſe; and the hour of tea being nearly arrived, they walked towards it in their uſual manner, and with as little embarraſſment as if nothing intereſting had paſſed between them.

CHAP. XXXVI.

LORD Ravenſdale was not yet compoſed enough to join the company in the parlour; but when tea was over, he ſent down his compliments to Mr. Evans, and deſired to ſee him in his library: he advanced to receive that youth with the moſt engaging condeſcenſion; and after paying him the juſteſt compliments on his ſpirit, and expreſſing the warmeſt ſenſe of the obligation it had laid him under, he adverted to the ſtrange conduct of Lord Squanderfield to Ned, after dinner, the whole of which had been related to him by Lord Rivers and the Captain. Ned was going to offer ſomething or another in excuſe for Lord Squanderfield, and to expreſs that for his own part he did not feel the ſmalleſt uneaſineſs, and far leſs any reſentment for any neglect that might be ſhewn him by that nobleman. "I know," ſays Lord Ravenſdale, "that great minds are not moved by trifling cauſes; and an author, whom I know you revere, has told us, that it is the glory of a man to paſs over a tranſgreſſion:—but though his lordſhip's ill manners have made no impreſſion on your temper, yet his meanneſs, as I am informed, has made a very deep one on your purſe, which however it is my duty to repair, and therefore I requeſt your acceptance of theſe notes." Ned Evans, ſomewhat embarraſſed, would have declined this preſent, aſſuring his lordſhip

lordſhip that he had already done ſo much for him as to prevent his being diſtreſſed by Lord Squanderfield's demand. "That is of no conſequence," ſaid his lordſhip; "this is a matter of juſtice, and not of favour, To put up the fifty guineas as your right; but know, my young friend, that nothing I have yet done for you does at all acquit me in my own mind of the debt I owe you, which the adventure of this day has ſo much increaſed. I do therefore from this day take you under my particular patronage, which, if it pleaſes God to ſpare both our lives, will, I hope, be able to puſh you up in your profeſſion. Amid the ſcenes in which you will ſhortly be involved, you will find many demands for neceſſaries, more I fear than your pay, however wiſely managed, will be able to furniſh. I will therefore add to it two hundred guineas a-year, which will be paid quarterly to the agent of the regiment, along with the allowance which I give my ſon, and which you may draw for as you find occaſion. And that you may not loſe an opportunity of riſing when it offers, for want of a little money on the ſpot, you may conſider yourſelf as poſſeſſed of one thouſand guineas in my hands, for which I will order a bond to be made out and given you, bearing intereſt at five per cent. and which may lie and accumulate till you can lay it out to advantage."

"My lord," replied Ned, "your lordſhip's generoſity, as it is altogether unbounded, ſo does it ſo far ſurpaſs whatever I could have thought of or conceived, that I hope your lordſhip will not think me ungrateful, becauſe I can find no words to expreſs my feelings for ſo much goodneſs; but if a heart intirely devoted to your lordſhip and your family, and a life the buſineſs of which ſhall be to deſerve that patronage

age which you have so generously bestowed upon me, can be an offering any way acceptable to you, I beg leave to lay both at your feet, and to kiss that hand which has raised me from the dust, and placed me on an eminence commanding so many extensive views." With these words he raised Lord Ravensdale's hand to his lips, while the old nobleman enjoyed the exquisite delight of filling a most virtuous and deserving heart with joy and gladness.

Oh! what luxurious enjoyments could riches purchase if rightly applied! How excellent a friend might we make of wealth, did we but place our esteem upon its real merits! Far from being a delusive possession, which makes unto itself wings and flies away, or which, even while it stays, mocks its owner with unreal joys, that it may the easier plunge him into real sorrows, it might, if wisely managed, be rendered a source of unceasing delight in this world, and at the same time be laid up in the treasury of heaven, to bear an interest of ten thousand fold to all eternity.

Ned now acquainted Lord Ravensdale with his intention of shortly taking leave of his lordship, and joining his regiment, which was in a few weeks to sail for America. His lordship approved of his resolution; but hoped that this disastrous war would soon be brought to a conclusion, and that they should both live to meet again at Ravensdale, where, as long as he was master, Mr. Evans should always find a cordial and sincere welcome.

Ned made his bow, and retired. Inclination would have led him immediately to have sought Lady Cecilia, and communicate to her the generosity of her noble father; but he remembered the caution her ladyship had given him, and re-

folved to wait till fortune would grant him another precious opportunity of meeting her unperceived, and laying open to her the inmoft receffes of his heart. He went up therefore to his own room, to indulge a while in filent meditation on the tranfactions of that day, which had brought forth fo many extraordinary events, and produced fo fortunate and unlooked for a change in his own circumftances. He had not long been there when the poft arrived from Dublin; and David Morgan whom he had almoft loft fight of among the higher characters at Ravenfdale, came up with much joy in his countenance, and brought him a letter from Wales. Ned kiffed the feal, which he knew to be his father's, and difmiffed David, telling him he would inform him of any news refpecting him before he went to bed.

It is fo long fince we have had any intercourfe with the honeft curate, that with Ned's leave we will take the liberty of reading his letter ourfelves, as we are confident there are no fecrets in it, which he might wifh to conceal from us.

" Ti-gwin April 17, 1760.

" MY DEAR NED,

" I received your laft letter with fingular fatisfaction, becaufe I know no quality in the human mind more eftimable, nor any in which it is more apt to be deficient, than the forming a juft eftimate of its own mifconduct. You feem fo fully fenfible of this, and fpeak fo feelingly on the fubject of the great error you have revealed to me, that it would be ungenerous in me, and I think needlefs, to add to your affliction on that account: what I fhall offer therefore

fore ſhall be conſolation, and to aſſure you that the poor creature ſhall receive from me all the compaſſionate aſſiſtance that her ſituation will require.

"I ſhould have ſatisfied you in this point ſooner, but that it was ſome time before I could recover the ſurpriſe of the circumſtance; and ſince then I have been much hurried, and perhaps agitated about an event that happened ſoon after you left us, and the concluſion of which I have not been able to inform you of till this time.

"You muſt know then, that my old rector Doctor Ellis has paid the great debt of nature; and as I have been a curate thirty-ſix years, eighteen of which I have ſerved this pariſh without ever being abſent but two Sundays, this was thought by my good friends Sir Edwin Thomas and Mr. Rowland, the principal land-owners reſiding in it, a good foundation for them to make application for me to my Lord Biſhop; and this application was backed by all the congregation who were thought conſiderable enough to ſign it. I own I did give way to the pleaſing hope that I ſhould have been ſucceſsful, eſpecially as the biſhop has always behaved to me with much kindneſs and condeſcenſion. Your poor mother too was delighted with the affluence which was to cheer our old days, and was projecting ſome comfortable additions to the houſe, and a number of kind things for ſome of our pooreſt neighbours, which to ſay the truth, it is a thouſand pities will never take place. I endeavoured to repreſs without quenching her expectations; for I thought it barbarous to interrupt the firſt pleaſing moments I have ſeen her enjoy ſince ſhe loſt your ſociety; and I therefore joined in her amiable reveries, always how-

ever qualifying them by adverting to the comforts we might have, even though we ſhould not get the living.

"At length the biſhop wrote to Sir Edwin and Mr. Rowland, lamenting in terms which I believe ſincere, his inability to comply with their requeſt, he being under the engagement of a promiſe to the nobleman, who made him a biſhop, for a gentleman, a near friend of the member for the county.

"Thus, my dear boy, unleſs you get into parliament, I ſhall never have a living in my days. But, alas! even this is not the worſt of it. Our new rector is come down, and officiated for the firſt time laſt Sunday. He is a young man, hardly five-and-twenty; and having lived moſtly in England, is not very perfect in his Welch. When I mentioned the time I had ſerved as a curate, he ſeemed ſurpriſed, and lamented that I had not been provided for, eſpecially as he, being ſo young man, could not think of having any perſon to do his duty for him, and therefore in future he would diſpenſe with my aſſiſtance;—ſo that, inſtead of getting the living, I have loſt the curacy. I confeſs to you, my dear Ned, that the firſt emotion this intelligence cauſed in me was like an electric ſhock; for it was wholly unexpected: and as it lops off at one blow half of my income, I may be excuſed if it ſtaggered me a little. Yet I declare, the bittereſt pang I felt was for the effect I feared it would have upon your poor mother. Yet in this I was happily miſtaken. Whether the firſt diſappointment was ſo great that this made leſs impreſſion, or whether ſhe has framed her mind to meet all the diſappointments that can ariſe to her, I cannot tell. But when I communicated the intelligence to her, and expected

pected her to be violently afflicted, it was no such thing. She turned to me with a look of benevolence and love, her eye moistened with a tear, and, like Andromache, [illegible], she threw her arms about my neck, and said, "Whilst they leave me my husband, and I know that my Edward lives, I shall never be unhappy." Though I have been six-and-thirty years the happy husband of this excellent woman, yet did I never know the full powers of her mind, nor the strength of her confidence in God, till this occasion. I had never indeed before seen her so much tried. All that she laments in the diminution of our income is the inability it lays her under of continuing many little comforts and kindnesses which those about us used to share in. It has also in some respect reconciled her better to your absence. The scratch wig you used to wear, and which hung over the sideboard, she has never suffered to be removed, nor the cane switch you used generally to carry out with you, and which still stands in the corner where you left it. Last night after supper, she took down the wig, and held it some minutes on her knee. "I used to like to see thee hang yonder," said she, "for thou remindedst me of the dear head thou usedst to cover, and it looked as if he still was near. But now, my dear," said she, turning to me, "I am glad he is from us, and that it hath pleased God to open a way to him in which he may earn a subsistence, and escape the many mortifications he could not avoid feeling had he remained with us."—"My best beloved," said I, "the whole of our dear Ned's success is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes: and let this give you confidence, as it really does me, that he will never leave us nor

forsake

forsake us."—"God forbid," replied she, "that I should ever want this confidence! I rest fully satisfied in it—and believe from my soul that whatever he ordains for us, will at last be found to have been the best." Thus has this seemingly most unfortunate circumstance been productive of some immediate good. We are now as low as we can fall; but let not my dear Edward think that we are unhappy on that account. It is the very reverse, I assure you; for this perhaps was the only event that could at this time have reconciled your poor mother to your absence; and having now no deeper blow to fear from Fortune, we bid defiance to that capricious dame, nor envy any the possession of her gifts, the tenure of which is so precarious.

"I have extended this letter to an unusual length, because I know you will get it free, and because I wished you to be fully apprised of the alteration in our affairs, and how little we are discomposed by it.

"As for the news of this place, there is little that can be interesting to you beyond the precincts of this humble roof. Our neighbour Watkin is labouring assiduously, and I dare say successfully, in amassing the treasures of this world. His daughter was very frequently with us after you went away, and, if I mistake not, mingled her tears with your mother's; but time is a remedy for all sores: and rumour says that young Colebrook of Ashfield is shortly to obliterate the traces of any former attachment she might have conceived. I saw our friend Doctor Jones lately: he and his family are well, and desired to be affectionately remembered to you. Your dog Towser is in excellent keeping, being taken under the immediate protection of your mother ever since your departure. Tell

Morgan,

Morgan, his father and mother are both well, and desire their blessing to him, which I hope he will deserve. And thus having dispatched the domestic occurrences, I have nothing farther to add, than to beg you to present our most respectful, yet most affectionate compliments to Lady Cecilia; and that you will yourself receive the benefits of those fervent prayers which we do not fail to offer up to the Throne of Grace for your well-being and happiness both here and hereafter; and that you may be in due time restored to the embrace of

Your ever affectionate father and friend,

EVAN EVANS.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

HAD Ned received this letter a few days or even a few hours sooner, it would not have failed to have cast a deep gloom upon his spirits, and to have rent his heart with dutiful and tender sympathy for those accumulated distresses that seemed to be gathering round the head of his virtuous and venerable parent. But the first thought that struck him was his own power to relieve them, which the great and good Lord Ravensdale had that evening so beneficently enabled him to do. Full of this idea, he returned immediately to his lordship and told him he took the liberty to request him to read the letter which he had just received. When his lordship had finished, and looked towards Ned, in whose eye a tear stood glistening, though pleasure glowed upon his countenance, he instantly discovered the sentiments that filled his soul; which fully approving and participating in, he prevented any embarrassment by thus breaking the matter himself—"I read in your countenance, my amiable young friend, the virtuous desire of your heart; you wish to make an offering of the first fruits of your fortune upon the altar of filial duty and affection. I applaud your

your piety, and shall rejoice to assist in this sacrifice."

"Your lordship," replied Ned, "has truly divined my wishes, and your generous participation in them overpowers me with pleasure." —"There is no need for your being overpowered," said his lordship, "for I will take a pleasure with you. I have told you that you might consider yourself as possessed of one thousand guineas in my hands, and that it should bear interest at five per cent. from this day. Now what is it that you wish to do?"

"I should wish," replied Ned, "that your lordship would have the goodness to remit that interest regularly to my father." "Then my lordship will have that goodness," replied the earl, "and you may inform him of it as soon as you please; and I would give it to him myself, but that it would be depriving you of the heart-felt satisfaction that I know it will give you to be the means of making the remainder of your father's days easy, and him of the delight of owing that comfort to your gratitude; and believe me, Mr. Evans, no money I ever laid out in all my life, gave me so much pleasure, or brought me so rich an interest as this thousand pound has already repaid me, which makes me hope that it will be attended throughout with a peculiar blessing. So I would have you acquaint your father with this pleasing circumstance the very first post; and you shall have a bill for twenty-five guineas to make him his first remittance of his annuity." Ned, all rapture, was going to throw himself at his lordship's feet; but he took him by the hand, and giving him a cordial shake, insisted upon his not speaking a single word more upon the subject. His lordship was

ſhortly after as good as his word; and Ned had the heartfelt pleaſure to reply to his father's letter in the following words:—

"Ravenſdale, April 27, 1780.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your letter of the 17th now lies before me, and if you will believe me, I am actually at this inſtant ſhedding tears over it; not however of ſorrow for your unexpected removal from the curacy, nor (I will confeſs to you) of contrition for the great error in my conduct which I have revealed to you, but of gratitude for the gentle manner in which you reprove that error, and the generoſity with which you promiſe to protect the unfortunate partner of my guilt, in the expected hour of her diſtreſs.

"Oh! my father, if every parent would be thus gentle and friendly, I do not believe there could be an undutiful child in the world.

"The account you give me of the loſs of your curacy, if I had received it a few days ago, would have afflicted me extremely; but, my father, there is a Power who never forſakes the righteous, nor ſuffers his ſeed to beg their bread. Surely that Power has led me hither, and directed the events, by which I am enabled to prevent your being diſtreſſed by this circumſtance. A terrible accident had like to have happened to our lovely friend Lady Cecilia, and, under God ſhe owes her life to theſe hands. Her generous father has rewarded me in a princely manner, and deſires me to remit you the encloſed bill for twenty-five guineas; and to inform you that a like ſum will be ſent you every ſix months, the intereſt of one thouſand pounds, which he allows

lows me to call my own, and for which I have his bond. He moreover adds to my pay two hundred pounds a-year. I am not vain enough to afcribe all this to any merit of my own—No, my father, it is the provifion of Heaven for your virtue, and I am gracioufly made an inftrument in it, that the bleffing might come heightened to you with every circumftance that can endear it.

"I anticipate my dear mother's delight, when you read to her this letter, particularly as fhe will now be able to put fome of her benevolent plans in execution, and to increafe the little circle of her domeftic comforts; and tell her, that let her contemplate the round hat, and reflect ever fo often upon the head it covered, yet fhe will not think oftener nor more tenderly of me than I do of her! for though I have no external remembrance of her, yet fhe is the conftant inmate of my heart, and the object of my deareft recollection.

"You have already been informed by me, how we fpent our time in this noble manfion. I have nothing to regret, but the rapidity with which it wings its flight, and the fhort remnant that is left me of the happieft hours that ever were indulged to a human being. Ah! my father, can you not difcover the fource of *this* felicity?—Yes—Cecilia loves me—the moft amiable, and one of the moft elevated of women deigns to think kindly of your humble Edward. But hufh! I tell you this in the confidence of duty and affection; and though I place no bounds to my afpiring hopes, yet you may reft affured that I fhall never forget for a moment the honour of a foldier, nor the delicacy of the fituation in which I am placed. A few days

there-

therefore will tear me from this paradise, perhaps never more to behold either it or its lovely inhabitant:—but then I know I shall live in her memory and her affection; and I should be unworthy of so much excellence, if any private passion, though dear to me as life, should outweigh the duty which I owe to my king and to my country. I expect therefore the day after to-morrow, to leave Ravendale, and proceed to Cork, where the regiment is shortly to embark for Charlestown; and in quitting Ravendale, I quit a place become as dear to me even as Tigwin—a place where I have experienced the tenderness of a father, the kindness of a brother, the fidelity of a friend, and, above all, the generous attachment of disinterested love.

"Forgive me then, my father, if I can no longer offer you the whole of my heart; half of it I am constrained to leave behind me—but so ennobled by its sympathetic union with that of the divine Cecilia, that the part which remains, and which you will never cease to possess, is much more valuable than the whole used to be, before it was animated by the Promethean fire of her eyes.

"Were I disposed to be vain, I might boast of the preference given me by her ladyship over a rival you would think formidable indeed—no less than an English viscount, with twenty thousand pounds a year; but he is so wretched a sample of a man, whatever he may be of a lord, that I do not feel disposed to plume myself much upon this victory. By the by, he has an estate in our country, and is landlord, or rather was landlord to the good old woman, who so hospitably lodged you the night you left old Muckworm's. It is the viscount Squanderfield I talk

of

of, who has been here ſome time. The knowledge of his conduct towards thoſe poor people gave me an unfavourable prejudice againſt him, which a little longer acquaintance has not contributed to remove.

"I rejoice in the health and happineſs of all my old friends in Wales, and particularly in the probability you mention of Harriet Watkin being ſpeedily married to her own and her friends' ſatisfaction. I beg you will remember me in the kindeſt manner to her and the family, and in general to all thoſe who are obliging enough to enquire after me. David Morgan deſires his duty to you, and to his father and mother: he is a ſtout, ſtrapping fellow, and accords vaſtly well with the land of potatoes, where the laſſes ſeem to be very fond of him: nevertheleſs, like his maſter, he will ſacrifice love on the altar of duty, and, I am perſuaded, acquit himſelf like a man, in whatever warfare he may be engaged.

"And now my father, I know not when I ſhall addreſs you again, nor when I can hope to have the happineſs of hearing from you; if the thoughts of the few miles of ſea that divide Wales from Ireland filled me with regret when I parted from you, what muſt be my feelings when I contemplate thoſe thouſands of miles of ocean which are ſoon to roll their inhoſpitable billows between us! I confeſs to you, this thought, if I was to dwell much upon it, would overwhelm me with melancholy. I will baniſh it therefore from my mind, and yield to that more juſt as well as more pleaſing contemplation, that though I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermoſt parts of the ſea, yet I ſhall ſtill be under that eye which regards

gards us both, and in the protection of him to whom all distance is as nothing, and who I confidently trust will grant us the blessing to meet again. In this sweet hope, with every tender and grateful sentiment for my mother, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

EDWARD EVANS."

No opportunity occurred to Ned, this evening, of meeting Lady Cecilia again. Her ladyship complained of a head-ach, and absented herself from supper; but it was probably more on account of her dislike to Lord Squanderfield than for any real indisposition. Indeed that nobleman began to perceive that his design would be totally fruitless; and, notwithstanding his high opinion of himself, even to suspect that the humble son of the Welch curate had an influence on that noble and spotless heart, which all his dignity and fortune could never attain. This made him determine upon shortening his visit at Ravensdale, but not without hinting his suspicion of Lady Cecilia's attachment, both to the old and young lord. They imputed this suspicion entirely to malice, which they were but too sensible his lordship was mean enough to let rankle in his breast; and as they knew of Ned's determination to join his regiment immediately, they did not give either themselves or Lady Cecilia any uneasiness about the matter.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE ſtealing hours of time had now brought round the laſt day in which Edward was to enjoy the hoſpitality of Ravenſdale and the ſociety of his adored Cecilia.

His friend Captain Rivers had agreed to accompany him to Cork, to introduce him to the regiment ſome little time previous to their ſailing. This laſt morning they employed in making ſome farewell viſits in the neighbourhood, and among others to the Nettlefields. On this occaſion Ned was introduced to the ladies of the family, and could not help lamenting, that ſo much gentleneſs and good ſenſe as they diſcovered, ſhould be grafted on ſuch a rough and auſtere ſtock as had fallen to their lot. Ned did not fail on his return to reviſit that houſe of mourning, on which his accidental preſence had ſome time before ſhed the firſt beams of comfort and conſolation. Here he had the ſatisfaction to receive the fervent bleſſings of that widowed heart which he had made to ſing for joy; and to hear the prayer of gratitude for recovered health uttered by the lovelieſt lips, and witneſſed by the moſt radiant eyes that perhaps ever beamed from under the humble thatch of an Iriſh cottage.

Ned indeed could not have recogniſed his patient in any other place; and the captain was all

amaze-

amazement, having never heard of the adventure, nor ever before beheld so much elegance in rustic beauty. "I am come, my good dame," said Ned, "to take my leave of you, and to tell you I am going to the same wars with your son. If I see him, I shall be kind to him for your sake. In the mean time I am happy to see your daughter looking so well, and hope, when I return, to see you both better and happier in every respect."

"May the Lord be your shield by day, and your pillow by night," replied the old woman; "and may he bring you back in safety, and my son with you! for had it not been for you, neither my daughter nor myself would have been alive this day."

Something Ned said in return, for he alighted, and spoke to both the women; but what it was Captain Rivers could not hear, for indeed on some occasions he was so secret that his left hand hardly knew what his right hand did.

When they returned to Ravensdale, they found Doctor Burton and his family come to dinner. The doctor had a high opinion of Ned, and wished exceedingly to cultivate his acquaintance. Neither was this liking less on the part of Mr. Evans, who was highly pleased with the graceful and dignified manner in which he performed the service of the church, and who could not be insensible either to the classic elegance of his learning, or far less to the high character he maintained for uniting the most rigid and circumspect morality with the utmost sweetness and gentleness of manners. The youngest of his daughters, too, was a most interesting character to those who could be pleased with native beauty, unsophisticated with any of those artificial airs which those who are bred in

towns

towns miſtake for grace, but which all lovers of true nature conſider as the meretricious trappings of deceitful art. She was beſide the boſom friend of Cecilia, which alone was ſufficient to make her dear to Edward. And indeed, had Lady Cecilia not been, ſhe ſeemed of all others the moſt likely to love and be loved by him. An infant attachment was perhaps formed in her gentle boſom towards him; but in her unreſerved intercourſe with Lady Cecilia, ſhe early diſcovered in her ladyſhip traces of a ſimilar ſentiment, and therefore wiſely ſuppreſſed the embryo paſſion in her own breaſt, before it could ſhoot forth thoſe bloſſoms which would probably be blaſted before their prime, or produce only thorns to ſting and corrode her heart. Her attachment then, though it ſtopped ſhort of love, yet reached in the fulleſt extent of friendſhip, and was anſwered by a ſimilar and ſincere affection on the part of Edward.

On this day Lord Ravenſdale came down to dinner, and in the evening Lord Squanderfield accepted an invitation from Doctor Burton to paſs a few days with them, to the great joy of the eldeſt Miſs Burton and her mother, and to the regret of no body, if we except the gentle and elegant Sophia.

When his lordſhip ſtepped into the coach, he took a formal leave of the family of Ravenſdale, but paſſed by Mr. Evans with as little regard as he did the footman who cloſed the ſtep after him. Ned anſwered ſcorn with ſcorn, and thought himſelf fully as much honoured by his lordſhip's neglect as he could have been by any attention he could have ſhewn him.

In the evening Lord Ravenſdale ſent for him to his library, when taking him by the hand, he thus addreſſed him:

"I am

"I am happy, Mr. Evans, to find the first impressions I received of your character, from the account Lady Cecilia gave me of your conduct and that of your worthy father to her when under your protection in Wales, greatly heightened and improved by the present observation I have made of you, since I have had the pleasure of seeing you at Ravensdale. Next to my own sons there is no young man whose interest I have so much at heart as yours, nor any indeed who has so just a claim to whatever little patronage or protection it may be in my power to bestow. Of these, therefore, and of whatever else the most disinterested friendship can do for you, you may always rest assured. I am sorry that the necessity of the times calls you away from me so soon; but my son William has, I know, the affection of a brother for you; and as he has some little more experience of the world than it is possible you can yet have acquired, I think he will be a faithful, and I am sure he will be a willing adviser to you, in case any difficulties should occur to you either in the line of your duty, or in any other event of your life. It will give me pleasure therefore to hear that the friendship which has so happily commenced between you, may continue to improve through life, to the mutual comfort and advantage of you both. As for your moral conduct, you have been so well tutored by your excellent father, and you seem to have profited so well by that tuition, that I have nothing to add on that score, unless to forewarn you, that in the scenes in which you will shortly be engaged, there is no possible temptation by which you will not be assailed, nor any corruption in which you will not be countenanced and supported by numbers. You will have need then to put on the whole

armour

armour of God; and as I have reafon to think you are well fupplied with this armour, and know perfectly how to wield it, I fhall thank you to endeavour to arm my fon with fome of it, for the misfortune of the age is, that it is too often laid up to ruft.—Of fordid or difgraceful vices I cannot think it poffible that either of you fhould be ever guilty; but the army is a fchool of refined vice, where the moft pernicious errors are fet off and adorned with every thing that is moft engaging and alluring. There, malice and revenge are called honour; prodigality, generofity; adultery and lafcivioufnefs, gallantry and fpirit; profanenefs, wit; and fo on. But the vice that is moft common in camps, and moft ruinous, is gambling; and I am forry to hear that this prevails in the moft deplorable degree throughout the whole of our army in America. This vice you will fee practifed and countenanced by the firft characters there, and therefore I would particularly warn you againft it, that you might not be mifled by great examples.

"For the reft, I have nothing to add, but to commit you to the care of Heaven, which I truft will fend you back fafe to your country and your friends, among whom I defire you will rank me as one of the moft fincere; and as I hope often to hear from you, fo I fhall have ftill greater pleafure in feeing you, whenever it fhall pleafe God to ftill the madnefs of the people, and reftore to us the bleffings of peace."

His lordfhip then took down a fword, which had belonged to his nephew, the late Lord Rivers, and which was very richly ornamented with cut fteel and precious ftones, and, prefenting it to Ned, defired him to wear it in remembrance of him, as well as of its former owner,

whom

whom he really thought he much resembled, and who, had he not been cut off in the flower of his age, would have done as much honour to the name of Rivers as any person who ever bore it. Ned received the present with the most profound respect; and after thanking his lordship with the most lively gratitude for all his princely beneficence to him, and assuring him his constant regard and unceasing remembrance of his wise and affectionate advice, he took his leave, visibly affected with emotions, which could not but be pleasing to Lord Ravensdale, as they unequivocally expressed the sentiments of his heart.

From his lordship's library Ned retired to the garden, the usual scene where, among its charming solitudes, he indulged his silent meditations, when an event called him to particular reflection. It was night: a faint crimson streaked the extreme verge of the western horizon, and marked the departing footsteps of the golden lord of day; whilst on the opposite side, the silver queen of night was already mounted in her radiant orb, cheering with her shadowy light the silent groves. Close in their leafy nests the woodland songsters hid their heads beneath their wings. Silence reigned around, whilst odours worthy paradise exhaled with the dew from sleeping roses mixed with woodbine and sweet brier, which were every where profusely scattered around. The sweet spirits of innocence and happy love had tranquillised Ned's soul into an harmonious concord with surrounding nature, when lo! a soft and heavenly voice seemed to ascend upon the wing of night, and charm the listening stars: the warbled notes, accompanied with soft touches of the lute, could come from a no less skilful musician than Ce-

cilia

celia herself. Ned gently approached the bower in which she was sitting. All ear, he drank in strains able to soothe pain itself into delight. With what rapture did he hear those heavenly lips warble these few words:

Go, gallant youth —Go, reap applause
  Where Britain's sons her standards rear:
Go, guard thy injur'd country's cause,
  Nor heed a simple maiden's tear.
And may the powers who love the brave
  Protect thee on the ensanguin'd plain,
Guard thy dear life through wind and wave,
  And bless me with thy sight again

Ned could no longer refrain: he cast himself at Cecilia's feet. She was not alarmed. What had she to fear? Where love and honour are present, what evil dare approach? the happy—yet the cruel moment was arrived, which favoured him with a last interview with his soul's idol. How imperfectly could words describe the feelings of these tender and faithful lovers! For half an hour their souls enjoyed that intercourse which might have passed between two angels in heaven, and to the chaste rapture of which nothing on earth could bear to near a resemblance. But such moments are too precious to be often bestowed, or to be allowed to continue even when they are indulged. The felicity of this half-hour was to be a sustaining cordial, which was to support Ned's spirits through many perils, and for a length of time, perhaps for the remainder of his days: it had need therefore to be strong; and it was such as enabled him to bear what the next morning was to doom them to, with all the fortitude that became a soldier. The remainder of the evening passed with that tender

tender and chaſtiſed cheerfulneſs which might be expected to take place among dear friends who had met together perhaps for the laſt time. Lord Ravenſdale had retired to reſt, and only Lord Rivers and the Captain, with Lady Cecilia and Ned, ſat down to ſupper. The moſt cordial harmony ſubſiſted in this united family, and every member of it felt for Ned the attachment of the ſinctreſt friendſhip. When therefore the hour of their ſeparation came, with ſo many chances againſt their ever meeting again, it is not to be wondered at if their laſt lingering look was dwelt on with moiſtened eyes, and that the door as it cloſed, ſeemed like a barrier betwixt time and eternity.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE morning had hardly begun to dapple the east, before the horses were at the door which were to convey Captain Rivers and Ned upon their journey. Ned envied every peasant he saw, nay even the trees whose rooted habitation detained them in the neighbourhood of Cecilia. He cast his eyes up to the windows of her chamber, which were still closed, and breathed forth an ardent prayer for the beloved inhabitant, whose sleeping fancy was perhaps just then occupied with the visionary repetition of their last night's conversation. Oft did he turn his head as the groves of Ravensdale receded from his view; and at the last spot from whence its friendly turrets could be seen, he stopped his horse, and gazed a long farewell—"Adieu, sweet shades! and ye, beloved and revered inhabitants! May Heaven shed its selectest blessings on your heads, and grant us once again to meet in joy!"

As the day now advanced, the country became more interesting: the fields had every where put on the vivid livery of spring, and soaring larks were singing their aërial songs up to the very gates of heaven: the genial air flung health and fragrance, to which the blossoming hawthorn gave a liberal share. Ned's spirits began to revive, and by the time he joined the Captain had recovered their usual tone. On the

second

ſecond day they reached Cork to dinner, and were not a little pleaſed to find an excellent one prepared for their meſs, and a very agreeable company to partake of it. Here Ned was introduced to ſuch of his brother officers as he had never ſeen before; and, during the converſation after dinner, he had diſplayed ſo much gaiety and good humour as gave them a very favourable impreſſion of him, particularly as the events which led to his commiſſion, and his recent proweſs at Ravenſdale, were not unknown to them. In the evening he accepted an invitation from Captain Fanſhaw, one of the officers of the regiment, to drink tea with him at his lodging, where he was introduced to Mrs. Fanſhaw, a beautiful woman, with two ſweet infants, who could not be prevailed upon to ſtay behind her huſband, but was determined to undergo all the fatigues and dangers of a campaign with him. Here they ſpent a charming evening; for Mrs. Fanſhaw was an excellent performer on the piano fort, and had a very fine voice: her huſband played well on the baſe viol: both Captain Rivers and Ned could play on the violin and the German flute; and Edward's voice was hardly to be ſurpaſſed, even by the moſt admired performers. A little concert, in which ſome other ladies, friends of Mrs. Fanſhaw, aſſiſted, contributed to give Ned a moſt flattering ſpecimen of his companions, and the new mode of life into which he was entering. An elegant little ſupper refreſhed them after their performance, from which they were prevailed on not to riſe till a pretty late, or rather an early hour reminded them that they were not all eyes or ears, and that Nature required pauſes even in her moſt agreeable ſenſations. The Captain and Ned had taken private lodgings, together in

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one houſe, to which they retired, highly pleaſed with their evening's entertainment.

The next morning they dedicated to the amuſement of walking about the town, and obſerving whatever was curious in it. In the courſe of their perambulation they came to the mall, or public walk, which is very extenſive and well ſheltered with trees, and at times the reſort of much elegance and beauty. They had not been long here when they were met by a freſh-looking little man, who, by his roſy gills and capacious paunch ſeemed to live upon the fat of the land. This gentleman accoſted them with the utmoſt frankneſs, although he had never ſeen them before; but perceiving they were ſtrangers and officers, the laws of Iriſh hoſpitality required that he ſhould pay them attention, which indeed his own diſpoſition would have prompted him to do, although cuſtom had not made it neceſſary. He conducted them to ſeveral of the public buildings, and alſo to a private muſeum, rich in curioſities both of art and nature: and after having attended them for more than a couple of hours, he brought them to his own houſe. He then told them they were in the houſe of Alderman Suet, who would give them as good a dinner and a ſkinful of as good claret as could be found in the city of Cork, and a hearty welcome into the bargain. The offer was worth accepting: the good humour and frankneſs of the Alderman had won their good opinion, and they ſaw that his houſe, as well as himſelf, had the face of opulence and contentment: ſo begging leave to go home juſt to adjuſt themſelves, and enquire if any calls had been made for them, they promiſed to return at four o'clock.

In their way home they paſſed by a fruit-ſtall, where, amidſt a variety of garden-ſtuff of all kinds, there were ſome very fine-looking ſtrawberries, quite ripe, and neatly ſet out in ſmall baſkets, and a clean and decent-looking elderly woman ſitting by them, and knitting a ſtocking. Captain Rivers had a mind to taſte ſome of the ſtrawberries; ſo they both went to enquire the price of them. As the captain and the good woman were bargaining about them, ſhe happened to caſt her eyes upon Ned; when inſtantly flying from her ſeat, ſhe threw herſelf upon her knees at his feet, and devoured his hand with kiſſes. He, as well as the captain, was all aſtoniſhment, and thought ſhe muſt be diſordered in her ſenſes; but ſhe was actuated by the ſpirit of gratitude. Perceiving Ned's embarraſſment and ſurpriſe, ſhe ſaid, "I ſee you do not recollect me; but the features of your angel's face will never be out of my mind while I can remember any thing. It is to you I owe all the comfort I have in the world, and to you I am indebted for being perhaps alive this day. Do you remember the miſerable object you ſo nobly relieved in Stephen's Green, when Doctor Porpoiſe, in whoſe ſervice my ſon died, would not give me a farthing?" "I do recollect you now," ſaid Ned, "and I aſſure you, I am very happy to ſee ſo favourable a change in your ſituation." "May the bleſſing of her that was ready to periſh, be ever with you!" ſaid ſhe, "for you have been a bleſſing to me: the money you gave me that day, enabled me to redeem my clothes, and to comes here to my native place. I found my brother ſtill living and in comfortable circumſtances; he rents a garden near the town, and I live with him and attend this ſtall all the day. My two ſons con-

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that are failors, are both living; one is ferving his majefty aboard a man of war, and the other is even now in this harbour, on board one of the tranfports which are going to America; and now, if it had not been for you, I fhould never have feen one of them again: wherefore night and day I put up prayers for you, although I do not know your name; but he that knoweth all things will reward you."—She then preffed Ned to take a bafket of her ftrawberries, and begged to know where he ftayed, that fhe might bring him them every day, and whatever elfe her brother's garden afforded. He told her his direction, and perhaps never reaped fo much fatisfaction from any money he had ever expended, as he did from the reflection how much happinefs had flowed from thofe two guineas which had thus reftored that poor and grateful creature to her deareft connections.

At the appointed hour they returned to Alderman Suet's, and were agreeably furprifed to find the company no ftrangers to them. It confifted moftly of thofe with whom they had paffed the evening before; for Mrs. Fanfhaw was daughter to the alderman, a circumftance which our gentlemen did not know before; and now they were introduced to her fifter, an unmarried girl of about twenty, who did the honours of her father's table, for he was a widower. But the beauty of her perfon did not feem to promife that fhe would long continue her fervices in that way; for fhe was a figure that any man in the kingdom might contemplate with delight, and who could fit down at few tables, of which fhe would not be the brighteft ornament.

'Twas well for Ned that every corner of his heart was pre-occupied; the lovely image of Cecilia oppofed itfelf to every new impreffion,

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and kept him faithful to his firſt paſſion. But the captain's boſom was not ſo well defended, but certainly received a ſhot from thoſe bright eyes, which the muſic of her voice, and the lively turn of her converſation, did not contribute to cure.

The dinner was excellent, as indeed you may always expect it to be in Cork; and as for the claret, the alderman recommended it, by ſwearing by St. Patrick that there was not a headach in a ton of it; for which we muſt give him due credit, as, if any ſuch thing was in it, he certainly muſt have found it long before that day. Indeed the frankneſs and good humour of the alderman made this day very agreeable to our gentlemen, although he was no friend to the cauſe in which they were embarked—for he condemned the American war in every inſtance, both the principle and the conduct of it; and in this he was very diſintereſted, for he made a great deal by it, as he dealt very largely in the victualling line, which is never ſo profitable as in time of war. But he was a man who loved liberty and humanity better than money, and he conſidered both as outraged in the conteſt. "I love my country," ſaid he—"I love the king—I revere the conſtitution—and therefore I deeply lament that there ſhould be men about the throne ſo ſhort-ſighted as to involve their ſovereign in a conteſt that may very poſſibly in the end ſhake the kingdom to its foundations."—"Why in the world ſhould you think ſo?" ſaid Captain Rivers. "I have always thought ſo, Captain," replied the alderman; "I conſider the principle of this war as unjuſt from the beginning, for England can have no right to tax America without her conſent. If it was juſt, it is yet impolitic; for America would liberally

give

give to your requeft what fhe never will yield to your fword. We were told in the beginning of this conteft, that it would be a difpute of a few months only, and that two thoufand difciplined troops would fcour the continent from one end to the other. We are now entering upon the fixth campaign, every one of which has been more unfortunate than that which preceded it; and after having loft above forty thoufand lives, and incurred one hundred millions of additional debt, we are farther from the point than when we commenced. But this is not the worft of it; we have, by our perfidious politics, goaded thofe into implacable enemies who were difpofed to be our friends, and we have moreover roufed them to confider their natural rights—an enquiry which thofe who wifh to govern fhould above all others have hufhed into filence—an enquiry which I promife you will not be confined to America, and which I will venture to predict, will plant thorns, never to be eradicated, in every crown in Europe."

"My dear Alderman," faid Captain Rivers, "let us go to the ladies.—Here is a bumper to the unity and profperity of the Britifh empire! May your prophecy prove falfe! but if it fhould not, may I never live to fee it completed!"

The alderman in vain pleaded for the other bottle; the gentlemen were unanimous in preferring the charming harmony of the ladies' voices to the din of politics, of whofe difcuffions there was no end; and retired by common confent to the drawing-room. Here Mifs Lucy fhone to new advantage in the eyes of Captain Rivers, who had the pleafure to fit next her at the tea-table, and who ventured to whifper to her fome foft compliments, which fhe received with fuch lively raillery as convinced him the brilliancy of her eyes

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was a faithful index of her mind. Cards were proposed after tea, but over-ruled by the gentlemen, who preferred music, and particularly by Captain Rivers, who longed to hear the powers of Miss Lucy's voice. She sung, and accompanied herself upon a lute, an instrument which she touched with great delicacy. Rivers was in Elysium, and drank so deep of Love's delicious poison that all the waters of Lethe were never afterwards able to cure him.

CHAP. XI.

MANY a pleafant evening paffed away in the elegant and enlivened fociety of Mrs. Fanfhaw and her fifter, and of other families to whom they had the kindnefs to introduce our gentlemen; and to many a noble libation did the alderman invite them, though he did not entirely approve of their deferting his claret for the fqualling of his girl: however, as he had always friends enough that were willing to fit as long as they could retain their feats, he was the more indulgent to our gentlemen, and permitted them to do as they pleafed.

Captain Rivers, indeed, was fo charmed with Mifs Lucy, that all company began to grow infipid when fhe was not of the party; and he no longer looked forward with that impatient ardour to the glory of the campaign, which feemed before to engrofs all his defire. She, too, was not infenfible either to the figure or the merits of the captain, and began for the firft time in her life to lofe that difengaged and lively cheerfulnefs which had hitherto been an invariable trait in her character. She had no longer any entertainment in thofe parties of pleafure which are fo much the fafhion among the Irifh ladies, and which are really fo very agreeable. Solitude was now her delight. She would rather fit in her chamber looking at the moon when all the family were at reft, or fit leaning

on

on her arm, and liften to the warbles of an Eolian harp, than to be the moft admired in the gayeft affembly or moft fplendid ball in Cork. So powerful is love in either fex, to change all the inclinations of the heart, and to engrofs every faculty of the foul!

Rivers alfo was a ftricken deer, and wandered from the herd to feek the deepeft receffes of the groves, and liften to the murmurs of the waterfalls. But this fweet delirium could not laft. The firft favourable gale was to difpel this delufion, and the dæmon of war required the facrifice of thefe two hearts, as he had before done of thofe of Edward and Lady Cecilia.

It was a confolation however to Rivers to know that Mrs. Fanfhaw was to be in the fhip with him; in her he could behold fomewhat of the features of his beloved, and could at all times dwell upon that theme, which was now the conftant fubject of his thoughts.

Ned was not fo happy, for Lady Cecilia had enjoined him not to reveal any thing of their loves to her brother: but he fed the more upon it in fecret; and in the many tedious and uninterefting hours of an Atlantic voyage, he ufed to contemplate the locket that held the facred pledge of her affection, which fhe allowed him to fever from her lovely neck in Wales, and which ever fince had hung around his own, and occupied the ftation next his heart.

At length the day arrived, in which all the foft and amiable paffions of the heart were to yield to the ftern commands of duty, and when Glory was to extinguifh with his ardent rays the milder beams of love and hope.

The fleet is ready, and the wind fair; and Lucy and her father, and many other friends, ftand on the beach, and wave with their hand-

kerchiefs

kerchiefs the last farewell as the boat rows from shore. They return to the city, where Lucy from her window follows the vessel with streaming eyes, and Rivers from the deck contemplates the habitation of Lucy till it is lost in the obscurity of distance. The old head of Kinsale, which has braved the ocean ever since the birth of time, now presented his aged and majestic front; a gray mist sat brooding on its summit, which as the evening advanced, rolled down its venerable sides in hoary wreaths, which added greatly to the dignity and antiquity of its appearance: at length it was wholly enveloped, and, the shades of night soon after descending, they lost sight of it and of the land together.

To a person who has never been at sea before, there is something unspeakably awful in launching out into the great deep; and the last sight of land, and the cheerful habitations of men, cannot but impress a temporary gloom even on the most cheerful disposition. The most of our voyagers were in this predicament, for we can hardly reckon on the passage between England and Ireland any thing more than a pleasurable excursion. But now there were to be thousands of miles of ocean to roll between them and their dearest relatives. Captain Fanshaw indeed had his wife and his children with him; and Captain Rivers found in Mrs. Fanshaw some consolation for the absence of her sister. But poor Ned felt entirely forlorn, and betook himself to his birth at an early hour, to ruminate in silence on the mountains of Wales, the groves of Ravensdale, and all the dear connexions who remained embowered in those happy residences. The dangers he was to meet, when he next approached the habitations of men, occupied but

a ſmall ſhare in his contemplations; yet, whenever they preſented themſelves to his imagination, their impreſſion was agreeable, for they rouſed the natural ardour of his mind, and renewed that activity without which no ſenſation can be happy. Their deſtination was Charleſtown, which had lately ſurrendered to the Britiſh arms, and where they expected to ſhare in thoſe memorable exploits, which, though finally unfortunate, yet reflected much glory on the courage, perſeverance, and ability both of the commanders and the troops.

The weather was fine, and the wind favourable; yet it was ſome days before every body could recover that tone of health and ſpirits, which the parting with their friends and the uſual ſqueamiſhneſs of ſea ſickneſs had interrupted. By degrees, however, both theſe wore off, and, as they advanced to the warmer latitudes, enabled them to enjoy the freſh air upon deck, and amuſe themſelves with the novel ſight of flying fiſh, and the beautiful colours of the dolphin. In the cool of the evening they uſed often to amuſe themſelves with muſic; and had Neptune and the Najads frequented the ſeas now, as the poets tell us they did of old, no doubt they would have riſen from their deep abodes to regale their ears with ſuch unuſual and delightful ſounds.

But ſeveral weeks had now elapſed without their beholding any thing but the ſun riſing in the eaſt, and ſetting in the weſt. The world of waters rolled around them, blue and uniform, preſenting the idea of a boundleſs waſte, till at laſt a butterfly happening to come on board, ſeemed to announce the vicinity of land. It was one Saturday evening, the laſt which they expected

pected to ſpend on board, that the gentlemen, according to the ſea cuſtom were drinking with the captain in the cabin, to the health of their wives and ſweet-hearts, when they were ſuddenly alarmed by a ſhriek from Mrs. Fanſhaw, who was ſitting with the children upon deck. It was a fine evening, and the eldeſt little boy, about four years old, was diverting himſelf running fore and aft, as he had often done before; when, either by climbing or ſome unlucky trip, he fell overboard and plunged into the ſea. Mrs. Fanſhaw ſaw the accident, ſhrieked and inſtantly fainted. The gentlemen immediately went up, when the conſternation and deſpair of her huſband were beyond the power of language to expreſs.

David Morgan, who happened to be forward at the time, influenced by the firſt impulſe of a generous nature, jumped inſtantly into the ſea. The ſhip was going on at an eaſy rate, and had paſſed to a conſiderable diſtance before ſhe could be wore into ſtays, and the boat launched out. From the deck neither David nor the child was viſible; but from the round tops they could diſcover David buffetting with the waves, though unable to ſay whether he had got the child or not. Mrs. Fanſhaw continued wholly ſenſeleſs; and the agony of her huſband, between fears for her and anxiety about the child, almoſt bereaved him of all recollection. Captain Rivers ſtayed with him, as much to aſſiſt him as the lady; but Evans went in the boat to have the earlieſt knowledge of the event. When they approached Morgan, they ſaw he had indeed the child, but whether dead or alive they could not tell: both were however taken into the boat, and they had ſoon the unſpeakable pleaſure

to

to see the little fellow open his eyes, and by degrees recover his senses. When he was thoroughly come to himself, he had no recollection whatever of the event, further than he knew he got a fall. But the sudden revulsion of nature in the mother when she got him again into her arms, had nearly proved fatal to her, and was attended with feelings more affecting and more alarming even than when she thought him lost. A day or two, however, restored her to tranquillity; and now the dogs were observed to run frequently forward to the bowsprit, and to snuff the air with uncommon pleasure; for these sagacious creatures were sensible of the smell of land, though no person on board could perceive it. At length, during the calmness of the night, a light air springing from the shore, wafted an aromatic gale distinctly perceived by every one on deck. Those who were below came up to enjoy this new pleasure, and experienced how truly Milton observed nature in his beautiful poem of Paradise Lost, where he records this very circumstance:

> ———As to those who sail
> Mosambique off at East, North-winds blow
> Sabean odours from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest.
> Pleas'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles
> For many a league.

The next morning indeed brought them in view of the shore, the first appearance of which was like a vast fleet of ships; for the coast being entirely flat, the pine-trees appeared rising out of the water long before they could see the soil which supported them. A pilot-boat soon appearing to conduct them in, they got safely over the

the bar, and were landed on the quay of Charles-town about four o'clock in the afternoon.

As soon as Mrs. Fanshaw and the children were settled at an inn, and had got some refreshment, the gentlemen dressed, and waited on the Commander in Chief, who received them with all the politeness due to their stations, and that might be expected from his own. After some general conversation on affairs in Europe, and the recent events in America, his Excellency enquired about the circumstances of their voyage. He was much affected by the accident of little Fanshaw, and so much pleased with the conduct of David Morgan on that occasion, that he promoted him to an halbert on the spot.

CHAP. XLI.

CHARLESTOWN, the capital of South Carolina, was before the war esteemed among the most elegant, though not the largest of the cities of British America. It is situated in the 32d degree of latitude, at the confluence of the rivers Ashly and Cooper, which are navigable for between twenty and thirty miles farther up; and though they are inconsiderable when compared with other rivers in America, yet in Europe they would make a very respectable appearance. The entrance to the harbour is however rendered difficult by reason of a bar, which often shifts, and never admits ships of very large burthen. The city used to contain about ten thousand white inhabitants, and perhaps three times as many black and mixed. The inhabitants were for the most part opulent, some of them extremely so: and as they were not soured by any morose sentiments about religion, being mostly of the church of England, public places were more numerous, and had a gayer appearance than in any other part of the Continent. It had been usual too, in the happy æra of peace, for the wealthier inhabitants to send their children to England for education; so that the manners and mode of thinking upon all subjects, of the higher orders in this city, were little different from those in similar rank in Europe;

rope; which contributed much to make Charlestown the most agreeable place to strangers of any on the Continent. But, alas! the infatuation of Britain in exasperating, by the most wanton outrages, all the feelings of the human heart, to procure by force and by the violation of the very first principles of English liberty, that revenue which they had only to ask for to obtain, had estranged the affections, and altered the disposition of men from one end of America to the other, that, when our voyagers arrived there, it bore no resemblance to the happy, fertile, and luxuriant country which it had been but a few years before. About nine miles above Charlestown the two rivers approach one another so as to be separated only by a narrow neck of land about half a mile over: after that they widen again to a considerable distance before they unite their streams below the city, and fall into the Atlantic. This peninsula was in the highest cultivation, covered with the villas of the richer inhabitants of the colony, most of whom having been educated in England, had transferred to this paradise the taste and elegance of the parent country; with this great advantage, that the whole country being covered with timber of various kinds, and with an inconceivable variety of the most beautiful and odoriferous shrubs, they were not under the necessity of waiting half an age to create a place; but, by a judicious clearing and pruning, found it ready formed to their hands. Nothing then could have been more charming than these residences were when possessed by their owners—the happy abodes of prosperous industry, of public and private worth, of peace, opulence, innocence, and beauty. But Satan, envious of the felicity of

this

this ſecond Eden, hiſſed for the dæmon of deſtruction, who heard the call, though at five thouſand miles diſtance, and ſwept over the Atlantic to obey it. Alas! that any voice ſhould arm kindred ſouls againſt each other. But ſo it was; and no ſooner were the Britiſh in poſſeſſion of the town, than this beautiful peninſula went to ruin.

I do not by this account mean to lay any thing improper to the charge of the commanders, or the troops. I take for granted they did nothing contrary to the rules of war. But when I ſee women and children of the firſt condition burned out of their habitations, and turned naked into the wilderneſs; the precious productions of art and ſcience mutilated and deſtroyed by brutal ignorance and barbarity; the face of nature blaſted and deformed, I cannot help curſing from my ſoul the art of war, and every one who has a ſhare in kindling its flames. That a ſpirit of implacable hatred ſhould be raiſed in the Americans, can never be wondered at by any who know how much they endured, and with what injuſtice they were attacked. But, like all other diſpenſations of infinite wiſdom, this injuſtice will probably be its own puniſhment; and America, at no very diſtant period, be gratified (if her generoſity ſhould not forbid it to be a gratification) with the moſt ample revenge. The effect, however, of this alienation of ſentiment was neceſſarily felt ſeverely by thoſe who were obliged now to reſide in the colony.

Though many of the inhabitants remained in the city after it ſurrendered to the Britiſh arms, yet they were moſtly of the lower claſſes: and even theſe, unleſs in a very few inſtances, had imbibed all the hatred and animoſity againſt England,

England, which invariably burned in the breasts of the higher ranks: so that no intercourse of friendship or regard could any longer subsist between them. On the part of the troops, was a haughty and suspicious controul: on the part of the people, a sullen and indignant repose. The power of the British, however, extended but a very little way beyond that neck before mentioned, which they had strongly fortified for the security of the metropolis: but the colony at large was still in the hands of the Americans, between whom and the British were many very severe engagements, in which both parties profusely spilled their blood, without reaping any advantage by it.

In these engagements our young heroes soon expected to take an active part; and that enthusiasm which is so natural to youthful minds, and which they possessed to a very considerable degree, made them impatient to be in action, that they also might come in for their share of renown, and have their names transmitted home with approbation. They pleased themselves with the imagination how anxiously certain gentle spirits would peruse the newspapers, what dewy pearls would drop from radiant eyes when any danger was imminent, and how brilliantly they would clear up when the names they loved were mentioned with applause. Thus do these imaginary pleasures support the spirits under the pressure of real calamities: and wise and happy is the mind that habituates itself to contemplate only the bright and pleasing sides of such objects as are presented by necessity to its observation. But it was thought necessary to let the new troops repose a little after their voyage, and be somewhat inured to the climate, before they were called into the field: so that the high and

aspiring

aspiring hopes of our young men were for the present obliged to wait: and indeed, if prudence had not dictated this meafure, neceffity would have enforced it; for before they were a fortnight in the country, half of them were attacked with fevers and agues, and the remainder were fo fore and fwelled by the bites of bugs and mufquitoes, that they were hardly able to move. Our gentlemen, indeed, by a liberal ufe of bark and Madeira, efcaped the firft of thefe evils; but for the bugs and mufquitoes the frefh blood they brought from Europe was too delicious a repaft for them to hope by any means to efcape; and therefore for a confiderable time they fuffered extremely, which is invariably the cafe with all people coming from Europe; for after they have been in the country fome time, though thefe infects continue to bite, yet the wound is not attended with that pain and inflammation which at firft is univerfally experienced.

But though they had not as yet been called out into the field of Mars, yet in that of Bacchus they were obliged often to contend; in which, it muft be confeffed, they neither of them fupported the character of their refpective countries, being always flinchers, and often deferters, from that noble conteft: neither did they reap much glory in the field of Fortune, which capricious deity had a temple in every tent, and an idol in almoft every heart throughout the whole army. This made them be confidered by fome as rather queer fellows, who had got fome whimfical notions of propriety and morality, and who would have cut a better figure as chaplains than captains. Among thofe who had imbibed this opinion was young Nettlefield, whofe regiment was at this time at Charleftown, and whofe letters from his father in Ireland had

made

made him well acquainted with Ned's history before his arrival. Perhaps he envied him the applause he had got in the Ravensdale family, and the important services he performed to Lady Cecilia; for this Bobadil had a high opinion of himself, and did not despair of rendering himself amiable in any eyes which he should take the trouble to please. His conduct to Miss Grainger, he flattered himself, was not known; and though it should, his gallantry, in killing her brother, he supposed, would go far in justifying it. Whatever was the cause, he certainly from the beginning had a jealousy of Ned Evans, who, on his part, had conceived a just detestation of him long before he had any idea of ever being acquainted with him.

It happened one day that a number of officers had agreed to dine together at a public house; among whom were Ned Evans, Captains Rivers and Fanshaw. Another party had dined at the same house, among whom was Nettlefield; and in the evening they had, as usual, sat down to cards, at which Nettlefield had been unsuccessful. At the hour of supper the two parties agreed to join, and they all sat down together. The supper passed off very well, and several bottles of wine were drunk, without any appearance of ill humour on any side, notwithstanding that the policy and justice of the American war were very freely discussed, and with very opposite opinions, though they were all engaged on one side. At length religion came on the tapis; when Ned happened to lament how that must suffer on the Continent, from the overthrow of all establishment, and the departure of most of the regular clergy. "That's like the canting son of a Welch curate," said Nettlefield, "sighing for his leeks and his toasted cheese, which the superstition of

his

his countrymen fupplies him with. Damn all religion, I fay, and all priefts, and all their pofterity! Let men be governed by honour, which is what we all can underftand, and then we fhall have no need of hypocrites and enthufiafts." It was impoffible for the fereneft temper at the age of nineteen, and in the habit of a foldier, to be filent under fo unmerited an attack. "Sir," faid Mr. Evans, "the folly of your blafphemous fentiment can only be equalled by its falfehood and ill-manners. With refpect to myfelf, I am neither afhamed of my country, nor my father, nor his profeffion; and when next you venture to talk of honour, take care that nobody in the room has ever heard of Mifs Grainger."

Nettlefield, at the found of this name, turned firft as red as fire, and then as pale as death. He rofe from his chair, and went round towards Ned Evans, who fuppofed he was going to fpeak to him, perhaps indeed to call him out. Nettlefield leaned down towards him, and Evans turned round to hear what he had to fay; when, to his infinite furprife, he difcharged all the fpittle he could collect in his mouth, full in his face. The aftonifhed youth inftantly drew his fword, and the other quickly did the fame. In the fecond pafs Evans wounded Nettlefield in the arm, who, ftepping back, by fome accident tripped, and fell. Ned's refentment inftantly fubfided; and leaning forward over Nettlefield, he faid, "I hope you are not materially hurt?" The other made no reply, but, fhortening his fword, which he ftill held faft in his hand, gave a home-thruft at poor Ned, who was all unguarded, and ran him quite through the body.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

THE whole of this unfortunate rencontre having paſſed in leſs time than it has taken to relate it, there was no opportunity, nor perhaps any poſſibility, for any perſon preſent preventing it. The company were all ſenſible of the great impropriety of Nettlefield's behaviour in the commencement; but when they ſaw his baſe conduct in ſtabbing the unſuſpecting Evans, whilſt he was anxiouſly and kindly fearing he had been materially hurt, they were ſhocked to the ſoul, and with one voice cried out, "Oh, for ſhame, Nettlefield!" The ſword paſſed under the ſhort ribs of Evans's right ſide, and, glancing upwards, came out below his ſhoulder blade.

"My dear Rivers, ſupport me!" was all he ſaid. He had indeed caught him in his arms, and with the help of Captain Fanſhaw and the other gentlemen laid him on a ſofa.

The commander in chief being informed of this affair, and all its circumſtances, ordered Nettlefield immediately into arreſt: he did Evans the honour to ſend his own Surgeon to attend him, and ſaw him himſelf as ſoon as he was removed to his lodgings.

When the ſurgeon had examined and dreſſed the wound, he told Captain Rivers, that though he could not pronounce it to be abſolutely mortal, yet it was dangerous in the higheſt degree; par-

particularly as the ſeaſon of the year (which was Auguſt) was extremely unfavourable, from the intenſe heat of the climate, and the epidemic fevers which conſtantly rage at that time.

Nothing could exceed the affectionate attention of Rivers, but the patience and fortitude of Evans who bore the excruciating torments of his wound without a murmur, and without either conceiving or expreſſing any reſentment againſt his murderer; for ſurely the unfair and ungenerous manner in which he gave the ſtab juſtifies that name. On the third day of his confinement, the fever made its appearance, with every alarming circumſtance of aggravation. Thoſe roſes of health which bluſhed ſo deep upon his manly cheek, were now all withered: that vigour which could curb the fierceſt ſteed, and againſt which few arms could be raiſed with impunity, was now laid proſtrate, unable to turn itſelf on the Bed. Thoſe eyes which ſo lately ſhot forth rays both of ſweetneſs and intelligence, now languiſhed in their ſockets; and even that intelligence itſelf, but a few days before ſo brilliant and ſo lively, was now obſcured with delirium, and loſt the functions both of perception and memory.

Rivers never left him, but watched over him with all the attention of a nurſe, and all the affection of a brother. He had languiſhed in this way for a conſiderable time, the doctor ſuppoſing every night would be his laſt; when, after he had juſt gone, and Rivers was ſitting by his bed-ſide, Evans ſuddenly lifted up his eyes, and ſeemed to recover his ſenſes——

"My God!" he cried, "I thank thee that in a foreign country, far from the help and endearments of my parents, thou granteſt to my laſt hours the conſolation of a friend,—Oh, Rivers!

vers! I am going from thee; but bear me witneſs that my laſt ſigh was vented in prayers for you and for your family."

"My dear fellow," cried Rivers, "I rejoice to hear your voice again! I truſt you have many years yet to live, and that this return of intellect is the turn of your complaint."

"Alas, no!" replied Evans; "I feel the approach of death, but it is a calm approach; and believe me I dread it not—for, oh, Rivers! I am a Chriſtian.——And now, my friend there is a duty incumbent on every Chriſtian, before he leaves the world, which is to forgive his enemies. Indeed I did not know that I had any enemies; why Nettlefield became ſo, I cannot tell—but tell him, Rivers, I forgive him, from my ſoul I forgive him; and if he ſhould be called to account for my death, tell the gentlemen who try him that I hope they will acquit him.

"Oh, Rivers, look at my boſom—behold this locket, it contains your ſiſter's hair—I will not leave the world without imparting to you a ſecret, which I long wiſhed to diſcloſe to you, but never before could find courage to reveal. I have dared to love your ſiſter—Yes! my aſpiring heart dared to love Lady Cecilia—I believe ſhe pitied my preſumption without hating it. This locket which you ſee, ſhe had the goodneſs to give me herſelf—it has ever ſince hung on my heart, and ſhall remain there while that heart continues to beat. But, oh! my friend! when I am dead, take you the ſacred pledge—perhaps a lock of my hair may then be acceptable to her—cut one off, and preſent both to her as the laſt offering from a man who felt in death no agony like parting from her."

And

"And do you think, my dear friend?" ſaid Rivers, "that this ſecret was never known to me before?—You ſurely muſt ſuppoſe I had no obſervation. But now, in my turn, I will tell you another ſecret; and that is, that I know Cecilia loves you: and ſo let me hear no more of dying, for I am perſuaded you are growing better; and if you will not live for me, I hope from my ſoul you will for Cecilia, for I know nobody ſo well entitled to her. What would you give to ſee her?" ſaid Rivers.—A tranſient ſmile dimpled the cheek of Evans: "More than I have in the world," ſaid he. "Then behold what I have never ſhewn you before." He then preſented him with a moſt exquiſite miniature picture of her, painted when ſhe was in London, which Evans had ſtill life enough left to gaze at with unſpeakable pleaſure. "I lend you that," ſaid Rivers, "till you get the original; and let that hope be a cordial to you, to recall the ebbing tide of life, and rally the ſpirits about your heart." Whether it had this effect or not, I cannot tell; but certainly from this hour Ned's fever abated, and the alarming ſymptoms of his wound diſappearing, he was ſoon after pronounced out of danger.

The important victory at Camden, gained in this month by Lord Cornwallis over General Gates, had ſo depreſſed the ſpirits of the Americans, and exhauſted them of reſources, that the whole province of South Carolina was conſidered by the Britiſh as ſubdued; and as they had neither the meansnor apparently the inclination to make any further ſtand againſt the conquerors, ſeveral months intervened before there was any probability of the new troops being brought into action. This repoſe gave time to Ned to recruit his ſtrength, and to become fa-

miliarized

miliarized to the climate. Nothing can be more charming or falubrious than a Carolina winter, and its genial influence foon reftored the rofes to his cheeks, and vigour to his arm. The bafe attack that had been made upon him, and his fpirit in the conteft, had interefted all parties in his recovery, and particularly the ladies, to whom Mrs. Fanfhaw had with the warmeft eulogiums related his hiftory; fo that he was a particular favourite in all their parties of pleafure. Even the American ladies, who in general receded from any fort of communication with the Britifh officers, relaxed in favour of him; and often lamented that they were compelled to confider as an enemy, one whom they fo much defired to love as a friend. He was indebted for this partiality to an accidental favour which he had in his power to beftow on one of the moft diftinguifhed of thofe ladies, who, with her daughter, about twelve years of age, had happened to wander beyond thofe boundaries which the commandant had prefcribed for their liberty to walk in. In this fituation they were very rudely accofted by a fentinel, who took the child by the arm, and frightened her fo that fhe fainted, whilft he infulted the mother with all poffible infolence and indecency. Ned happened to be a witnefs of the fcene. He feverely rebuked the fentinel, who, though he had a right to ftop them, had none to abufe or infult them, and affured him that he fhould receive an adequate punifhment. He then took the young lady in his arms, and, by foothing her with the genteleft language, foon difpelled her fears, and conducted both her mother and her to their own houfe. The fentinel received two hundred lafhes for his cruelty and infolence.

This lady had been of the first rank and opulence in the country; her husband was a member of the congress, and his father had been president of it. None were more distinguished for integrity in private life, nor for zeal and ability in their public stations. Attached to their country by nature, and to its cause by principle, they had from the beginning been active agents in the revolution, which had raised in the royal commanders a spirit of peculiar resentment against them, and, I wish I could not add, of unmanly revenge.

A beautiful seat, the residence of the husband of the lady, situated upon Ashley river, about sixteen miles from town, was unnecessarily and purposely made a barrack for soldiers. A noble collection of pictures, which the proprietor had made himself in Italy, were by these barbarians wantonly defaced: a capital library of books, of the best authors, in all languages, had been torn to pieces to light their pipes, or to serve even meaner purposes: a magnificent philosophical apparatus was destroyed: the walks in the gardens, which were laid out in the highest style of European taste, and which one would have thought might have served them for recreation, were by their implacable spirit grubbed up and defaced. Even the tomb, in which the ashes of their unoffending ancestors peacefully reposed, and which among all the American families of distinction is seated in some hallowed and sequestered part of their garden—even this sacred deposit could not escape the illiberal malice of these blood-hounds, but was broken to pieces: the mouldering remains dug up and scattered to the air, and the venerable trees which

which shaded the sacred repository cut down and burned. If the dead were treated with this indignity, it is not probable the living would be spared. Accordingly those gentlemen, who by the capitulation of Charlestown were allowed to reside there on their parole with their families, were afterwards notwithstanding forced from them in the dead of night, without any pretence of their having broke their parole, and with many others in similar circumstances sent off to Augustine; no attention whatever being paid to the means of their subsistence, nor to any of those necessary accommodations which people of their rank and time of life must stand in need of. It cannot be wondered at, then, if the deepest resentments for such unnecessary and cruel treatment should be fixed in the breasts of all those dear relatives from whom they were torn. The miseries and distresses which at this time seemed the unavoidable portion of every one who adhered to the independence of America, would in many instances have subdued the spirit of the men, had not the noble fortitude of the women exhorted them to persevere: those who had been in the highest ranks, and therefore most sensible of their present afflictions, repeatedly entreating their sons, their husbands, and their brothers, never to suffer family attachments, and much less private inconveniences, to interfere with the duty which they owed their country. Among the most distinguished of those heroines was Mrs. Middleham, the lady to whom Edward recommended himself by his humane interference; and who to great family opulence added the dignity of a fine person, and all the graces of a European education. The

coldness, not to say aversion, which she felt towards the British officers in general, was softened with regard to him; and her gratitude, for his civility, procured him more attention from the American ladies than was paid to any other officer in the garrison.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

THE repose in which the army was suffered to remain in Charlestown during the winter, and which the British fondly supposed was likely to continue, was soon interrupted in the following year, when Green succeeded Gates in the command of the continental troops. That spirit which they supposed was entirely quenched, was now rekindling in its ashes; and the execution of Colonel Haynes, attended with circumstances peculiarly affecting, and which does not appear to have been justified by the proceedings of the court which tried him, raised these sparks into a flame, and reanimated every breast with fury and indignation. The corps in which Captain Rivers and Ned served were now sent upon duty, and the hour was approaching, which they had both long earnestly desired, of sharing the dangers and the glories of their countrymen.

The first service which they were sent on, was to surprise an American out-post at a few miles distance from the main army. This unhappy party had been severely harassed, the day before, by a long march, without provisions, and with but very scanty cloathing; and now hungry and fatigued were laid down to get a little sleep. It was the dead of night, and though they had taken every precaution to prevent surprise, yet their videttes were taken unawares,

awares, and put to death by the bayonet without being able to give the alarm. The British party went undiscovered to the camp, where all was silence and repose: the slaughter was dreadful, for most were murdered in their sleep; a poor youth about sixteen clung round the knees of Ned, and implored for mercy. No voice ever sued to him for that in vain; but whilst he was yet on his knee, and Edward was raising him by the hand, Nettlefield, who was by, cried out, 'Damn you! will you spare a rebel?' and instantly plunged his pike into his heart. Hardly a soul escaped, whilst on the British side not a single man was either killed or wounded. This was called a glorious action, and they received the thanks of the commander for their spirit and alacrity. I pass over several engagements in which both our young gentlemen displayed the highest courage and address, because the relation of these dreadful scenes can only be pleasing to a military ear; but I must observe, that in all these engagements, though the victory was commonly claimed by the British, yet the real advantage lay wholly on the side of the Americans, who rapidly recovered, one after another, those places which they had lost the preceding year. At last, on the eighth of September, they were attacked by General Green in person at the head of the whole American force destined for the support of South Carolina. The engagement began about four o'clock in the morning. The charge was brisk on the side of the Americans: and as they had outnumbered the British, who were only advanced parties, they were obliged to fall back, till the main body of the army came to their support. The action now became general, and great execution was done on both sides. Two men made an

attempt

attempt to wrest the colours from Ned's hands, but they paid for their temerity by their lives. Victory seemed to decide in favour of the English, and the Americans were giving way, when a reinforcement of Maryland and Virginia Continentals coming opportunely to their aid, restored the fortune of the day. The British were then routed in all quarters, and a corps of cavalry, commanded by a relation of General Washington, charged them so briskly as allowed them no time to rally or form. Rivers did all he could to call back his flying men, and induce them again to face the foe. Whilst he loudly called them to return, and bravely shewed them the example, he received a bullet in his breast which brought him to the ground. The enemy's horse were driving on full speed; but no love of life, nor any fear of death, could prevail on Evans to desert his friend. He took him on his back, and carried him through the hottest of the fire, till he himself received a shot upon his hip, which brought him also down, and entirely disabled him from moving a step farther. The enemy, regardless of them, continued the pursuit; and it is wonderful they were not trampled to death: but Heaven spared Ned just to manifest his zeal for his friend, and to receive his last breath. The noble and the generous Rivers, exhausted by the loss of blood, but still sensible to the last, just squeezed him by the hand, and, whilst endeavouring to thank him for his care, expired in his arms. When the soul was fled, and those eyes were closed for ever; when the voice was lost which he should hear no more, and which he had never heard but with emotions of pleasure, it is impossible to express the agony of grief with which the heart of Edward was oppressed. He contem-

plated

plated the body as it lay over his lap with mute ſorrow, till at laſt a flood of tears relieved the throbbings of his boſom—"Oh Rivers, my beloved friend! would to God I had died with thee!" The ſituation indeed in which poor Edward lay made it highly probable that this would very ſpeedily be the event. The enemy were now off the field in purſuit of the flying Britiſh, and very poſſibly might not return to it again. Numbers of bodies lay around him, in ſome of whom were ſtill ſome quivering ſigns of life, but not any that appeared capable of the leaſt ſenſation. His own wound was not in itſelf mortal, nor even dangerous had help been at hand; but then it was ſuch as deprived him of all power of motion on his feet. The night was coming on apace, and ſolitude and ſilence replaced the din of arms, and the ſhouts which accompanied the dreadful buſineſs of the day before. The body of his friend lay ſtill beſide him, and with his clay-cold hand ſtill locked in his, he determined to wait that fate which he ſuppoſed inevitable: but even in this ſituation he was not without comfort. He believed himſelf to be ſtill in the ſight of his Creator: and, relying upon his mercy whenever he ſhould think fit to call him, he prepared with reſignation to follow his dear friend, and determined that their bodies ſhould be found together. An affecting remembrance of his dear relatives in Wales, and of the idol of his heart in Ravenſdale, did indeed riſe in his mind, but it was only to recommend them to Heaven; and his principal thoughts were entirely occupied on that almighty and eternal Being before whom he expected ſhortly to ſtand. Several hours had he paſſed in theſe melancholy contemplations, ſtill lying by the body of his friend. No ſound in-

terrupted

terrupted the ſilence of the night, which was remarkably ſtill, unleſs ſometimes that he thought an expiring groan, faintly uttered, iſſued from ſome of the bodies with which the field was ſtrewed. At length his liſtening ear thought it heard the ſound of ſteps; and ſhortly after the figure of a man ſeemed to approach, and buſily to examine the bodies as they lay. It was of little moment to poor Ned whether he was friend or foe, but nature compelled him to aſk for aſſiſtance. What tranſport roſe in his boſom, what gratitude to the Almighty, when he found himſelf ſupported by David Morgan! That brave and faithful fellow, when the purſuit was at an end, and that his maſter and Captain Rivers were miſſing, determined at all hazards to return to the field of battle, for the mere chance of finding them alive; and Providence directed his ſteps to the ſpot where Evans was ſtill lying, and at an hour when the darkneſs would enable them to paſs undiſcovered from the fatal ſcene of action. The tranſport of David Morgan was not leſs than that of Evans; and their firſt buſineſs was to return thanks to God for this ſingular inſtance of mercy. Poor Ned embraced the body of his dear friend for the laſt time, embalming it with the precious tears of genuine friendſhip; and faithful Morgan taking him on his back, moved on at a venture towards the thickeſt woods, hoping to be concealed until Ned ſhould recover ſtrength to endeavour to join ſome party of their ſcattered forces.

In America thick woods are never very diſtant, and to theſe our unfortunate friends had made their way long before the morning dawn could diſcover to the enemy the dreadful execution of the day before. The return of light

 ſerved

ferved them indeed for little purpo{e, but to fhew them more clearly the dangers and calamities to which they were expofed. The anguifh of Ned's wound, which ftruck juft upon his hip-bone, made it impoffible for him to move a ftep, or even to fupport himfelf on his feet. No article of food was within their reach, nor even a drop of water to cool that intolerable thirft which the heat of the climate, added to pain and fatigue created. Morgan indeed had a mufket; but to fire it was not adviseable, left the report fhould difcover the place of their retreat. This faithful fellow, who, being unhurt, could eafily provide for his own fafety, fcorned the felfifh idea, and fwore to live and die with his beloved mafter. Indeed, had he had lefs generofity, Ned muft have perifhed, for he was at this time almoft as unable to affift himfelf as the day on which he was born. Morgan raifed him again upon his fhoulders, and carried him further into the depths of the foreft; he there laid him at the foot of a tree, whilft he went to difcover if poffible fome fpring of water. Whilft Edward ftill lay reflecting more on the dear friend he had loft than on the mifery of his own fituation, his attention was roufed to an object of a very extraordinary nature within a few yards of the fpot on which he was lying. A large grey fquirrel, not much lefs than an ordinary rabbit, was running up and down a tree which was oppofite to him, feemingly in great diftrefs. It appeared as if it endeavoured to get away from fome object to which it was continually drawn back by fome irrefiftible attraction. Sometimes it would endeavour to climb up the tree—but before it had got a yard, its hind legs feemed to fail it, when it would utter a feeble cry, and then come down again. Sometimes it

would endeavour to eſcape along an horizontal branch; but its efforts here were equally ineffectual, attended with the ſame feebleneſs, and the ſame unwilling return. Every time it came back it deſcended lower and lower, whilſt its agonies and terrors ſeemed greater and greater. So extraordinary a circumſtance ſeemed to Ned wholly unaccountable, till at laſt he diſcovered among the thicket at the bottom of the tree, the head of an enormous rattle-ſnake, whoſe vivid eyes were fixed conſtantly and invariably on the poor creature deſtined to be its prey. Its huge mouth ſtood gaping wide open, which at laſt received the unfortunate animal. The monſter ſwallowed it whole, yet not without difficulty, for its gullet ſtood diſtended to a conſiderable ſize larger than the reſt of his body.

By what means theſe dreadful creatures are enabled to faſcinate the ſmaller animals deſtined by nature for their prey, is I believe as yet unknown, but the fact is inconteſtible; the ſame power extends to birds within a certain diſtance, and ſeems to be placed in the eye; for if any noiſe or other accident diſturb the ſnake, the creature feels inſtantly relieved, and makes its eſcape.

Whilſt Ned was contemplating this ſingular phænomena, and perhaps moralizing on the melancholy truth, that no part of the animal creation is exempt from miſery, David returned with the welcome news that he had diſcovered a ſpring, and brought ſome water in his cap, which, though perhaps not the mo[illegible] veſſels at any other time, was yet [illegible] acceptable, for it was now near t[illegible] ſince the poor wounded youth had t[illegible]. He had been fortunate enough to [illegible] ſome wild grapes, which at this ſeaſo[illegible]

[illegible]

to be in their most eatable state; and though they are but a harsh and austere fruit, yet were they cooling and refreshing. This mouthful of food, scanty as it was, was sufficient to revive the sinking spirits of poor Edward: it renewed his confidence in that Power who was able to spread a table for him in the wilderness; who had sent to his relief the person in the world who at that time was most able to afford it; and who fed him by a miracle little less striking than if the materials of his support had been brought to him by the ravens.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

EDWARD had no fooner related the adventure of the rattle-fnake and the fquirrel, than David went to fearch for that formidable reptile, whom he found bafking among the underwood at the bottom of the great tree where he had devoured his prey. His voracioufnefs indeed proved his ruin; for, as but a few minutes had elapfed fince he had fwallowed the fquirrel, it had not yet reached his ftomach: fo that the fize of it in his gullet incommoded him, and prevented his being able to make his efcape, and David cut his head off with one ftroke of his fword. All danger from the poifon of the animal (the moft fubtile perhaps with which any animal is endued) was by this means removed, and the poor fquirrel became David's prize; and at this time not a bad one; for a fquirrel is juft as good eating as a rabbit, and it was not a bit the worfe for being fwallowed by the fnake, who might himfelf be eaten with all poffible fafety, the poifon fangs being firft removed: but of this at the prefent time they made no advantage.

Morgan, however, ftripped the fquirrel of his fkin, and gutted him; and having kindled a fire with a little gunpowder and fome wadding, he could be at no lofs for fuel in the midft of the forefts of America; fo that in a fhort time he made a funeral pile for him, on which when he

was

was pretty well broiled, Edward and he did him the honour to convert him into a part of themselves, much to their comfort and refreshment; and there being no want of squirrels in the American forests, this was a feast they might hope to renew at pleasure, provided they could catch them without firing their guns, which nothing but absolute necessity should in their present circumstances compel them to do.

When they had finished their repast, Morgan proposed to Edward once more to reascend his back, that he might carry him to the spring which he had discovered, where he hoped to be able to make some kind of accommodation for him, until he should be able to move a little again upon his own legs; and indeed this indefatigable friend, whose ingenuity was not less than his attachment, did immediately lay about him with his sword among the shrubs and underwood, with the twigs of which he very soon formed a sort of cradle, of size and strength sufficient to bear Edward at full length. This he half filled with moss, a singular production which hangs in long wreaths from the branches of the old and full-grown trees in America, and which being of a grey colour gives them an appearance of amazing dignity and age. This moss is soft, light and elastic; and, stretched upon it, our poor Edward enjoyed more ease and repose than, at the time he received his wound, there was any probability he would ever do again.

When David had finished his cradle and put the moss in it, as before related, he suspended it by the roots of some trailing plants twisted together, from the branches of a thick oak which grew near the spring, and raised it about four feet from the ground; so that there Ned

might

might ſwing at eaſe, and be removed from the apprehenſion of ſnakes or any other venomous reptile approaching to annoy him. He then lifted his beloved maſter into it, who found unſpeakable comfort in the ſituation; and Morgan perched himſelf among ſome of the neighbouring branches, where he watched the cradle and its ſuffering inhabitant with as much care and anxiety as the ſtockdove does her neſt.

Three weeks had nearly elapſed, during which they had met with no interruption, and the pain and ſwelling of Edward's wound had ſo far abated, that he was able to get out of his hammock and walk a little about for refreſhment. But the care of providing for ſupport ſtill reſted ſolely upon Morgan, who had invented many traps and gins, in which he ſeldom failed to enſnare ſome or other of the wild inhabitants of the deſert, ſo as to baniſh all fear of periſhing by famine. It was one day when he was abſent on this neceſſary employment, and that poor Edward reclined upon a bank, was ruminating on the memory of his dear friend Rivers, and on all the tender ideas aſſociated with that name, that he was ſuddenly alarmed with the report of a muſquet very near him, the ball from which went through his hat, and lodged in the tree juſt at his back. He had ſcarce time to ſtart up, when he was ſtill more alarmed by the hideous yells of the war-whoop, and ſaw before him a party of Indians advancing with tomahawks and ſcalping-knives, and with all thoſe ferocious menaces which with theſe ſavages are the preludes to deſtruction. He ſaw at once that he was loſt.

Utterly unable either to reſiſt or to fly, he remained fixed in his attitude, determined to meet whatever death they might put him to, with the

firmneſs

firmneſs of a man, and with the reſignation of a Chriſtian. The Indians have a reſpect for courage; and perceiving that Ned was young, and no wiſe deficient in this admired quality, they changed their firſt intention of ſcalping him, and determined to carry him with them as a priſoner. The Indians were of the Agigua tribe, a branch of the Cherokees, and were ſettled along the banks of a river from which they derived their name. In the beginning of the American conteſt, they were unfortunately induced, by the miſtaken policy of the Britiſh agents, to take up arms with the expectation of aſſiſting them; but it being a matter of entire indifference to them which party prevailed, they determined to ſtudy no intereſt but their own, and plundered and put to death both parties whenever they had an opportunity of doing it with impunity. No object could be more defenceleſs than the unfortunate youth who ſtood before them: wounded and alone, his ſituation would have excited compaſſion in any breaſt capable of entertaining that godlike ſentiment; but compaſſion is not numbered among the liſt of Indian virtues, and he who ſought it, or he who beſtowed it, would be alike deſpiſed. Ned was not unacquainted with this part of their character, and therefore determined, let them do what they would, to ſuffer without flinching. They began with ſtripping him to the ſkin, and dividing his raiment among them. A piece of an old blanket which one of them had about his loins, he generouſly exchanged with Edward for his breeches: but he had not gone far in his new acquiſition, till he found them an incumbrance, and threw them away with all they contained, without however demanding his blanket again. As Ned conceived himſelf juſt going to be murdered, the

the loss of his cloathing gave him no uneasiness; he was anxious only to preserve, as long as he should live, the locket with Lady Cecilia's hair, which hung about his neck: and this indeed was the only thing they left him; for they considered this to be his Manitow or Toutam, that is, his tutelar deity; and the piety of an Indian, however he may torment you himself, never wishes you to forfeit the favour or protection of your God. The whole party who had thus got our poor youth into their power were about twelve, and they had with them two other white prisoners, one of whom was known to Edward, being indeed a soldier in Nettlefield's regiment, and the very man whom his father had compelled to quit his fields for the army, and whose mother Ned had relieved in his way to Ravensdale. This meeting was affecting, for poor Doran did not want for gratitude: but now their common misfortunes had thrown down all distinctions; and their inhuman masters tied them all together, loading them with whatever plunder they had to carry, and driving them, naked as they were, before them.

Doran had been near a fortnight in their hands, being taken after another skirmish subsequent to that in which Edward was wounded; and the other man was an American, one of the Carolina militia, whom they had picked up as he was endeavouring to return home to the back country. But it was all one to the Indians in what service they were engaged; scalps and plunder were all they wanted, and those two poor creatures were preserved only to load their backs with what they obtained, and in the end perhaps to be rewarded with more refined tortures.

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To these unhappy victims poor Ned was now added; and as he was driven bound from the old tree, which for three weeks had been his shelter, he could not help reflecting on the endless gradation of human woe. How soon a calamity, which we now think the deepest that can befal us, may be exchanged for another, in comparison of which the first which we so lamented may seem like heaven! Certainly the old tree, with its suspended hurdles, and the affectionate attention of David Morgan, miserable and forlorn as it first appeared, was paradise in comparison of the toil and affliction he was now to suffer; and in the midst of all his own sorrows, he could not help lamenting the agony which he knew his poor friend would undergo, when he should return and find him irretrievably lost. But notwithstanding the depth of wretchedness to which Edward was now reduced, his soul, supported by religion, rose superior to it. The world he considered as lost to him for ever; but he did not on that account think himself entitled to quit it before his time. He supposed, indeed, that if he lived to get to the country of the Indians, he should then be sacrificed, as was their custom, by lingering and cruel tortures; but still he conceived it to be the appointment of his Maker, and that he had no right to desert his post by a voluntary death, or to elude whatever dispensation the Almighty might think fit to lay him under. Firmly depending upon the ultimate mercy of his Creator, he fortified his mind with that confidence, till the vigour of his soul actually braced that of his body up to its own tone. The anguish of his hip was now become to him a trifling consideration, and really diminished the more he used exercise, till at length it went totally away. Whenever any soft idea

stole

ſtole upon his mind, he endeavoured to baniſh it directly, and turned his thoughts to thoſe ſufferings he was to undergo, and which he determined to endure with all the firmneſs of an Indian. A foretaſte of what he was to expect he ſaw the ſecond day of his journey; for the poor Carolinian, not having the ſtrength of mind even of Doran, and far leſs of Edward, began to bemoan himſelf with many tears; nor could all that either of the companions of his miſery could ſay to him prevent his ſinking down and giving vent to his ſorrow. The Indians beheld him with ineffable contempt; and one of them coming up as he ſat on the ground, ſaid in his own language, that he had the ſoul of a Stinkbingſem (a timid animal whoſe only defence is his nauſeous ſmell,) and not a man, and inſtantly ſplit his ſkull with his tomahawk. He ſcalped him on the ſpot, and held the bloody fleſh in his teeth till he untied the ſtrings by which he was faſtened to poor Ned and Doran, and then they were driven on as before.

CHAP. XLV.

A MURDER so sudden and so atrocious could not fail to fill Edward and his unfortunate fellow sufferer with the utmost horror, and with no ill-founded apprehensions that one of themselves would go next; and Ned at this time happening to stumble, he fell under the load that was heaped upon him, and was unable to help himself by reason of the fetters with which his hand was fastened to John Doran's. The young savage, who had just killed the unfortunate Carolinian, came up to him immediately, with his bloody scalping knife drawn in his hand. Poor Edward supposed his last moment was arrived, and meekly laid his head to receive the blow: but the Indian cut the cords by which he was tied, and helped him to rise; he even eased him of part of the burthen which he carried, and took it on himself, at the same time offering him his pipe which he had in his mouth to smoke. A kindness so unexpected astonished Ned, and made him believe that the heart of this savage was still formed in a human mould. His face though wild, was expressive of good-nature: he took therefore his pipe, which he knew to be an emblem of peace among Indians, and, after smoking a whiff or two, returned it, offering him at the same time his right hand, which the Indian accepted, and from this time attached himself to Edward as his friend.

This

This young warrior, whose name was Awattehowee, that is, the deer killer, was induced to shew kindness to Ned, not from any sentiments of compassion, but from his observation of the firmness with which he bore his misfortune.

Every night when they encamped (if we may give that term to halt where they had no covering but the heavens and the trees, which indeed spread wide their branches covered with the thickest foliage,) our unfortunate prisoners Edward and Doran were relieved from the burthens which they carried, only to suffer greater hardships: their hands were tied together with cords made of vine-twigs twisted together, and drawn so tight as to force the blood out of their fingers ends; with these cords they were fastened round a great tree, against which they could lean, but could not lie down. The Indians then kindled a fire, on which they dressed whatever animal provisions they had, such as pole-cats, or racoons; and when they had finished, they condescended to give what remained to their unhappy prisoners, sometimes untying their hands, and sometimes not; but always watching them with the most jealous eye. If they happened to have no animal food with them, then the Etussa Zargetoon, that is, the beloved waiter, a kind of commissary who attends every expedition, deals out to every man an equal quantity of parched corn, always very sparingly; which corn is consecrated, and the blessing of the Supreme being solemnly invoked upon it before they set out, and committed to the trust of this officer, who distributes it in exact proportion to the whole party, prisoners and all, because they suppose it to be the property of

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the Almighty, who deals his bleſſings impartially to all; and therefore no diſtreſs could tempt an Indian to ſteal a particle of it, nor to withhold the ſhare which the Divine Being wills to be given to all his creatures. In the preſent inſtance, indeed, they had no neceſſity to recur to this holy depoſit; for they were not in a country of hoſtile Indians, but on the borders of the back ſettlements of the Whites, whom they ſpared not to plunder, and whoſe plantations abounded with all the eſſential neceſſaries of life. A memorable inſtance of this plundering diſpoſition happened on this night. They were now amongſt the remoteſt of the white ſettlements on the confines of the great wilderneſs, through which they had a diſtance of near 500 miles to march before they reached their own nation. As ſoon as the ſun was down, therefore, the warriors held a council round the fire, at which it was determined that four of the party ſhould ſet out at midnight, and proceed till they ſhould fall in with ſome plantation, which they were to pillage and deſtroy, bringing away as much as they could that was eatable. Nothing can exceed the caution with which the Indians attack an enemy; for the glory of their warfare is to do the greateſt poſſible miſchief with the leaſt loſs. It is all therefore carried on by ſtratagem and ſurpriſe, not without a conſiderable degree of ſuperſtition. As ſoon as the moon was down, and darkneſs covered the face of nature, the four warriors, of whom Awattahowee was one, received from the etuſſu a conſecrated drink, made of certain roots and herbs infuſed for three days and nights in water. This is to induce the Deity to guard and proſper them; and on no account whatever are they to

drink

drink again, until the object of the expedition is either attained or lost. He likewise gives at the same time to the leader of the expedition a certain quantity of the holy parched corn, according to the number of the warriors, and the days which they intend to be absent. This he puts into a deer-skin bag, or any other convenient carriage, never however omitting to rub it three times against the holy war-chest, which contains the consecrated corn; and by this operation it is also rendered holy. If any person was to presume to touch these sacred repositories with a design to plunder them, they believe that Ishtoohoolo, or the great master of life, that is the Supreme Being, would plague him with all his curses, and that the offending hand would rot off. Having received these necessaries for their expedition, the warriors departed, the leader singing the first stave of the solemn war-song, which is taken up by the one immediately behind him, and so on, as long as they are in hearing of their friends; but as soon as they are out of that they are all silent, and never speak more except by preconcerted signals, lest they should give notice to their enemies of their approach. These signals consist in imitating the voices of all the creatures which inhabit the deserts, whether birds or beasts, and which all expert warriors are able to do with astonishing exactness, so as often to deceive even the creatures themselves. They follow one another in an exact line at the distance of three or four steps, and endeavour to tread exactly in each other's marks, that, if they should be tracked, the enemy may not be able to discover their number. In this way the four warriors proceeded all that night without lighting on a

planta-

plantation; but at the dawn of day they saw, from the top of a hill, a dwelling at about two miles distance; and this they resolved to attack, but not till the following night. Having received, therefore, their allowance of consecrated corn, they lay down among some logs of fallen timber, pulling some branches over them, so that they were in no danger of being discovered.

Poor Edward and Doran in the mean time suffered by the absence of Awattahowee. They remained fast bound to the tree; the rest of the party sleeping around them, and sanctifying themselves with a most rigid fast to ensure success to the expedition. They therefore continued without any species of refreshment, and not without horror to think what cruelties would be perpetrated on poor defenceless unsuspecting people, nor how they themselves might be involved in them. All that night and all the next day they remained in that miserable situation, till nature was almost exhausted; but on the morning of the second day the signal of their return was heard, and soon after the party themselves appeared, driving before them an old man and a young one loaden with the wrecks of their own goods: but one of their own number was missing; it was not however Awattahowee. Had the party returned in perfect safety, their arrival would have been announced with shouts and every gesture of joy, and singing the song of triumph. But one of their party being lost, they simply gave the signal of return, and then advanced as they went one after the other in profound silence. Their first care was to appease the ghost of the deceased warrior, which they did by singing a solemn dirge to his memory, and threatening the old man (who indeed had

shot

ſhot him from his window with the moſt dreadful vengeance. Their next care was to refreſh themſelves and their brethren, which was indeed now become highly neceſſary to all: and on this occaſion Awattahowee had the goodneſs to releaſe both Edward and Doran from the tree, but not from each other, leſt they ſhould attempt their eſcape. The two unfortunate priſoners they had brought with them were tied up in their room. Nevertheleſs they gave them ſhare of the repaſt which they prepared, and which they were well entitled to, ſince it was formed from their own proviſions. This ſhort-lived kindneſs was, however, but the prelude to the greateſt barbarity, on which indeed they knew too well how to refine.

The old man's name was Joſeph Atkins; and, at the time when theſe blood-hounds aſſaulted his houſe, his family conſiſted of his wife, two daughters (one of them a married woman with her infant at her breaſt,) and his ſon a youth about ſixteen. Two other ſons, and the huſband of his daughter, were abſent on ſervice, fighting the battles of their country. It was the dead of night when this unhappy family (long before retired to their repoſe) were awoke out of their ſleep by the diſmal ſound of the war-whoop, which is always the ſignal of attack with the ſavages. The unfortunate old man, knowing their mercileſs diſpoſition, and perceiving that there were but four of them, was in hopes that he might be able to repel them before they ſhould break open the door. He fired therefore from the window two or three ſhots, by which one of the Indians fell. This only exaſperated the others, and rouſed their anger into tenfold rage. The door was at length broke open: and here I hope my readers will excuſe my entering into the particulars of thoſe atrocious

barbarities, in the commiſſion of which the miſerable women, with the innocent infant, loſt their lives in preſence of the wretched father, who, with his ſon faſt bound, were made to be ſpectators of the ſcene. Having ſcalped theſe victims of their fury (a ceremony which they never neglect to perform) they proceeded to rifle the houſe of whatever drink or proviſions they could get; and having found a little horſe in the ſtable, they loaded him, and their priſoners, and themſelves, with all that they could carry, and ſet fire to the reſt, dancing round the miſerable owner, who envied the lot of thoſe loſt objects of his affection, who were inſenſible of thoſe flames in which they were conſumed. Their next care was for the Indian that was killed: him they interred with all his war ornaments about him; and doubtleſs they would then have ſacrificed the old man to his manes, but that they reſerved him for a more public ſpectacle. Thoſe captives who are far advanced in life are certain to atone for the blood they have ſhed, by the tortures of fire. The younger priſoners are generally offered to families who have loſt relations, to be adopted in their room: and if they are fortunate enough to be accepted, they ſucceed to the rights and even to the affections of the deceaſed: but old age meets no compaſſion; and it is not uncommon for parents, when very decrepid, to be knocked on the head by their own children, and that at their own deſire. When their feaſt was ended, and they had regaled themſelves with ſome of the liquor which they had taken from poor Atkins's habitation, they roſe up to divert themſelves with the barbarous amuſement of torturing the old man. They began by ſtripping him naked, and painting him all over with various colours, which they always carry about them for their own

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ufe. Then they would pluck the white hairs from his venerable head, and tauntingly tell him that he was a fool for living fo long, and that they would fhew him kindnefs in putting him out of the world. Afterwards they would hold lighted torches of pitch pine fo near his fkin as to raife it in blifters, and then let the burning pitch drop upon it. When he was fo wearied with thefe tortures as to be in danger of fainting, they would pour cold water on him to revive him, and give him food and fome of his own liquors to enable him to undergo them again. His unhappy fon was all the time fpectator of his agonies, bound to a neighbouring tree, whilft all the anxiety of the fuffering father was directed to him, to prevent his betraying any weaknefs, left that might provoke his mercilefs tormentors to treat him in the fame way. Poor Edward and Doran were obliged alfo to behold the fad tragedy in filence, and to fupprefs thofe emotions either of pity or refentment which alternately rofe in their breafts.

CHAP. XLVI.

THE Indians having, by this barbarous massacre and robbery, obtained a sufficiency of provisions to last them the remainder of their journey; and having now no enemy between them and home, set forward on their return with the utmost spirits and alacrity. However cruel and irreconcileable they are to their enemies, they do yet possess many great virtues, among which truth and hospitality are not the least. An Indian will never deceive you, unless he has been himself first deceived: and indeed, excepting in the instance of cruelty to enemies, and the insatiable desire of revenge, whatever other vices now deform their character are chiefly owing to the corruptions introduced among them by their intercourse with the Whites, and by no means to their natural disposition, which is open, generous, friendly, and sincere. Poor Edward derived much advantage from this temper in Awattahowee, who having once conceived and expressed a friendship for him, was incapable of being moved from it, unless by some unworthiness on Edward's part—a defect which we need not apprehend. The age of this young Indian was much the same as Edward's; and, bating that ferocity in war which the prejudices of their education make them esteem a virtue, he had a heart no ways unworthy even of a Christian bosom. From his first observa-

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tion of Edwards firmness he had conceived a good opinion of him, and thought he would not be unworthy of becoming an Indian warrior—a character which, in his estimation, was the highest to which human nature could attain. To exalt Edward into this, if possible, was the intention of Awattahowee, and even to ingraft him into his own family. He had a sister, one year older than himself, who in her native town was generally esteemed a beauty, and who had been married to a young warrior of a very distinguished family: but he, like Adonis of old had unfortunately lost his life in hunting a few months before, and left his widow big with her first child. The wish of Awattahowee was, that Edward might be pleasing in her sight, and that she would adopt him in the room of her beloved lord Onondoga, in which case he would succeed to all his rights, and even to his name. And indeed, considering Edward's figure, and the alternative on his part of being burned to death, if no head of a family should adopt him, there were good hopes of his not being disappointed.

With these friendly dispositions therefore towards Edward, and with the outward testimonies of them which he shewed him, often calling him of his brethren, and sharing with him his beloved brandy, it would have been unnatural, as well as ungenerous, if no return of sympathy could be excited in his breast, notwithstanding his abhorrence of shedding innocent blood, with which he knew Awattahowee was deeply stained. But the guilt of an action depends upon the knowledge and intentions of him who commits it: and when we consider Awattahowee's education and national prejudices, notwithstanding what we have seen, we cannot pronounce him unworthy of Edward's gratitude.

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Be that as it may, he certainly obtained it; and Ned now felt comfort from that very preſence which but a few days before chilled him with horror. Poor Doran too, and the young American partook of Indian bounty; but the venerable head that ſtood moſt in need of it was the only one to whom it was denied. He had killed an Indian, and was beſide guilty of the unpardonable crime of being old. He was therefore devoted to vengeance: and if they did not torture him to death upon the ſpot, it was only that they might feaſt the eyes of their nation with his ſacrifice when they got home. Seventeen days did they march through the wilderneſs before the lake of Agigua made its appearance; on the borders of which, and of the river which runs from it, the towns of their tribe are ſituated. The joyful proſpect was ſoon announced with ſinging and dancing, not forgetting a double portion of brandy, and ſome new indignity to the unhappy Joſeph Atkins.

On the eaſtern point of this lake ſtands a very high rock, projecting from the ſurrounding cliffs with majeſtic grandeur, whoſe ſummit was crowned with a foreſt of aged evergreens, which at no ſeaſon of the year loſt their verdure. At the baſe were a number of romantic caverns dark and gloomy, the unmoleſted retreat of various ſpecies of aquatic fowls, as well as of amphibious monſters which frequent the lakes of America. To this rock the Indians had, from immemorial tradition, annexed ſome idea of ſanctity. They called it Aſhemic Manitoo, that is, the dwelling of the Spirit. The air paſſing through the caverns they ſuppoſed to be the breathings of the ſpirits who inhabited them, and the moſt courageous Indian would not dare to approach them without awe, nor on any ac-

count

count to pafs into them beyond the precincts of clear day-light. As they approached this rock they all bent their bodies to the ground, and threw into the lake various articles they had about them, particularly fome of the confecrated corn, as an acknowledgment to the Deity for having fupported them with food while away, and now brought them back again in fafety to their own country. When they approached the village, inftead of haftening to fee their friends or relatives, or being impatient to tell the ftory of their adventures, they followed their leader, one by one, the prifoners being in the centre, and all maintaining a profound filence. They do not enter the village on the day they approach it, but encamp near it all night in a place marked out for the purpofe. In the centre of this place is fixed a high war-pole, painted black and red, to which the prifoners are fecured. Poor Jofeph Atkins, who had not been able to walk for fome days, was tied upon his horfe, and faftened to the pole. Ned, with his other fellow fufferer, fhared the fame fate; but they were all refrefhed with as much Indian corn pounded and ftewed with bear's greafe as they could eat, which they call fagamity; and Ned, through the favour of his friend Awattahowee, got fome rum mixed with his water to wafh it down.

On the following day they were all conducted in the fame regular and filent order into the town, and the prifoners were fecured in the head warrior's war-houfe, till it was determined by the council what fhould be done with them. This war-houfe is nothing but an oblong room, fecured however ftrongly enough; it ftands by itfelf, and is lighted from the top. There are loop-holes alfo all round it, through which

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muſkets may be fired, or arrows ſhot. It is entered by a low door, not above a yard high, and in the centre is a war-pole fixed, to which the priſoners are tied. The wall on the inſide is painted red, with black ſtreaks, and ſometimes with coarſe repreſentations of ſome of the warrior's exploits. The ſcalps that he has either taken or inherited, are alſo hung round or faſtened to his war-pole, and theſe are the moſt valuable articles of furniture any Indian can poſſeſs; they are cured into a conſiſtency like glove-leather, with the hair on, and are ſtretched on a ſmall hoop, and the bare ſide painted red, and ſometimes adorned with ſhells or beads.

Such was the room into which our unfortunate priſoners were conducted, and from which few ever remove but to torture.

The coolneſs of the Indians does not allow them to determine any thing in a hurry, and therefore theſe unhappy ſufferers remained ignorant of their lot all that day and the following night. Edward employed this time in fortifying his own mind, and endeavouring to ſtrengthen thoſe of the companions of his misfortune, to ſuſtain with firmneſs whatever trials were prepared for them. He repreſented to them various inſtances of the moſt glorious fortitude related in profane authors; of heroes who deſpiſed death, although not ſupported by any certain hopes of any thing beyond it; but, above all, the noble army of martyrs furniſhed him with the moſt copious as well as moſt brilliant examples of patient virtue, bearing and ſurmounting, nay willingly and gladly undergoing whatever the moſt barbarous inventions of cruel tyrants could inflict, whoſe names on that account were handed down to poſterity full of honour, and whoſe

ſuffer-

fufferings of a moment were now rewarded with an eternal weight of glory. By fuch difcourfes the fullen hours of this night of darknefs and of doubt were cheered. The terrors of his companions were appeafed; and Jofeph Atkins in particular refigned to death, which indeed could alone ftop the iffues of his grief, and put an end to forrows which nothing in time could ever heal.

In the morning the found of the war-fong announced the approach of the Indians, and all the prifoners were led forth in Indian file, that is, one after the other, to the great fquare in the middle of the town. Here every inhabitant, male and female, young and old, was affembled. In the centre of this fquare was erected a black pole, from the top of which was fufpended a burning firebrand; and three other poles, painted red, were placed at fome diftance from it. Poor Ned, with Doran, and the young American, were ftripped as naked as they were born, and bound to their refpective poles. The venerable Atkins was next faft pinioned, and a ftrong rope of twifted vine-twigs being tied to the top of the black pole, the other end was faftened round his neck, not fo as to hurt him, but to fecure him, and fo long as to allow him a fpace of fome yards to courfe round the pole. A pair of moccaffins, or Indian fhoes, made of the fkin of a black bear, with the hairy fide outwards, was put on his feet, and this is the death warrant. The chiefs then retire to the circle, and the punifhment is left to the women and children.—Oh, Nature! how were thy facred laws then outraged! furely the dæmons of hell muft have ufurped thy power, and torn from thy tendereft works the hearts which thou hadft

given them, to make them refidences for themfelves. Each of thefe furies, armed with a brand of flaming pitch-pine, attacked the naked and the feeble Atkins, whilft the young fiends fhot arrows at him, tipped with flints, to which burning bits of light-wood were faftened, and which ftuck in every part of his body. One of them fcooped his eye out with a fcalping-knife, and inftantly placed a burning cinder in its room, whilft another offered him brandy to revive him. Not a foul of whatever age or fex fhewed the leaft pity to his fufferings; the women fung with frantic joy, and fhouts of laughter echoed through the furrounding circle of the men. At laft his white head bowed to the ground, and a merciful ftroke of a tomahawk put an end to his tortures. The unfortunate fon, who witneffed thefe afflictions, might learn indeed from his venerable father how to bear them, but could not have the comfort even of one parting word. Faft bound himfelf to the ftake, he expected his own turn would be next, or that of Edward or of Doran, who, alike prepared for the event, longed only for the moment that fhould place them beyond the fear of what man could do unto them.

But now the Indians, fatisfied for the prefent with blood, raifed up the body from the ground, and, faftening it in an erect pofture to the pole, furrounded it with dry canes and pitch-pine, and fet the whole on fire, whilft they danced round it rejoicing and finging the war-fong.

When the whole was confumed, an elderly matron, who had borne no part in the tragedy but as a fpectator, advanced towards Ned, and ftood for a few minutes juft before him. She repeated fome words which he could not under-

ftand,

ſtand, but ſuppoſed to be the prelude to his death; for, immediately when they were finiſhed, ſhe claſped her arms about his neck, round which ſhe faſtened a large belt of wampum. His friend Awattahowee, whom he had not ſeen ſince his impriſonment in the war-houſe, now immediately ſprang forward and cut aſunder the bands by which he was faſtened to the war-pole. Naked as he was born, the old lady did not ſeem at all diſconcerted at his appearance, but took him by the hand, and frequently repeated the words Aſhemic Janis, that is, Home my ſon, whilſt Awattahowee endeavoured to make him underſtand that he had found a mother.

Poor Ned did indeed perceive that he was reſcued from immediate death, but was at a loſs to know in what relation he ſtood towards the female who had conferred on him this favour or by what duties ſhe expected him to ſhew his gratitude.

CHAP. XLVII.

POOR Edward clad only in the suit which Nature gave him on his birth-day, walked off in naked majesty between Awattahowee and the old lady, accompanied however with the songs and acclamations of the surrounding multitude; and turning about to view what became of his companions, he had the satisfaction to see they also had found deliverers, and that the spectacle of misery was at an end. Weenacoba (or the Turkey Hen), the name of his kind protectress, led him directly to her wig-wawm, a habitation far from being uncomfortable. Her first care was to anoint his whole body with bear's-grease; an operation which, though entirely new to him, and perhaps not the most agreeable, he yet soon found to be highly beneficial, as it effectually protected his skin from the bites of musquitoes and other insects, and also from the heat of the sun. She next threw over his shoulders a grand war-belt, from which was suspended the spotted skin of a panther, dressed in a manner that rendered it as soft as velvet, and which relieved his modesty from any of those awkward sensations from which the more liberal manners of the lady seemed to be entirely exempted. She then powdered his hair with vermillion, and setting herself down on a kind of sofa, cut (not without art) out of a solid block

block of timber, she contemplated his figure with the utmost satisfaction. Lastly, fastening on his feet a pair of moccasins, which are so contrived as to adjust themselves almost to any measure, he was completely dressed.

Having thus liberally provided for his outside, she rightly judged that he stood in need of some internal comfort, and immediately set about preparing it. Awattahowee, who was present all the while, pointed to another seat, on which Ned sat down; and then shaking him by the hand, he left the wigwawm.

It is natural to suppose that the being relieved from the instant expectation of a cruel death must have raised Ned's spirits in a considerable degree; yet the awkwardness of his situation, not being able to understand a word that was said to him, nor to guess at what was intended to be done with him, held him in disagreeable suspense; though he could not help perceiving that in his present residence he had nothing to expect but kindness, seeing the old lady was busily employed in cooking him some Indian broth, and only interrupted her work to cast on him every now and then looks of complacency and affection. But he was soon relieved from this anxiety by the return of Awattahowee, who brought with him another young man, an Indian of the half breed, that is, the son of an Indian woman by an English trader. This young man had often been at the White settlements with his father, and, during the time he lived with his mother, had picked up as much English as enabled him to be tolerably well understood. His name was Quanshebo, or the Pack-carrier, because he was sometimes so employed by his father. After the first salutation (which Ned

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was equally furprifed and rejoiced to hear uttered in Englifh, he informed him that the woman who had adopted him was the widow of Oftaboa, a fachem of the firft diftinction in the nation, and the mother of Onondoga, who had married the fifter of Awattahowee, and who was unhappily killed by a bear as he was hunting. That Awattahowee had done every thing he could to make his fifter Sheerafta, or the White Lily, tranfplant him into her bofom in the room of her hufband that fhe had loft; but fhe declared fhe had no room in her heart for any other warrior, and that fhe would breed up her fon, who was then fucking her breaft, to inherit the name and glory of his father. "Awattahowee (faid he) loves you ever fince he fmoked the pipe of peace with you; and when he found his fifter was refolved never to receive another man, he determined to try his influence with Weenacoba to adopt you as her fon, in the room of Onondoga. She faid fhe would do it, if your behaviour at the war-pole was like that of a warrior; but if you fhewed the heart of a cat, fhe would leave you to your fate. The event has proved how well fhe was pleafed with you; and now, brother, fhe expects from you the duty and attentions of a fon, and you will receive from her the tendernefs and affection of a mother. In a few days fhe will adopt you before the holy and beloved men, and from that moment you will become a warrior of the illuftrious Agiqua nation."

While Quanfhebo was explaining his fituation to Edward, the eyes of Weenacoba were often directed towards the youth, who, whatever might be his real fenfations, certainly owed to her and to Awattahowee a confiderable debt

of gratitude. He thought himſelf happy that the exemplary fidelity of Sheeraſta to the memory of Onondoga had exempted him from a trial which he dreaded more than death, and therefore willingly took Weenacoba's hand and raiſed it to his lips, as an expreſſion of thoſe grateful ſentiments which he really felt for her. The venerable ſquaw returned his compliment with a warm embrace, which, though at another time he perhaps would have excuſed, yet in his preſent circumſtances he might well conſider as the moſt enlivening kiſs he had ever received.

The broth being now ready, which conſiſted of the fat paw of a bear, ſtewed down with two young puppies, and ſome Indian corn, a clean matt was ſpread upon the floor, and the kettle placed in the middle; a bowl of coarſe earthenware, made by themſelves, and a wooden ſpoon was given to each perſon, and the hoſpitable Weenacoba divided the treat. Poor Edward, who had not taſted food for four-and-twenty hours, and indeed who had not made a meal for ſix weeks but in peril of his life, now found a young puppy an excellent morſel, and that nothing more is neceſſary to make any diſh palatable than health and a good appetite. When they had eaten to ſuffice, but not to burthen nature, their kind hoſtels preſented them with other bowls filled with a liquor made by throwing warm water on the pounded kernels of hiccory-nuts, which being allowed to ſtand for a few days, ferments, and when it ſubſides becomes a kind of clear whey of a gentle ſubacid taſte: the addition of a little of the ſweet juice of the maple tree, which abounds every where through the country, makes this a moſt wholeſome, nouriſhing, and pleaſant beverage, which

may

may be drunk in any quantity without danger. The calumet of peace concluded the entertainment; and though Ned was no ſmoaker, yet he could not refuſe to take a friendly whiff with thoſe to whom he was indebted for his life, and deſired nothing more than to live with him on brotherly terms of love and concord.

When the hour of reſt arrived, Weenaooka ſhewed him to a receſs partitioned off from the wall of the houſe, and large enough for him to lie at full length with eaſe. On the ground were placed four logs about a foot high, which ſupported ſeveral ſlender poles, on which a large quantity of moſs was laid, and over that the thick and ſhaggy ſkin of a bear; another ſkin of the ſame kind, thrown over him, ſerved him for bed clothes; and ſtretched upon this his weary limbs at laſt found ſecure repoſe, and his mind a temporary ſuſpenſion of thoſe ſorrows and regrets which the expectation of immediate death had in ſome degree overpowered, but which, ſince the removal of that apprehenſion, had returned with redoubled force.

On this couch then we will leave him for the preſent to recruit his fatigues both of body and mind, whilſt we enquire what became of the affectionate and faithful David Morgan.

We have before related, that David had gone into the woods to ſearch the ſnares, in which he hoped to find ſome of the wild inhabitants of the deſert entangled, on which they principally depended for ſubſiſtence; and that he had left Edward, who was beginning to be able to walk a little about, repoſing on the bank at the bottom of the tree, from which his hurdled cot was ſuſpended. He had been abſent ſome time, and was returning with high ſatisfaction, having

been

been fortunate enough to catch a racoon and two squirrels, when he heard the shot which the Indians fired, and the ball from which so narrowly failed to put an end to all poor Edward's sufferings at once. No gun that he had ever before heard fired, though in the midst of battle, appalled him with half the terror of this report; he dropped the creatures he had taken in the spot where he was, and immediately sprang forward to assist his master, or to share his fate. When he came to the tree, and found all silent, and no Edward there, words cannot describe his agony of grief and consternation. The hurdle cradle he found rummaged and overturned; but not seeing any marks of blood, he hoped that Edward might be still alive. As he was musing in sorrow, the distant sound of the war-whoop struck his ear; on which immediately he got up into the great tree, and ascended to its highest top, from whence he got a glimpse of the Indian party with their prisoners passing through the woods; and the dismal cry of the war-whoop sounding fainter and fainter on his ears, he discerned the full extent of Edward's misfortune. Had it been possible for any exertion of his to be of the smallest use to him, he would have flown to his assistance, although at the almost certain cost of his life: but he rightly reflected, that the most essential benefit he could now render him, would be to relate his situation to the regiment, if indeed he could by any means rejoin it, or happily fall in with any other party of the English forces. Coming down from the tree, therefore, he took a final leave of its friendly shade, not without tears when he reflected on his dear master, and the little probability there was that he should ever see him again; knowing well the barbarous

hands

hands into which he had fallen, and fully fenſible to how many dangerous hazards his own life was expoſed. To preſerve that life, however, was the firſt dictate both of nature and duty; and as it was plain that parties of Indians were abroad, he determined for the preſent to go no further than to recover the proviſions he had dropped, and to continue his journey only by night.

He found the racoon and ſquirrels juſt where he had left them, and then mounted the thickeſt tree he could find, until the friendly ſhade of night ſhould lend him her protecting mantle. In the mean time he flayed his racoon and the ſquirrels, and ſtretched the ſkins in the manner of ſcalps upon ſome ſmall hoops made from the boughs of the tree in which he was perched. The racoon's ſkin ſerved him for a knapſack, in which he could ſtow his ſquirrels, or what other food he ſhould be lucky enough to fall in with; and with this employment he beguiled the hours till the ſun went down. As ſoon as it was dark, he deſcended from his aerial ſituation, and walked the whole night as nearly in one direction as he could. The myriads of fireflies, which at this ſeaſon of the year ſwarm through all the American foreſts, were like ſo many vivid ſparks quickly glancing in all directions, and, by the gleams of light they diffuſed, ſerved to cheer his way, and in a ſmall degree to illumine it. No accident worthy of commemoration happened to him on this firſt night of his journey, nor yet on the next, which he performed in the ſame manner, after paſſing the day in a tree as before. But on the third night, about midnight, the noiſe he made ruſtling among the leaves alarmed a party of Indians, who were lying round a ſmall fire, which he

did

did not perceive, they suddenly started from the ground, and, seizing their fire-arms, ran into the woods. Poor David was fixed to the spot in terror and consternation, and one of the Indians passed very near him. At that instant a deer, which is always attracted by the light, approached the fire: the Indians perceived it, and shot it; when, supposing it was that which created their alarm, they very cheerfully returned to their station; and while they were all busily engaged with their prize, David with more cautious and silent tread pursued his course, till he had got to such a distance from them as put him out of the way of immediate danger.

CHAP. XLIII.

AS ſoon as the dawn aroſe, David perceived he was approaching the cleared country, and therefore aſcended a high hill which he ſaw before him, in order to reconnoitre. At the diſtance (as he ſuppoſed) of about five or ſix miles, he deſcried ſome habitations of white men on the left, and a good way farther off, others on the right; his wiſh was to avoid all theſe, if poſſible, ſuppoſing them to belong to the friends of the American cauſe. He continued however his route, although it was light, and endeavoured to ſteer his way between them. All day he kept in the deepeſt covert of the woods, notwithſtanding the exceſſive difficulty of penetrating through them; but in the evening he adventured nearer the path. He had not been long there, when he met two little boys with ſatchels on their backs, and theſe he ventured to addreſs. They told him they were the ſons of one M'Farlane, a Scotch planter, and that their father was abſent with the army; but that their mother was at home, whither they were returning from a little ſchool which another Scotchman kept in the neighbourhood. The innocence of the children could not inform him in which army their father ſerved; but finding that the woman only was at home, he determined to accompany the children, and truſt to her humanity for ſome refreſhment; which if ſhe ſhould be ſo barbarous as to refuſe, he thought,

armed as he was, he could always secure his retreat. It is a remark pretty universally made, that hospitality is a virtue which they who live in lonely and desolate situations seldom want. David found this exemplified in the present instance; for the good woman, with her husband, had formerly emigrated from the Highlands—a country famous for hospitality; and with many of their neighbours, who, like them, had fled from feudal oppressions and inclement skies, had transplanted their national virtues and attachments to the back woods of Carolina, where, had they been permitted to remain in peace, they would doubtless have much amended their situation. But though they were little indebted to the soil which gave them birth, yet their affection for it could not be shaken; and therefore these honest people had most of them joined with the rest of their countrymen in adhering to the interests of the parent state; and the good man of the house was at this time actually serving in a corps of Loyalists. Nothing could then be more fortunate for poor Morgan than falling in with the boys, who, in the innocence of their hearts, conducted him to their mother, from whom it is needless to add he met with kind reception. Having refreshed himself here for a few days, until he recovered the extreme fatigue he had undergone ever since the unfortunate day of the engagement, he set forward again, but under the conduct of some other young men whose fathers had also emigrated from Scotland, and who remained attached to the royal cause. Every where as they went they had the mortification to find that cause declining. The French had now joined the Americans effectually, and the British forces were obliged to retreat before them, till at last

the

the surrender of the army under Lord Cornwal-lis may be said to be entirely decisive of the war. Morgan had, however, before this event, re-joined his regiment, in which every officer re-joiced to hear that there was a chance for Ed-ward's being still alive; but above all Captain Fanshaw, who, thinking both he and Captain Rivers slain, mourned for them with the affec-tion of a brother, but now rejoiced that one was still alive, and a possibility yet remaining that he might be restored to his friends and to his country.

In the mean time Edward continued to re-ceive from Weenacoba every mark of tenderness and affection which her open and untutored na-ture could shew, the highest demonstration of which was her public adoption of him as her son, in the presence of the nation, and his con-sequent enrolment in the list of Agigua warriors.

The ceremony of adoption being somewhat singular, it may not be unentertaining to relate it——

Weenacoba first intimated her intention to two principal warriors, and to the old beloved man, who she intended should preside at the ce-remony. She next proclaimed a feast, to which she invited as many chiefs as she could possibly find provisions for, and to which as many more were welcome as would bring provisions for themselves. The chief dish is broth made of bears' flesh, dogs, and huckleberries. Of this all are expected heartily to partake, and espe-cially the young warrior elect; for on the strength of this meat he must subsist three days, that his body may be pure, and his dreams fa-vourable; for no important business is ever un-dertaken by an Indian without fasting and dreaming. Poor Edward, on the third day, be-ing

ing questioned as to his dreams, declared that he thought himself standing beside the great lake, when he saw three bears come out of the woods, and attempt to wash themselves in the water: but a large swan, who was swimming on the lake, attacked them all, and swallowed them down one after the other.—Whether Ned really dreamed of this mighty feast in consequence of his long fast, or whether he only invented it for the present occasion, is not necessary to enquire. The old beloved man declared the dream favourable, and Warbishcondar, or the White Swan, the name that he should assume. A sweating-house was now prepared, that no remains of impurity might be left about him, into which Ned was put quite naked as he was born. This house consists of three poles set into the earth at convenient distances, and made to meet at top, over which are thrown blankets or skins, to keep it quite close. A hole is dug in the ground within, into which some stones made red-hot are placed; and on these water is sprinkled from time to time, the steam from which throws the person enclosed in the house into a profuse perspiration. Ned endured this operation as long as the old beloved man thought necessary, and then was carried between the arms of the two Indian warriors, and, reeking as he was, plunged over head and heels into the river. It is amazing that any person can survive this treatment, yet no one seems ever to be injured by it. On his coming out, he was laid down on his back on a place built to receive him; and the old beloved man proceeded to inflict on his skin the marks of his adoption in the following manner: He drew on each breast certain figures with a pointed stick dipped in gunpowder and water; and then, with ten needles,

made

made of bone and faftened to a bit of wood, he pricked the delineated parts, marking them with vermilion. A deeper line furrounding the whole was cut with a gun-flint, and the wounds wafhed with water in which an herb refembling box is fteeped, which foon heals them, and prevents their feftering. Thefe marks have their variety of red and blue from the materials with which they are ftained: they are indelible by any wafhing, but may be removed by a blifter. During the whole of this painful and fantaftical operation, Ned never moved hand or foot, for he knew patience to be efteemed among the principal of Indian virtues. When the beloved man had finifhed, he raifed him by the hand; and, a beaver robe being thrown over his fhoulders, and a belt of wampum put round his neck, he was led forward to the Affembly. Then the head warrior pronounced, "We receive a brother warrior, who appears to have fenfe; fhews ftrength with his arm; and does not refufe his body to the enemy." The old beloved man concluded the ceremony by impofing his name in the following addrefs to the Deity: "Ifhtooboolo, mafter of life! view us well—we prefent unto thee our brother Warbifhcondar, befeeching thee to grant him many days, and thofe happy."——All the chiefs then took him by the hand in order; and, being feated on another beaver robe, a grand war-pipe was prefented to him to fmoke, which was afterwards handed round to all the other chiefs; and thus Edward became incorporated into their illuftrious fraternity.

Another feaft of dog's-flefh, bear's-greafe, and huckleberries, concluded the folemnity, in which Warbifhcondar bore his part with confiderable applaufe; for it is certain that a three days faft, when

... body is in perfect health, will reconcile the appetite to almost any digestible thing that can appease it.

It is a sure sign of a great mind, when a man can accommodate his temper to endure those misfortunes which Providence or unavoidable necessity appoints in his lot. Ned possessed this excellence both by nature and education: the sweetness of his disposition, supported by constitutional cheerfulness, prompted him always to contemplate the favourable side of any event that happened to him; whilst his deep veneration for the wisdom of God, and his entire confidence in his goodness and mercy, rendered him solicitous only to approve himself to him in the first instance, and then to submit, without repining, to whatever crosses he should lay upon him, from the hope and conviction that their ultimate effects would some how or another turn out to his advantage. This sentiment, as much the dictate of reason as it is of religion, was able to preserve him from any approach of despondency even in his most hopeless situations; and though it is not to be doubted but the mode of life into which he was thrown was exceedingly disagreeable to him, and that he would gladly have embraced any favourable opportunity of getting rid of it, yet the difficulty and danger of the attempt, which, if it failed, would expose him to certain death by the most excruciating tortures, without any hopes of a new respite, deterred him for the present from undertaking it. He conformed therefore cheerfully to the necessity of his situation, which he held it to be his duty to do, however irksome that situation might be; and though his lot was cast among savages, yet he resolved, as long as he should live among them, to live respected; and, if it should

ſhould be his fate to die, to die regretted. He entered therefore into the full ſpirit of the Indian life, and encountered all its dangers and fatigues with as much bravery and hardineſs as thoſe who had been accuſtomed to it from their birth. As the adopted ſon of Weenacoba, his firſt duty was to ſupply to her the place of Onondoga, whom ſhe had loſt; and it may well be queſtioned whether ſhe was any loſer by the exchange.

It is the univerſal fault of ſavages to conſider women as inferior beings, born only for the uſe and convenience of men; rarely therefore do they pay to them any of thoſe tender and endearing attentions which conſtitute the moſt amiable features of European manners, and form the firmeſt baſis of the happineſs of civilized life.

The love of an Indian is little elſe than that coarſe paſſion which we call deſire: and which when gratified loſes its charm, and leaves the unhappy object of it to all that coldneſs and neglect into which ſometimes even love itſelf degenerates, except when it is founded upon ſentiment: and if this be the caſe with love, the ſtrongeſt of all our paſſions, it can hardly be expected that it will fare better with duty, or that the attachment of a young Indian to his mother would be greater than that to his miſtreſs. In Edward, therefore, Weenacoba found far more attention than ever ſhe had received from Onondoga, for the generoſity of his nature could not ſuffer him to be unkind to any woman whatſoever; but the great obligation which he owed to her, and the continued marks of affection which he daily received from her, inſpired him with a regard for her truly tender and ſincere, and which he manifeſted towards her on every occaſion which put it in his power to ſhew it.

Her

.. her little plantation of Indian corn, which surrounded her wigwawm, and the care and labour of which are generally left entirely to the women, whilst the lazy Indian smokes his pipe in indolence, -was by Edward's management put into much better condition than ever it had been before; and enriched with the addition of several kinds of peas and beans, which he had observed wild in the woods, and became a very comfortable addition to their subsistence;---whilst his skill and activity in hunting, the great business of the men, was not surpassed by any Indian in the nation; nor was Weenacoba's stock of winter's provision ever so plentiful or so various, nor her wardrobe of skins ever so rich, as when they were provided by the skilful and vigorous arm of her grateful and accomplished Warbishcondar.

CHAP. XLIX.

THE friendſhip of Awattahowee continued unalterably faithful to Edward; and he, with the aſſiſtance of Quanſhebo's interpretation, began not only to comprehend a great part of what was ſaid to him in the Agiguan language, but alſo to expreſs himſelf ſo as to be tolerably well underſtood. His knowledge of civilized life enabled him to add many comforts to Weenacoba's wigwawm with which ſhe had not before been acquainted, among which a ſort of candles that he invented was not the leaſt; and as he had been remarkably ſucceſsful in his hunting, there was no dwelling in the tribe ſo well prepared againſt the winter, which was now ſet in.

Among Indians in general, there are no fixed meals; but every one eats when the cravings of nature require it. But Edward introduced the cuſtom of a ſocial meal at night, of which Awattahowee frequently partook, as did alſo poor Doran and the American, together with Quanſhebo, and not ſeldom ſeveral of the chiefs. As vaſt quantities of wild honey were to be found in hollows of the old trees, Ned procured plenty of this, ſome of which he preſerved in the comb, and of the reſt made metheglin, which he had often ſeen in Wales, and which, added to the milk of the hiccory-nut, made a very palatable liquor.

Weenacoba was delighted with him, and felt an attachment to him fully equal to what ſhe had

had ever ſhewn for Onondoga; and if Ned could have extinguiſhed memory, perhaps his life might have glided on with as much happineſs or at leaſt with as little care, as uſually falls to the lot of any man. But the paſſion of his ſoul was no way abated, nor the dear remembrance of his firſt connections any way effaced. Every morning and every evening were his fervent prayers put up for their welfare, and ſome favourite trees were ſelected in the moſt retired receſſes, on which he carved the name of Cecilia, and under whoſe ſhade he devoted many hours to the tender recollection of her features, and to the memory of her dear brother. The locket with her hair was ſtill around his neck, and, according to his Indian creed, became his Monitoo. But the picture which he had from Captain Rivers he fortunately left at Charleſtown, along with ſeveral other things of value, which he hoped to regain if ever he ſhould have the good fortune to eſcape: at preſent, however, there was no feaſible opportunity for attempting it, and therefore he wiſely determined to endure his ſituation with patience, and to make the moſt of it, by accuſtoming himſelf to the fatigues, and learning the reſources of the Indian life.

For this purpoſe he was an unwearied hunter, which is the moſt important occupation of an Indian, as all his domeſtic comfort and convenience depend upon it; beſides which, it is the ſchool of war, and they who excel in it, juſtly attain the reſpect and confidence of the whole nation. An accident which happened in one of his excurſions, raiſed him to the higheſt eſtimation of the warriors, and gratified all the generous feelings of his heart.

His

His friend Awattahowee was almost a constant partner with him in the toils of the chase; and one day as they were coming home after a long and fatiguing range, in which they had met hardly any thing, Awattahowee discovered a deer at some distance, and immediately discharged his musket at it. Whether he wounded the creature or not was never known; for a large panther, who was lurking in a thicket near at hand, and who very probably was himself watching the deer, alarmed at the report, instantly sprung from his covert, and with one bound fastened his claws in Awattahowee's breast. The force with which he struck him knocked the Indian fairly on his back; and poor Awattahowee would infallibly have been torn to pieces, had not Edward (or if you please Warbishcondar) instantly sprung to his relief with that undaunted courage and ready presence of mind which never failed him on any emergency. To fire his musket was to endanger Awattahowee's life in the most imminent degree, for the beast was fastened on his breast, where he uttered a most hideous growl; but Ned sprung on him in his turn, and grasped his throat with both his hands so firmly that the ferocious creature could not breathe: this made him disengage his claws from poor Awattahowee's breast, which however was miserably torn; and then with his scalping knife, which always hangs at a warrior's belt, he pierced his heart, while Ned still held him by the throat till he expired.

Awattahowee, thus rescued from death, embraced his friend with every demonstration of lively affection, and Ned exulted in the opportunity of returning to Awattahowee a service not inferior to what he had received from him. Some herbs of a salubrious nature, with which all

all Indians are well acquainted, were now fought for; Awattahowee chewed them, and Ned spread them on the wounds, which in a few days were healed. The panther they flayed upon the fpot; and Awattahowee dreffed his beautiful fpotted fkin in the Indian manner, adorned it with a rich fringe of wampum-fhells and then prefented it to his friend, to be worn by him on all occafions of ceremony or feftivity.

The fame of this adventure endeared Edward to the whole tribe; and Awattahowee made a grand entertainment, to which the whole village was invited, where the panther was ftewed down into foup, and became himfelf the prey of his once proftrate foe.

It was not long after this that the laft party of the warriors came home, and brought with them fome unfortunate prifoners, among whom were two children. It feems that thefe warriors had loft fome of their brethren in the engagement in which thefe prifoners were taken, and in their rage they had folemnly devoted them to the ftake: not even the children could be fpared. Ned was grieved to the heart, and applied to Awattahowee; but he affured him, that as they had been folemnly devoted to the torture, the fentence could not be retracted, elfe the Matchu Manitoo, that is, the evil fpirit, would bring all manner of plagues upon the nation.

Ned, however, endeavoured ftill to exert himfelf with the other chiefs, and entreated of them only to fpare the children; but he received the fame anfwer from them all: he told them that Ifhtoboolo, or the good fpirit, was the protector of innocence, and would not fail to be the avenger of it, if they deftroyed the children; but ftill they were inexorable. No circumftance he ever met with afflicted him fo much, nor filled him

with

with ſuch inexpreſſible horror. The day was appointed for this dreadful ſacrifice, which to the Indians was a day of rejoicing; but Edward ſhut himſelf up in his wigwawm, where he took no food, but ſpent all the intermediate time in faſting and prayer, deeply affected with the lamentable tragedy they were going to act; as well as with gratitude to God, who had exempted him from the ſame fate. He prevailed on Weenacoba not to aſſiſt at ſuch a ſpectacle; but Awattahowee would not ſtay from ſo high an entertainment. The ſhouts and acclamations which he could not help hearing as he lay on his bed, whilſt this bloody ſcene was tranſacting, pierced his ſoul, and made him almoſt curſe the whole nation.

My readers will ſpare me the recital of the atrocious barbarities which were committed. The two unhappy infants, who were ill before, were the firſt who periſhed, in the ſight of their parents, who, however, were in a ſhort time inſenſible to all ſufferings. Awattahowee came to give Ned an account of this maſſacre; but he would not liſten to it, and begged of him to leave him to himſelf for ſome days:—even Weenacoba's attentions were vain, and ſhe for the firſt time ſaw diſpleaſure painted on his countenance.

But now the prediction that Edward declared to the chiefs, that the good ſpirit would avenge the ſhedding of innocent blood, was fully and ſeverely fulfilled. The children before they were maſſacred, had been ſeized with the ſmall-pox, and ſome of the perpetrators of that inhuman action had caught the infection. As the diſeaſe was in a manner new to them, they had no knowledge how to treat it, and the devaſtation it ſoon made was dreadful. Among other victims that fell, was little Onondoga, the only child of

Sheeraſta,

Sheerafta, Awattahowee's fifter; and the afflicted mother herfelf was feized with it.

When Ned difcovered what the difeafe really was, he called an affembly of all the old beloved men and chief warriors in the mountain houfe, bat what one may call the town-hall, which no Indian village is without; and there, by the help of C[illegible]fhebo as an interpreter, declared to them, that this plague was fent to them by Ifhtoboolo, as he had predicted, in vengeance for the innocent blood that they had fhed, and becaufe they would not liften to the entreaties that he had made to them in favour of the children: that, neverthelefs, Ifhtoboolo was merciful, and had revealed to him a way to prevent the fatal confequences of the diftemper, provided they would fwear never to torture prifoners again, but efpecially children, and provided they would implicitly fubmit to follow his directions during the diftemper.

A few of the warriors confented to this; but the great part, and efpecially the old beloved men, who were priefts, phyficians, and enchanters, treated it with derifion, and had recourfe to their confecrated phyfic-pots, and incantations. In the mean time the ravages of the diftemper increafed, and threatened the whole nation with extirpation.

Awattahowee's confidence in Edward prevailed on him to be of the party, and he fubmitted to be inoculated. Several other young warriors were led by this example, who all had the diforder in the ufual flight manner, and even Sheerafta recovered under his treatment; but hardly one efcaped who relied on the priefts.

At laft poor Weenacoba herfelf was feized; for fhe, having a brother among the beloved old men, had adhered to her ancient fuperftitions, and

and would not be inoculated. Ned attended her with as much care and affection as if fhe had really been his mother; and when her diforder was fo violent that fhe could not lie down, he fupported her for whole days in his arms. She was fully fenfible of all his grateful att[illegible] her; but it was in vain—on the fever[illegible] day the eruption went in, and her fpirits to[illegible]y failed. He was fitting behind her on her bed, while her head lay upon his bofom, in which pofture only fhe could get breath—her underftanding ftill remained, though her fight and hearing were gone; but on the evening of that day fhe preffed his hand with hers, faying, "Janis, Janis, Neepan!" that is, "My fon, my fon, I die!"—and with thefe words fhe expired.

Ned's grief for the lofs of this benevolent woman, whofe whole conduct towards him had been truly maternal, was as fincere as it was well placed. He buried her with every ceremony that the Indians held to be honourable, and moiftened her grave with tears of true affection. The alarming progrefs of the diftemper, by which upwards of two hundred had already fallen, filled the warriors and the old beloved men with confternation; and they determined, in a folemn council, to fend for Warbifhcondar, and adhere faithfully to his directions. The youth appeared among them in their great houfe, and there repeated the neceffity of appeafing the wrath of Ifhtoboolo for fhedding innocent blood, by proclaiming a day of folemn faft and purification, and for ever renouncing putting prifoners, but efpecially children, to death. The firft, he thought wifely, might be a proper preparative for inoculation, and there was a poffibility that the other might, for a time at leaft, reftrain the ferocious cuftoms of torturing men to death.

Almoft

Almoſt all the ſurviving children of the nation, as well as the warriors, and ſeveral of the beloved old men, conſented to be inoculated; the happy effects of which were ſoon viſible by the complete recovery of upwards of ſeven hundred patients, with the loſs only of three or four, and thoſe advanced in years.

CHAP. L.

A SERVICE so essential raised Edward to the very summit of honour and esteem with the whole nation; they considered him as in the confidence of the good spirit, because he declared to them beforehand the punishment that was to be inflicted on them, and afterwards was himself the means of averting it; and accordingly they reverenced him even above all the old beloved men. Had Edward been so disposed, he might have erected himself not only into a sovereign, but perhaps even into a deity over the Agiguans; but, like the last character, he contented himself with doing them good, without looking to any personal reward to himself. His thoughts, indeed, were now wholly bent on withdrawing himself from the country; but to do this with safety was a matter of extreme difficulty, because the Indians would never forgive his deserting them, and would probably pursue him, even for a thousand miles. The opinion of his communication with the good spirit, however, was favourable to him on this occasion; and I think we may acquit him of want of integrity, although he availed himself of that opinion to deceive them. He told his friend Awattahowee that Weenacoba had appeared to him, and that Ishtoboolo had sent her to acquaint him that he should shortly require his presence.

Awattahowee

Awattahowee was inconfolable at the news; but fuperftition is deeply implanted in every Indian bofom, and the commands of the fpirits fuggeft-ed to them in dreams are never known to be dif-obeyed. To give the greater appearance of truth to this ftory, Ned rigidly conformed to all the Indian ritual of purification, and fre-quently paffed the whole night at the grave of Weenacoba. It was upon a folemn occafion of this fort one night, when the moon had newly rifen, and his thoughts were wholly intent on the great bufinefs he was meditating, that he was furprifed to fee, at fome diftance from him, a female figure kneeling on the ground, upon which fhe was almoft proftrate, and feemingly intent on fome act of devotion. The place fhe had chofen was exceedingly retired; but the gleams of the moon fhone ftrong upon her, and difcovered her, notwithftanding the trees which furrounded her. A fight fo uncommon excited his curiofity, for he never faw any ferious ex-preffion of devotion among the Indians before, and he determined to be more affured if it was really fuch he now faw. She was fo intent upon her employment, that he approached her un-perceived, and then, from behind a tree, beheld the faithful and afflicted Sheerafta, a widow of only nineteen, weeping at the grave of her huf-band, and milking her breaft on the new-made grave befide it, of her little fon, whom likewife fhe had lately loft.

An expreffion of grief fo tender and affecting did not fail to touch Edward's fympathizing heart. He reverenced that truth and intenfe af-fection which filled the faithful, though untu-tored heart of this gentle favage. He called, Sheerafta! She knew his voice, and, rifing with dignity

dignity and without ſurpriſe, replied in words that may be thus tranſlated: "Warbiſhconda, the maſter of life has taken from me the apple of my eye, and the core of my heart, and hid them in theſe graves; I will water the one with my tears, and the other with the ſap of my breaſt, till I find them again in the country where the ſun never ſets."——She then retired towards her own home, leaving Edward touched with the tendereſt ſenſibility, and filled with admiration of that conſtancy and virtue, which, if it had been found in civilized life, would be equally honoured and applauded.

The ſeaſon being now ſo far advanced that he might expect to find berries and other fruits in the woods during his long and perilous expedition, Ned determined to put it in execution let the event be what it would; but firſt he told Doran his real intention, recommending it to him to remain ſome time longer, and to divert the Indians from making any ſearch after him if they ſhould be ſo inclined.

He then called a meeting of the warriors and the old beloved men, and informed them, that Iſhtoboolo had ſent to him the ſpirit of his ever loved and lamented Weenacoba to order him to meet him on the firſt day of the new moon, in the ſacred caverns of the holy rock; that he ſhould remain there thirty days and thirty nights; but that whether Iſhtoboolo would permit him to return to them, or order him to attend on Weenacoba in the world of ſpirits, he could not tell. In either caſe he would never ceaſe to pray the Father of days to ſend them plenty of beavers, and make their enemies turn their backs in battle.

The ſpeech was received with every demon-

ſtration

ſtation of implicit faith and affectionate eſteem; and a deputation of beloved old men and head warriors were appointed to attendchim to the lake, and see him embark for th ſacred caves. On the laſt evening previous to his departure he invited Awattahowee to his wigwawm, where he entertained him with the beſt fare he had. He could not help pitying the concern which that young man expreſſed, and endeavoured to ſooth him with the hopes of ſeeing him again. He committed to his truſt all the valuable ſcalps and rich furs which compoſed the furniture, telling him that if he did not return on the thirty-firſt day, that he might be ſure he was gone to the world of ſpirits, in which he would not fail to pray Iſhtoboolo to protect him; and, in that caſe, to take all to himſelf:—that he would carry nothing away but his arms, the wampum belt which Weenacoba had given him, and the panther's ſkin which he himſelf had dreſſed for him. Poor Awattahowee, though heir to all theſe poſſeſſions, left the wigwawm with a ſorrowing heart, and Warbiſhcondar ſtretched himſelf for the laſt time on his bear-ſkin couch.

When he was left entirely alone, and all was ſilent about him, the importance of the expedition he was about to enter upon occupied all his mind. The greateſt danger and difficulty he hoped he had already overcome by the pious fraud he practiſed on Indian credulity, whereby he left their country not only with their conſent, but even with their applauſe;—but ſtill much was before him; a journey of upwards of ſeven hundred miles, through an uninhabited deſert, infeſted by ſerpents and wild beaſts, and (if he ſhould get through this) four hundred more through

through an enemy's country, to be undertaken singly and alone, without any chance for refreshment or succour in case of sickness or accident, was surely a formidable prospect, and sufficient to damp the ardour of any less steady and fortified mind than Edward's. But his resolution was equal to any trial; and the habitual recollection that, in whatsoever point of space he could be placed, he should still be in the sight and within the embrace of his Creator, was a consolation, which, as he never let it out of his mind for a moment, gave him confidence and firm support in every possible situation though it should be death itself. Fear therefore he delivered to the guilty, as not becoming him who had put on the whole armour of God; and placing hope in his view, he trusted to a successful issue of his undertaking, and gave up his mind to the contemplation of the happy hours, when perhaps he might again behold the soft eyes of Lady Cecilia smiling in tears, while he related to her the heroic death of her gallant brother, and his own perilous adventures.

Here the tender recollection of his beloved friend rose in his mind, and claimed the generous tribute of manly sorrow:—the glimmering light of his taper now dying in its socket, shone by starts on the empty couch of poor Weenacoba. His soul was turned to tenderness, and in that instant the tear of gratitude mingled its precious stream with those of friendship and of love. At length he slept.—Oh ye virtuous! ye who confide in God, and love your brethren of mankind! ye whose every action springs from duty and from sentiment! it is yours alone to sleep alike sweetly and secure in the wigwawm of the savage, the moss of the desert, or the downy bed and splendid chamber of the great.

Poor

Poor Awattahowee, whose repose had been less tranquil, arose with the first dawning of the day, to take his last leave of his beloved Warbishcondar. The chiefs and the old beloved men attended as they had agreed; and Ned walked forth, clad only with the panther's skin around his loins, the wampum belt around his neck, and a pair of new moccasins on his feet. At his back hung an Indian bow, with a quiver full of arrows; at his side a tomahawk and scalping knife, not for their usual ferocious purposes, but as being really useful instruments on many occasions. In his hand he carried his musket, and from his belt was suspended a small bag with about two pounds of powder, balls, and flints.

Thus accoutred, he came to the banks of the lake, where Awattahowee had provided him a small bark canoe, with two paddles, and a bag of parched corn as an offering to the great spirit. As he stood on the bank, all the warriors and beloved men shook him by the hand; and the great beloved man, that is the oldest, desired him to remember them to Ishtoboolo, and to entreat him to send them good hunting seasons. This on his part he promised faithfully to do, and to represent to him how kindly they had behaved to him, for which he now thanked them. When he took Doran's hand, he bade him 'remember!' which single word was sufficient to direct his conduct. The last he spoke to was Awattahowee—as he held him by the hand his eye dwelt long upon him, for he knew it would be his last sight.—Awattahowee wept—the savage wept—for nature had formed him of her richest clay—He hung upon Ned's neck, and his parting words were, "May Ishtoboolo preserve bright the chain that binds fast the heart of Awattahowee to Warbishcondar!"——Edward's heart

heart was full; he gave him a laſt embrace, and paddled off in his canoe. As he went off from the ſhore towards the holy rock, which we before mentioned the Indians held in ſuch veneration, and which was at the diſtance of ſomewhat better than a quarter of a mile, they all ſet up the ſolemn ſong which they ſing annually on their great feſtival of general expiation. Ned heard their voices ſofter and ſofter as he receded; they continued on the bank ſtill gazing and ſtill ſinging, and he continued ſtill looking and ſtill liſtening, till he approached the ſacred caves. As he entered the awful arch, he fired his muſket for a laſt ſalute: the Indians anſwered it from the ſhore, and, amidſt the roar of echoes, he loſt ſight of them for ever.

CHAP.

CHAP. LI.

NO situation in which immediate danger does not form a part, could well be more awful than that in which he now found himſelf. The human countenance even in its moſt ſavage ſtate has ſomething in it divine; and to loſe ſight of it for ever, would perhaps be a melting conſideration even to the hardeſt heart. But Edward, during a year and a half that he had reſided with the Agiguans, had experienced all the tenderneſs and affection which nature planted in her genuine offspring, and in a degree more intenſe and faithful than perhaps the diſguiſed manners of poliſhed life can either attain or expreſs. When, therefore, he could ſee them no more, he almoſt felt forlorn; and this moment, which he had long panted for with all the fervency of deſire, he found, when it arrived, damped with regret. He caſt his eyes upwards to the awful and ſublime cavern, into the receſſes of which he was perhaps the firſt human being that had ever dared to enter; and, adopting the Indian idea, that it was the temple of the great ſpirit, he reſolved that the firſt words he uttered ſhould be dedicated to his praiſe. "O thou Almighty Being (ſaid he) who inhabiteſt eternity, and from whoſe eye the profoundeſt caverns of the deep cannot be hid! deign to behold with mercy the humbleſt and leaſt worthy of thy creatures, who hath no ſtrength

ftrength but in thy arm, no confidence but in thy help, and who, in all the trials which thou haft appointed him, befeeches the aid of thy grace to enable him to perfevere?"—A deep and hollow voice refounded from the inmoft receffes of the cave, "Perfevere!" Ned knew it to be but the echo of the laft word which he pronounced; but feizing it as a favourable refponfe, he determined to truft the omen, and, after doing all that he could for himfelf, to leave the iffue to God.

With this intent he refolved to penetrate as far as poffible to the bottom of the cavern, where he intended to remain till night, left any of the Indians might be induced to watch his motions, and fhould fee him come out again. A multitude of water fowl built their nefts in the fides of this cave; and this being their laying feafon, he might have freighted his canoe with eggs if he had had a mind. He took as many as he needed for prefent ufe, and fpared the lives of the birds that layed them, as a fatisfaction for the robbery. The parched corn, which the piety of Awattahowee had fent as an offering to the good fpirit, he referved for his own ufe, without thinking he did that fpirit any injury, or that he would deprive his friend of any bleffing in return: and thus he proceeded in his canoe as far as the water would carry it. In this fpot he might have remained in perfect fecurity as long as he pleafed: but as he perceived the cavern extended much farther, though without water, his curiofity prompted him to explore it: for this, however, a light was neceffary, as that of day could ferve him no farther than the next turning. But here was a difficulty which, however, he in part furmounted by twifting the fibres of fome wither-

ed

ed vegetables, which, as far as the influence of the external air and light extended, grew from among the crevices of the rock; and, by rubbing them with pounded gun-powder a little damped, he formed a kind of ſpunk, which kindled like a ſquib, and yielded for a time a dull light. Having provided a parcel of theſe, and ſwallowed half a dozen raw eggs, with ſome parched corn, and put the remainder in his pouch, he ſet forward on his inveſtigation. The way was long and diſmal, like that which the poets feign to lead down to Tartarus, and little leſs dangerous in reality, ſince there were many pits and ſlippery places, in which a falſe ſtep might be death. Poor Ned, when he undertook the taſk, did not know the danger, and began to wiſh he had not attempted it; but as, by the glimmering light he had, the way ſeemed rather to widen and grow more eaſy, he continued to go on, till all on a ſudden he fell down, and rolled along a ſlippery rock for the length of many yards. During the time he was falling, he expected nothing but to be daſhed to pieces: he, however, found himſelf at the bottom, unhurt, but in total darkneſs, and, what was worſe, all his ſpunks loſt in the fall. His ſituation was now dreadful, as he could not move a ſtep without the apprehenſion of breaking his neck; but his muſket was ſtill in his hand; and all his other accoutrements, which were faſtened about him, ſtill ſafe. His firſt reſource was to fire his muſket. By the light of the flaſh, and the diſmal reſounding of the echoes, he perceived he was at the bottom of a great vault; and the ground being ſmooth under his feet, and compoſed of ſmall ſand, he was not in danger of breaking his neck: but, alas! he was immured as it were in the grave, ſince

to aſcend to where he fell from, was impoſſible without aſſiſtance, and his moſt diligent ſearch did not diſcover any other outlet. While life remained, he determined to exert himſelf to preſerve it, and, when he could do that no longer, to die contented. His firſt exertion was to procure light; and this he effected by wetting ſome gun-powder with ſpittle, kneading it into a paſte in his hands, and then ſetting fire to it with dry powder in the pan of his muſket: by the light of this he was fortunate enough to recover his ſpunks, which had rolled from him in his fall, and were lying at the bottom of the rock; he diſcovered too that the cavern he was in was large, but though he went round it and round it a hundred times, he ſaw no poſſible exit. Exhauſted by his fruitleſs fatigue, and conceiving himſelf to be irretrievably loſt, he reſigned himſelf quietly to his fate, and laid himſelf down upon the ground. How he employed himſelf there we may judge from what we know of him already; he attained however to that ſubmiſſion of will and compoſure of ſpirits, that lulled his ſorrows to oblivion, and actually ſuffered him to ſleep. How long he lay in this ſtate of ſuſpended ſenſibility he never knew; all that he could tell was, that he dreamed he was in the cavern where he actually lay, and that on a ſudden it opened at the top, and that his dear friend Captain Rivers called to him from thence, and taking him by the hand he found no difficulty in mounting from the ground and going away with him. The paſſionate eagerneſs to eſcape inſtantly awoke him: but his ſurpriſe was great, when he actually found ſome creature licking his hand: of what ſpecies it was his feeling could not diſcover, but his preſence of mind dictated to him to light his ſpunk, which

he did it his usual manner. The flash frightened the beast, which instantly fled to a part of the rock that jutted out, and disappeared behind it. The discovery revived hope: he immediately hastened to the same spot, where he perceived a hole which with some difficulty admitted his body; he found it sloped upwards, and through this he continued to creep for near an hour as he supposes, till at last he had the comfort to discover light, and, in a few minutes afterwards, the inexpressible joy to gain the open air. The creature to whom under God he owed his deliverance was of the badger kind, which, though of great strength of body, and considerable size, is perfectly harmless and inoffensive, industrious only in seeking out the deepest and most lonely recesses for its habitation, and perhaps was now directed to make that cavern its retreat by the express providence of God to deliver his servant. In this light it is certain Edward took it, and derived from it proportionable trust and confidence.

At the time of his emerging from this frightful cave, the morning seemed but little advanced, so that he concluded he had passed a whole night in it, and a great part of the day before. He found himself within half a mile of the spot where he entered the sacred rock, and thought (perhaps not without reason) that as it was the first time, so should it be the last that he should be so venturous.

The desert was now before him; but no danger it could present could be in any degree so terrible as that which he had escaped, especially as, being now so used to the woods, and so accustomed to the Indian life, he was not inferior to any native either in hardiness or in resources. His intention was to return if possible to Charlestown,

leftown, and for this purpofe to endeavour to fhape his courfe fo as to fall in with the back fettlements of Carolina. But they who per-ceive no difficulty in this, muft be told, that the forefts of America, to a perfon not accuftom-ed to them, are fully as tracklefs, and far more intricate than the Atlantic Ocean [illegible] may wander for ages in this boundlefs [illegible] incumbered with briars, ftopped with fwamps, expofed to wild beafts and noxious reptiles, without ever being able to fee twenty paces around you. Compafs—Ned had none, though highly neceffary to the fafety of thofe who fhould only venture for a mile beyond the fet-tled plantations; and as for the face of any of the celeftial luminaries, it was rarely that the thicknefs of the trees would ever let him difcover one of them. One obfervation he had however made, that the branches are always larger and the foliage more luxuriant on the fouth fide of a tree than on the north, and this was the guide he fteered by; fometimes indeed he got a glimpfe of the fun himfelf, or mounted to the top of one of the talleft pines to obferve him, and by this corrected his courfe. Seventeen days had he paffed in this laborious journey, without ever defcrying human face or veftige of human foot. At laft he obferved fome blazes on the trees, that is, part of the bark chopped off on certain trees within fight of each other: this he knew to be a path, and accordingly found his road fomewhat lefs incumbered. Five days more he journeyed in this path, with more eafe, but equal folitude, always repofing at night among the branches of the thickeft tree he could find. On the evening of the fifth day, about funfet, he heard the found of Indian voices finging fome of their cheerful fongs, and foon

after

al[illegible]covered the party preparing for their evening's encampment. In former days this woul[illegible] been a ſight of terror, but was now a [illegible]ance of the higheſt ſatisfaction. According [illegible] the etiquette of Indian politeneſs, which [illegible]s of no intruſion, he gave notice of his ap[illegible]ach, by the peculiar holoa uſed on [illegible]caſions, and then ſtood ſtill in his place. Two of the party were immediately deputed to bring him to the circle, where he was received by the reſt with all their uſual reſpect and hoſpitality. They ſoon perceived he was a white man, but ſaw by his marks that he was an adopted warrior of a nation with which they were in alliance. It is not the cuſtom, however, to trouble any ſtranger with queſtions, until he is reſted, and they have entertained him. It was with much pleaſure that poor Ned beheld a good fire kindled, and preparation for a plentiful ſupper, there being no want of proviſions nor yet of good liquor in the company; and even the ſight of human faces, after ſo long a ſolitude, was a circumſtance of conſiderable ſatisfaction. The party he had fallen in with belonged to the Chickeſaw nation, who were in friendſhip with the Agiguans, and were now returning from Charleſtown, where they had been to purchaſe various articles according to the now conſtant practice of the Indian nations; and by theſe warriors Ned was informed that the great king beyond the ſalt lake was not able to bring back his rebellious children to their duty, and had therefore given them up altogether, and ordered all his red warriors home; or, in other words, that there was peace between England and America, and that Charleſtown was evacuated by the Britiſh troops. Though Edward was too good a patriot not to mourn for

the difgraces of his country, yet he was alfo [illegible] good a chriftian not to rejoice in the return of peace, and that a period was put to [illegible] -lating miferies of civil war.

As he had no perfonal enmity againft [illegible] -mericans, their eftablifhing their independen[illegible] gave him little concern; but the country being [illegible] peace was a matter of the utmoft moment, and feemed to fmooth all his difficulties at once. He entertained the chiefs with juft fo much of his hiftory as he thought proper; informing them, that he was an Englifh officer, but had been adopted by a friendly nation, for whom he felt the fincereft affection; and that he was on his road to Charleftown, to ferve their interefts as well as his own. The grog and the pipe went merrily round; and, after a dance hand in hand about the fire, in which Ned heartily joined, they all lay down to fleep, with their feet towards it, according to the Indian fafhion, and fome horfes that they had with them tied to the trees without them. In the morning they gave Edward another repaft, and prefented him with fome neceffaries, particularly a powder-horn fully replenifhed, and fome rice bifcuits that they had brought with them; and then took leave, according to cuftom, with fhaking of hands and another fong.

Four days more he travelled alone before he arrived at the back fettlements, which at laft he reached on the twenty-ninth day from his quitting the cavern; and had the comfort to fleep that night in a chriftian habitation. The good man of the houfe was an Irifhman, and with his three fons had ferved by turns in the American army; for his countrymen had adhered to the American caufe, almoft as univerfally as the Scotch did to the Britifh. When Paddy firft faw Ned, he took him for an Indian, and even

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in [illegible] character was willing enough to ſhew him hoſpitality; but when he diſcovered him to be a Britiſh officer, and that he had been in his own dear country, there were no bounds to his kindneſs; and all that he had, and every thing in and out of his houſe was at his ſervice.

CHAP. LII.

THE impatience of Edward to hear ſomething of his friends, to join his regiment, and to regain the comforts of civilized life, did not permit him to accept of the honeſt Iriſhman's hoſpitable invitation, to repoſe himſelf for a few days with him; but as he had ſtill nothing on him but his wampum belt, and panther's ſkin, he was obliged to one of the young men for ſomething of a more decent dreſs, and got from him a ſhirt, a ſhort jacket, and a pair of trowſers; he likewiſe furniſhed him with a horſe, and undertook to conduct him to Doctor Denton's, about thirty miles from where they were, but which was the neareſt ſettlement belonging to any gentleman of fortune in that part of the country. This was highly acceptable to Edward, for he had ſome little knowledge of the doctor, having ſeen him once or twice at Mrs. Middleham's, to the ſiſter of whoſe huſband he was married, and he knew him to be a gentleman of ſuch liberal manners, and unbounded benignity of heart, that his having been compelled in the line of his duty to appear once as his enemy would have no weight in diminiſhing, whatever it might have in adding to, the number and the delicacy of thoſe attentions which he never failed to pay to every perſon who required them from him. The doctor, indeed, was of a character

ſomewhat

somewhat singular, but then it was an amiable and a virtuous singularity. He was a younger son of one of the wealthiest planters in the province, who at the same time had the character of being one of the most rigid and severe. The cruelties which he exercised over his negroes had drawn on him the animadversions even of those who seldom pitied them; but had almost broke his son's heart, which being filled with the sweetest milk of human kindness, could not endure to witness those barbarities which no intercession of his could soften, and which at last obliged him to estrange himself wholly from his father's house. He sought therefore and obtained his leave to go over to Europe, where he applied himself to the study of physic, as well as to several other branches of polite literature, in all of which he attained to a considerable degree of eminence. On his return to his native country, he commenced practitioner of physic, and such was his skill and success that he must soon have made a considerable fortune: but here the extreme delicacy of his feelings again interposed, and he was perhaps the only professional man in any country who felt wounded by the number and the greatness of his fees: but so it was; he could not bear to receive money for his assistance; and as few were either entitled or would choose to ask it for nothing, his practice became confined either to his immediate relatives, or to those on whom he bestowed it as a charity; and of these, indeed, the number was far from inconsiderable. On his father's death, he became entitled to a considerable fortune, which was increased by his happy union with the amiable daughter of the elder Mr. Middleham, and sister to the husband of the lady whom Edward rescued from the impertinence of a sentinel.

Having

Having now an income fully equal to the mode-rateness of his desires, the doctor retired to the back country, where he had a very extensive plantation, and where his first care was to compile a short and plain code of laws, formed on the most manifest utility, for the government of his negroes, who amounted to about four hundred. Impressed with a deep sense of religion himself, which was also a striking feature in Mrs. Denton's character, he endeavoured to communicate this enlivening principle to all over whom he had any influence, and therefore made it his constant practice, as there was no clergyman within two hundred miles of him, to perform divine service himself every Sunday in one of his outhouses fitted up for the purpose, to which all were welcome to come that were in the neighbourhood, and where he required the presence of all his negroes who were of an age to understand the business they were about.

In this affecting duty the doctor was engaged when Edward arrived at his house. He had been so long among the heathens, that he really had forgot the days of the week, and did not know that this was Sunday till he heard how the doctor was employed. He instantly hastened to the house of prayer, and rejoiced in the opportunity of pouring out the effusions of his grateful heart to the merciful Being who had conducted him through so many perils, and brought him at last into a christian land. When the service was ended, he advanced to the doctor and Mrs. Denton, who did not at first recollect him, but, upon his explaining to them his situation, received him with the most cordial hospitality, and with the offer of every accommodation they had to bestow. Among the rest, the doctor insisted upon Ned's receiving a supply of money,

which

which indeed was now become neceſſary to him, and which he did not refuſe taking, as he knew a very conſiderable ſum was now due to him from the agent of the regiment.

In a remote ſituation like the doctor's, every gentleman is under the neceſſity of having large ſupplies of all the uſual accommodations of life, and all the ordinary trades moſt in uſe were carried on by ſome or other of his negroes: from theſe magazines, therefore, Edward got a temporary ſupply of all the articles of which he ſtood moſt in need, and was in a few days thoroughly equipped to proceed on his journey to Charleſtown, from whence he hoped to find an eaſy paſſage to Europe. But he had ſo ingratiated himſelf with the doctor and his amiable wife, that they could not bring themſelves to part with him; and at laſt when they found him bent upon going, they determined to accompany him as far as Mr. Middleham's plantation, which indeed might be ſaid to be the whole way, as it lay within ſixteen miles of the city.

Ned diſmiſſed his back-woods-man with a handſome preſent for his trouble in attending him to the doctor's, and with much ſatisfaction accepted of a ſeat in their chaiſe, accompanied both by the doctor and his lady. The journey was near a length of ſome hundred miles, which ſhewed the extreme kindneſs of his new friends in undertaking it, purely to accommodate him; for it was but a few weeks ſince they had been at Mr. Middleham's in their way down to their own houſe. Every night they were entertained by private families, there being no public-houſes at ſo remote a diſtance; but their fare was excellent, and as freely given as it was thankfully received. The contraſt between this part of his journey and that which he had ſo lately

paſſed,

taſted, gave Ned an unuſual flow of ſpirits, and made him wonder at the ſtrange paradox which ſome modern philoſophers have advanced, "That the ſavage life was upon the whole more deſirable, and more productive of real happineſs, than the civilized."—Edward had tried both; and though he acknowledged a contented mind could make to itſelf happineſs in the ſavage ſtate, yet there was no compariſon in the degree to which the ſame mind could attain in civilized ſociety.

At laſt they approached the domains of Mr Middleham. The quantity of cleared ground with cattle of all kinds grazing, interſperſed with trees that ſeemed coeval with the creation, and between which might be diſcovered the windings of Aſhley river, on the banks of which, on a high terrace, ſtood the noble manſion belonging to this accompliſhed and virtuous patriot, recalled to Edward's mind the groves of Ravenſdale, or at leaſt ſome European ſeat the habitation of taſte and opulence. If the approach to this charming reſidence filled Edward's mind with a tranquil pleaſure, how much was it increaſed, and how joyful was his ſurpriſe, when, upon entering the gate that led up to it, he ſaw David Morgan in the avenue! His aſtoniſhment would hardly let him truſt his own eyes; but making an apology to the doctor and Mrs. Denton, and telling them the occaſion, he jumped out of the chaiſe, and filled Morgan with ſtill greater amaze and ſtill greater raptures than he had himſelf experienced. The time would not allow them to enter into minute details of their mutual adventures; only Morgan informed Ned, that after the ceſſation of arms he had attached himſelf to Captain Fanſhaw, and had returned with him from the northward to Charleſtown, to ſee Mrs Fanſhaw, who being very near her time could

not

not travel when the Britifh evacuated that place, [but], remained in her own lodgings, and received many civilities from feveral American ladies, and particularly from Mrs. Middleham, who had the kindnefs to afk her out with her to this feat; that both fhe and the captain were there, and that he had come with them. "But, my dear mafter," added David, "I hope nothing will ever feparate us again. I am yours to the end of my days, and to the fartheft corner of the world." Ned fhook him by the hand in confirmation of the bargain; and now Captain Fanfhaw's two little boys advanced jumping and over-joyed to fee Edward again, who, as he came near the houfe, met Mr. and Mrs. Middleham, with all the reft of their company, coming out to welcome him to their houfe. Ned had never feen Mr. Middleham before; but the good report of Mrs. Middleham had fecured him a moft cordial reception, not diminifhed by the details of thofe noble parts of his character with which Mr. and Mrs. Fanfhaw were well acquainted, and which they had related to Mr. and Mrs. Middleham even when they almoft defpaired of ever feeing him again. Upon the whole, it was hard to meet with any group more worthy in themfelve[s] or more entirely agreeable to each other. [If] there was any thing to damp the fatisfaction which Captain Fanfhaw and Edward felt in their fituation, it was to behold the marks of that brutal and ungenerous mifchief which the Britifh foldiers had committed in every part of the houfe, and through all the ornamented grounds, while they held it in poffeffion. This they felt as an everlafting reproach to them whenever they opened their eyes, or to whatfoever object they turned them: but a fyllable on the fubject never efcaped from the generous proprietors, nor

 yet

yet an expreffion of exultation on account of the glorious iffue of the conteft in which they were fo long engaged; a delicacy infeparable from elevated minds prevented them from touching upon fubjects that could have the remoteft tendency to wound the feelings of any individual under the protection of their roof; but they took the noble revenge of fubduing the hearts as well as the arms, of their enemies, and of obliterating the remembrance of injuries by the more pleafing recollection of kindneffes.

In the mutual intercourfe of friendfhip, and in a round of amufements equally elegant and various, in which both the Middlehams and the Dentons were well able to excel, did Ned fpend three weeks of the happieft hours he had experienced fince he left Ravendale. And now Captain Fanfhaw having received advice from Charleftown, that a fleet was fhortly to fail for Europe, the firft that were going to Englifh ports fince the peace, he and Edward determined to take their paffage together, and once more to crofs the Atlantic, perhaps for the laft time, being both of them thoroughly awakened from their dream of glory, and deeming the ploughfhare and the pruning-hook far more pleafing, as well as more ufeful inftruments, than the fword and the bayonet.

Their good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Middleham, with Doctor and Mrs. Denton, felt fincere regret in parting with them; they accommodated them with their own coach and a poftchaife, with a horfe for David Morgan; and after a thoufand vows of unalterable gratitude and regard they fet off together for Charleftown.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIII.

AS they approached the peninſula, on which Charleſtown is ſeated, every object became intereſting. Ned could not help obſerving how the benign influence of peace was already become viſible. The Quarter-houſe, which is ſituated near the neck which connects this peninſula with the interior country, and which during the war had been converted into a fortified ſtation, now returned to its original deſtination, and was again [illegible] of public entertainment and rural reſort. The charming villas which had been profuſely ſcattered through the ſurrounding natural gardens, which had been either conſumed by fire, or ſuffered to moulder in neglect, were now every where re-erecting their ornamented [illegible], while the redoubts and the palliſadoes were in their turn condemned to the conſuming element. The cheerful ſongs of new-born liberty ſucceeded to the ſhrill ſcreaming of the fife or the deep thunder of the hollow drum. The pale phantoms of hatred and terror were removed from every brow, and in their place ſat confidence and contentment. Even the birds, which the perpetual roar of muſketry and cannon had baniſhed from the groves, were now reſuming their native ſeats, and pouring forth their liquid lays to liſtening nature. A ſympathetic cheerfulneſs won upon

upon our travellers, who, as they felt the comforts of their ſituation, and reflected by whoſe civility and kindneſs they enjoyed it, were tempted to rejoice in the miſcarriage of their expedition, which ſecured to their amiable friends the enjoyment of thoſe unalienable rights which a brave man would rather periſh than ſurrender. At length they arrived ſafe in town, and were ſet down at thoſe lodgings which Mrs. Fanſhaw had occupied ever ſince her firſt arrival. The good landlady, who was an American, but who lived unmoleſted while the Britiſh were in poſſeſſion, was rejoiced to ſee Ned return, whom ſhe had long ſuppoſed to have been killed, and often lamented as an amiable youth whom it was a pity Fate had not ſpared to his friends; and ſhe manifeſted her joy in a manner that entitled her to Ned's gratitude and beſt opinion. But the richeſt cordial ſhe could have brought, ſhe now preſented, which was a packet from the commander in chief, containing ſeveral letters from Europe, among which were two for Edward, ſent at a venture by the two perſons deareſt to him on earth, Lady Cecilia and his father.

On opening this packet, Captain Fanſhaw perceived it was written by the general's aide-camp, to the following purport:

"New-York, Auguſt 17, 1783.

"SIR,

"I am ordered by the commander in chief to inform you, that in conſequence of preliminary articles for a general peace having been ſigned at Paris, the Britiſh forces are ordered home, and that your regiment is already embarked.

barked. His excellency desires me to forward to you the enclosed letters, which have lately been sent from Europe under cover to him; particularly requesting to know if there is any account of Mr. Evans, who we understand was surprised when wounded by a marauding party of Indians, and taken prisoner. We deeply lament the fate of this young and gallant officer, but are still not without hopes of his being yet living, and shall rejoice to find those hopes verified. I remain with respect Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CHA. PHILMORE."

When Ned received his letters, the contest between love and duty did not let him for some time determine which to open first. He went into a room by himself and first broke the seal of that from Wales:—but before he read two lines he opened that from Lady Cecilia; and when he saw her signature, he pressed it to his lips, whilst the palpitation of his heart set his whole frame trembling, and hardly permitted him to breathe. At length he recovered calmness to read the following words:

"Ravensdale, April 15, 1783.

"MY EVER DEAR FRIEND!

"With what pleasure should I sit down to execute my father's orders in writing to you this letter, if I could be certain it would ever reach you, or, alas! if I could even be assured that you were yet living to receive it; but when I reflect on the murderous hands into which you

you are fallen, my heart dies within me, and my frighted imagination presents you in a situation too horrible to relate. Ever since we have heard of your unhappy captivity, I have not ceased to weary Heaven with prayers to shut the lion's mouths, and deliver you from the fangs of those ferocious tigers. I trust they will be heard; and in the hope of that event, and of the possibility that this may find you, I unite with my dear father in expressing our cordial thanks to you for your kind attention to my ever lamented brother, who, we know, breathed out his gallant soul in your arms. Oh, Edward! what a loss was there!—My father, with all his resignation, feels it through every fibre of his heart, and contemplates in tears for hours together his picture which hangs in the library. Nor is this the only loss which I fear he will have to mourn:—my poor brother Rivers is now at the Hot-Wells of Bristol, in a very declining state, worn out in the very prime of his life, by that laborious pursuit of pleasure which seems to be the madness of the age. The weight of these misfortunes hangs heavy on my father, and will, I fear, bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. He has lost all his spirits, sees no company but Doctor Burton, whose soothing manners and truly apostolic piety are well suited to the present melancholy turn of his thoughts. Oh, Edward! were you here, you might see the inefficacy of worldly pomp to bestow happiness. But I know you have not this lesson to learn—your good father's humble roof shewed me the mansions in which true happiness loves to dwell, and which I often contemplate with the most grateful recollection. I had a letter from the dear good man lately, and have

have the pleasure to tell you, both he and your mother are well. Captain Nettlefield, who since the peace has lately come home, called here the other day. My poor brother George let us know enough of his affair with you to make me hate him, as far as I can hate any thing—he did not rise in my favour by his visit. He talked so long of your imprudence in suffering yourself to be surprised—the impossibility of your escaping, if you should be alive—and the far greater probability of your being scalped and roasted to death, that I verily believed the wretch wished it might be so: it threw my father into violent agitation, and I begged of him not to dwell on a subject which nobody that knew you could hear without the deepest affliction, and which my father's spirits could not at that time bear. He bowed submission; but a self-complacent smile sufficiently shewed how glad he was to have that theme to torment me with. Now I talk of torments, I have happily got rid of one, which is my odious Lord Squanderfield: he has actually married Harriet Burton, much against her father's inclination; but her mother countenanced it, and she was independent. She expects to come back here soon lady lieutenant, and his lordship is actually talked of for the office; but if he should be appointed, I shall have a strange opinion of our rulers. I, for my part, would not trust him with the government of my lap-dog; and surely I shall think the nation sunk indeed, that is put under his subjection.

"Adieu, my dear Edward! May God grant you a safe deliverance from the hands of your enemies, and restore you to the prayers of the most faithful and affectionate of your friends,

CECILIA RIVERS."

"Bleſſed name!" cried Edward, as he kiſſed the ſignature: "lie there next my heart till I ſee what my dear father ſays." With which words he hurried the letter into his boſom, and then read that from Wales:

"Ti-gwin, April 12, 1783.

"MY DEAR EDWARD!

"It is not eaſy for me to expreſs with what emotions of heart I ſit down to write to you at this time, not knowing whether you are any longer to be numbered among the living. Hoping the beſt, yet tortured with the apprehenſion that thoſe fell tigers in human ſhape, to whom the inſcrutable decrees of Providence have delivered you, may have long ere this imbrued their murderous hands in your heart's blood. Yet if the unceaſing prayers of a heart humbly devoted to the will of its Creator; if the torrents of tears ſhed by your poor mother in the agonies of her ſoul, can avail any thing at the throne of mercy, you may yet be ſafe, and we again be bleſſed with folding you to our hearts. The very idea cheers my ſoul, and ſomething ſeems to whiſper to me, 'Be of good comfort!' Many indeed are the comforts which the good providence of God has indulged to me in every ſtage of my being; among which none of the leaſt is that diſintereſted friendſhip with which the noble and excellent Lady Cecilia Rivers condeſcends to honour us. Oh my Edward! it is to you (under heaven) that I am indebted for this bleſſing, and that our declining years are placed by the generous Lord Ravenſdale beyond the preſſure of apprehenſions of diſtreſs. His penny is ſecured to us for life, and as regularly paid as the day

day comes round on which it is due. What pity is it that his noble lineage is in danger of being extinct in the male line! We know in whose arms the gallant Captain breathed his laft; and it is with extreme grief we hear his Lordfhip's eldeft, and now only fon, Lord Rivers, is too likely foon to follow, being at this time in the laft ftage of a rapid and deep decline. Amidft this gloomy intelligence it will be fome comfort to inform you (if, alas! you can yet be informed of any thing) that your mother and I continue to enjoy the bleffing of uninterrupted health, and that we have no wifh unaccomplifhed, but to fee you, and know that you are happy.

"Were I fure that this letter would ever reach you, I might perhaps extend it, and tell you fome anecdotes that would amufe you; but I muft keep them till I have the great felicity to fee you, if indeed fo happy an hour is ftill referved for me upon earth. I muft not, however, omit acquainting you that Mifs Watkin is married to Mr. Colebrook of Afhfield, and that fhe is likely foon to be a mother. Another female you were interefted in is the mother of a very thriving boy, who fhall not want the protection of him who remains

Your ever affectionate father and friend,

EVAN EVANS."

"P. S. David Morgan's friends are well. It was from his letter we were firft acquainted with your difafter, which he very feelingly lamented; and we are all well pleafed with his attachment to you."

It was fome time before Ned could calm the tranfport which thefe letters conveyed to his

foul. Happineſs flowed in upon him with ſo full a tide, that he was in danger of forgetting it could ever ebb again, if the recollection that there were ſtill five thouſand miles of ocean to be paſſed before he could behold the dear objects of his affection had not occurred to his mind, and a little damped that ardour with which he fancied himſelf juſt going to throw himſelf into their arms. A ſerene joy, however, glowed in his heart, and diffuſed itſelf over his countenance; which was inſtantly taken notice of by the Captain and Mrs. Fanſhaw, as ſoon as he returned to them. They too had received pleaſing intelligence from their friends in Ireland, particularly from the good alderman in Cork, who was highly delighted with the termination of the war, however lucrative it had been to him; but lamented the change in his daughter Lucy's diſpoſition, who ſeemed to have loſt all the uſual gaiety and cheerfulneſs of her temper, and to give herſelf wholly to thought and retirement. They were no ſtrangers to the cauſe of this change, which never was reflected on by one of them without the tendereſt emotions: but this day was not a time to indulge in melancholy, the recollection of which they baniſhed by introducing hope, and eagerly looking forward to the hour (not far diſtant, as they imagined) when the green hills of Ireland, or the white cliffs of Albion, ſhould delight their eyes, riſing out of the deep, and inviting them to the enjoyment of love, liberty, and peace.—To the ſpeedy arrival of this happy hour; the Captain and Edward poured a libation of excellent Madeira; and Ned having recovered all thoſe things he left in his old lodgings, particularly the picture of Lady Cecilia, given him by poor Captain Rivers, he returned in the evening to Cap-

tain Fanſhaw's, and lodged in the ſame houſe with him until the fleet of merchantmen which were bound for Europe, and ready to ſail with the firſt fair wind, ſhould put to ſea.

CHAP. LIV.

IT was not many days before this wifhed-for breeze fprung up; and on Wednefday the third of September, about eleven in the forenoon, they embarked on board the good fhip Columbus, Captain William Hatter, bound for London: but the harbour of Cork being nothing out of the way, the Captain, who was alfo part owner of the veffel, promifed to touch there, and land them at the Cove. The veffel was laden chiefly with rice and indigo; and about three o'clock the pilot left them, having feen them fafe over the bar. The day was fine, and the wind fair; and they continued upon deck gazing at the receding land, till the fpire of St. Michael's, the laft object vifible, funk in the waves. As the evening advanced they retired to the cabin, where Captain Hatter had tea and coffee ready for them; and his fon, who was his mate, and had a good voice, fung feveral fea fongs; and the evening paffed agreeably, till, the motion of the fhip increafing, they perceived they had reached the gulph ftream, when Mrs. Fanfhaw and the children retired to their births; but the gentlemen, not being affected with any ficknefs, ate a good fupper, and joined with the Captain and his fon in drinking a bowl of punch to the happy fight of the Cove, and the further fuccefs of the voyage! Before morning they were clear of the gulph, and, with a fair wind

wind and smooth sea, proceeded as prosperously as hearts could wish. Every day at noon, when their observation was made, they traced their course upon the map, and saw with pleasure every hour bringing them nearer to the object of their hopes. Oh! happy ignorance! which hides with an impenetrable veil the events of futurity, and suffers not the hour of distress to afflict us before our time! They had now been twenty-seven days at sea, during which time they had for the most part favourable winds, which allowed them continually to stand their course: so that according to their reckoning, they had run down above 40 degrees of longitude, and were rejoicing in the comfortable prospect of seeing their friends in about two weeks more. But on the evening of the last day of September the wind shifted to the south-east, and the sun set in such a dark and troubled bank as intimated an approaching storm. The vigilance of the captain and the crew was not wanting to prepare for it: the top-gallant masts were taken down; the top-masts lowered; the sails reefed, and every thing put in the best trim possible. Mean time it grew profoundly dark—the wind whistled through the shrouds—and the rumbling of the distant thunder, every pe[illegible] growing louder and louder, announced the ar-rival of the tempest. The sea now rolled like mountains, the summits of which, brightened by the vivid flashes of the lightning, shone luminous on the black horizon, and threatened to overwhelm the struggling vessel in the profound abyss beneath them. The captain himself was at the helm; our passengers all closed in their births, where sleep was the least of their thoughts, and where poor Mrs. Fanshaw and her infants lay terrified almost to death. Her

affectionate

affectionate husband was tenderly leaning over her, and endeavouring to allay her terrors, when, about midnight, a tremendous crash, accompanied with a dreadful peal of thunder, was heard upon deck. The dreadful cry of "All hands aloft!" intermixed with the prayer of "Lord, save us, or we perish!" chilled even the stoutest hearts, and bade them prepare for death. Ned instantly went upon deck, but prevailed on Captain Fanshaw to stay below with his family, nothing that they could do being of any use even to their personal safety. When he had got upon deck, he saw the danger imminent indeed. The main-mast had been shivered with lightning, and two of the sailors struck dead. The poor captain was still at the helm endeavouring to keep the vessel's head to the waves, whilst his son and the surviving crew were cutting away the remains of the mast and clearing them from the shrouds. The poor fellows who were struck were stowed away by themselves; and their messmates almost envied them that they had been so speedily relieved from all their terrors. Towards morning the gale abated; but the sea continuing to run mountains high, the ship laboured dreadfully, and made so much water that they feared the lightning had done her some material damage. The crew was now reduced to six mariners, with the captain and his son; three male passengers, Captain Fanshaw, Edward, and David Morgan; Mrs. Fanshaw and her maid, with three children: in all sixteen souls, eleven of whom only could be of any use. The weather continued rough and squally; and the leak, notwithstanding that all hands relieved each other constantly at the pumps, considerably increased upon them. Five days did they struggle with these disastrous circumstances

circumstances when finding that notwithstanding all their labour there were now seven feet water in the hold, they gave it over, and a melancholy council was called to see what they should do. They computed that they were somewhat above 500 miles from Cape Clear in Ireland, and above 400 from the Azores. There were two long boats in the vessel, one considerably larger than the other, but either of them capable to carry all that remained of the company;—but then the hazard of being exposed in the Atlantic ocean at a stormy time of the year, in an open boat, scarcely gave them a chance for life; whilst, on the other hand, the ship seemed to afford them still less, for she was filling fast with water, and could not, in their opinion float for four-and-twenty hours longer. Their only chance in her was some vessel heaving in sight that might discover their distress, and take them on board. As long as this faint hope held out any possible prospect, they determined to wait upon the deck, which alone was now habitable, for the water was two feet deep in the cabin; but a thick fog coming on in the afternoon, this last hope was taken away, and nothing remained but to trust themselves to the boat. Poor Captain Hatter was advanced in years; and almost all that he had in the world being embarked on board this vessel, he determined never to quit her while she remained above water, and at last, if no relief came, to go down with her. His son did all he could to make him change his resolution, but in vain; and when he found him immovably determined, he piously and affectionately resolved to share his fate, let it be what it would, and never to abandon his dear parent in the hour of distress. All the seamen, however, determined for the boat;

boat; and the largeſt of them was accordingly launched into the water. The good captain gave them free liberty to take whatever ſtores they could find either in the cabin or from the cargo. The latter was almoſt wholly overwhelmed with water; but from the cabin they got ſome biſcuit and rice, as alſo a caſe of ſpirits and ſome wine. Ned carried with him his muſket and Indian belt, with powder and ammunition: a hogſhead of freſh water was alſo put on board, and a compaſs. The evening was dark and gloomy, and night coming on apace. It was the fifth of October, between four and five in the afternoon, when they departed from the ſhip. Poor Captain Hatter and his ſon ſtood on the quarter-deck, and with a magnanimity truly heroic, gave them three parting cheers. They were anſwered from the boat with that heartfelt affection which the melancholy preſage they ſhould never meet again in this world would naturally inſpire. As long as light permitted them to ſee, their eyes were mutually turned towards each other; but the increaſing thickneſs of the fog, added to the coming on of night, ſoon cloſed this ſad interview, and ſeparated them for ever. The night, though gloomy, was not boiſterous, and the wind was fair; yet the conſciouſneſs of their forlorn condition, and utter inability to weather any future gale, forbade them to build any ſtrong hope on this favourable circumſtance. Poor Mrs. Fanſhaw, unuſed to difficulties of any kind, and with an infant at her breaſt, was an object of the moſt affecting conſideration. Every attention that was poſſible to be paid to her, ſhe received, not only from her huſband and from Edward, but alſo from the whole crew. Her terror, however, was extreme, and the firſt conſequence of it was her milk going away.

The

The little innocent, who had as yet known no other food, and who in this situation could get no substitute, fell a sacrifice to this loss, and expired in its mother's arms on the second evening of their melancholy voyage.

Though few women possessed greater strength of mind than Mrs. Fanshaw, nor any perhaps more perfect resignation of spirit, yet she could hardly be brought to believe that her dear infant was really dead, and would not part with it till its countenance became shocking even to herself to look on. She at last committed it to the deep, but with it all her strength and resolution. They had been now four days and nights in the midst of the ocean, in an open boat, and the weather being tolerably favourable, they had not felt any extraordinary inconvenience: but now it turned squally again, with heavy showers of rain, which drenched them all to the skin. Poor Mrs. Fanshaw's constitution could not stand out against all these accumulated hardships; all that her husband and Edward could do was not able to sooth her, nor even induce her to take the refreshment of a little biscuit soaked in wine. Her thoughts ran entirely on her little daughter whom she had lost, and she followed her to Paradise on the third evening after.

It is not possible to express the agony of grief with which poor Captain Fanshaw beheld the body of this justly beloved woman launched into the abyss, whither he himself would certainly have followed, if Edward had not forcibly held him down, and presented to his arms his two yet surviving children. Indeed it was to Edward only these poor boys clung now for protection. The youngest remembered how he had before saved his life, and always since looked up to him as a benefactor. But now their unhap-

py father was so overpowered with his affliction, that his reason seemed affected, and, except when he lay in a state of stupid insensibility, he kept continually calling for his wife. At last he grew outrageous, and it was with infinite difficulty he was secured so as that he should not throw himself overboard.

Hitherto the wind had been very favourable; and as they had now run before it for eleven days, the boatswain, who was considered as commander, cheered them with the hope of soon seeing land. In fact, the next morning they fancied they descried it, and began to give a loose to hope; but thick rain and heavy squalls from the south-west coming on about noon, their hopes were again dashed, and the greatest apprehensions conceived that they should not be able to live through the night. The evening, indeed, set in with all the horrors of tempestuous darkness, in which their only care was to preserve, if possible, the boat from being filled. Poor Captain Fanshaw lay bound in her bottom, there being no safety for him in any other state; and his two poor boys clung round Edward's knees, in an agony of terror and affection not to be described. In this perilous situation they ran before the wind for some hours, in the midst of a darkness which would not permit them to behold any thing. At last one of the men forward cried out, Land!—and presently the thundering of the breakers appalled every heart—To tack was impossible—to go forward almost certain death —A huge billow at this instant lifted the boat as it were to the skies, and thundering down, split it to pieces on a rock, sweeping with irresistible force every thing before it.

CHAP. LV.

SELF-preservation is certainly the first principle implanted in every thing that has life. Under the influence of this principle Ned supported himself amid the waves as soon as he emerged from that which had overwhelmed him. A second soon came thundering on in like manner as the former towards the shore:—as it receded back, he felt his feet touch the ground, and at the same time caught a firm grip of sea-weed which grew upon a rock; to this he clung, and established himself upon it before the next wave broke over him, which receding in its turn gave him time to breathe. For two hours he clung fast to this rock, whilst every wave overwhelmed him with a deluge of spray, but left him time to get breath in the intervals of its approach. At last, as the tide ebbed out, he became in some measure relieved from this inundation. Though still wet with the spray, the body of the wave did not reach him, and he maintained his position on the rock without being in danger of being washed off from it. The morning at length dawned, and discovered to him an iron coast of lofty precipices, round whose bases the Atlantic thundered for ever, though in vain. His station was on a rock detached from the cliff by an interval of about thirty feet, and which had probably at some remote period tumbled from the top; at high wa-

ter it was covered with the tide, which luckily proved his preſervation, as the quantity of ſea-weed with which it was covered at once enabled him to catch a grip of it, and prevented his being much bruiſed when he was thrown upon it. With a ſorrowing yet a thankful heart he caſt a melancholy look around him, but could diſcover no particle of the boat, nor yet a veſtige of any human being; but as the day advanced, he was himſelf diſcovered from the ſummit of the precipice by ſome fiſhermen who were taking their early rounds along the coaſt, and paſſing to the creeks in which their boats lay. The ſea was ſtill too tempeſtuous for any boat to venture on it; but theſe humane people determined to uſe every exertion to ſave their fellow-creature, taught by their own hazards and misfortunes to ſuccour the diſtreſſed. With this charitable intention, ſome of them were let down from the ſummit of the cliff by ropes faſtened round their middle, and ſecured at top by their comrades, till they found a pretty firm footing nearly on a level with the rock on which Edward lay. He ſoon perceived them; but how to avail himſelf of their humanity was a matter of conſiderable difficulty, as the rock was inſulated by a ſtreight of about thirty feet wide, through which a tempeſtuous ſea was ſtill foaming. After many ineffectual ſtruggles, in which his ſtrength and hope were nearly exhauſted (as the tide was now again coming in), he was at laſt fortunate enough to catch the end of a rope, which he made faſt to a part of the rock on which he lay whilſt they ſecured it on the other ſide where they ſtood; and having faſtened another rope round his body for ſecurity, the other end of which they held, he warped along the firſt over the chaſm, and was received with joyful huzzas by

by his generous preservers. He was, however, so exhausted as to be hardly able to stand, and was obliged to be hoisted up to the top of the cliff without any exertions of his own. A humane lady, who dwelt about half a mile off, in a sweet situation by the sea-side, and who had been early informed of his condition, had sent a horse to convey him to her house, not knowing but he was a common seaman; and had also sent some biscuit and warm wine for a present refreshment. To this hospitable lady's he was conveyed, and had the pleasure to hear by the way that two more of the crew had been saved in a creek, and were taken into some of the fishermen's houses, but they did not know their names. When he arrived at the house, he was received by an old and faithful man-servant of the lady's, who conducted him to a comfortable chamber, in which a warm bed and clean linen were provided for him, the things in the world he stood most in need of, and where he was suffered to repose without being as yet troubled with any questions; his fatigued and exhausted spirits evidently pointing out the necessity of quiet.

Providence, however, in bringing him to this house, had committed him to the protection of one who would be more interested in his welfare, than either he expected, or she herself at present knew. The benevolent inhabitant of this pleasant and retired mansion was Mrs. Mary Waldron, the relict of Doctor Richard Waldron, a most worthy and respectable clergyman of the diocese of Cork, and mother to that beautiful but unfortunate lady who was married to the late Lord Rivers contrary to the wish and approbation of his father, who therefore would never see him more. We have before related, that

that this young and amiable lord had died without having had the happineſs to be reconciled to his parent, leaving his wife big with child; and the lovely widow herſelf lived only to be delivered of a ſon, whom his grandmother Mrs. Waldron never ſaw, happening to be abſent, in the very houſe ſhe then inhabited when her dear daughter Lady Rivers died; and receiving intelligence ſoon after of the preſent Lord Ravenſdale, that the infant had died alſo at nurſe, by which he himſelf became heir to the honours and eſtate of Ravenſdale.

The preſent lord, who was then only Colonel Rivers, but poſſeſſed of a very good fortune, had never approved of the ſeverity of his brother to his only ſon and the heir of his eſtate; particularly as the beauty and amiable virtues of the lady he had married were ſuch as juſtified any young man, let his quality be ever ſo great, in exalting her to his own rank. He tried therefore, ſincerely, every effort to induce his brother to be reconciled; and when this proved in vain, and that his lordſhip was ſo inexorable as to withdraw alſo his pecuniary allowance, leaving his ſon to ſubſiſt only upon his pay as a captain of dragoons, the colonel had generouſly interfered, and allowed his nephew, out of his own pocket, an annuity of five hundred a year, two of which was ſecured to Lady Rivers, in caſe ſhe ſhould ſurvive her lord; but in caſe Lord Rivers ſhould ſucceed his father in his titles and eſtate, it was agreed that he ſhould repay to the colonel or his heirs the amount of the annuity with which he accommodated him. When both Lord Rivers and his amiable lady died, the whole annuity reverted to Colonel Rivers; but in the ſame letter with which he acquainted Mrs. Waldron with the melancholy

account

account of the sudden death of her infant grandson, by which all impediments were removed between himself and the succession, he endeavoured to mitigate her affliction by the assurance that the two hundred a year which he had settled upon her daughter, should be secured to herself during her life, as a token of the great respect he had for her memory, and well knowing that her circumstances were in no respect equal to her merits, nor to the situation which she had hitherto enjoyed. What the colonel thus generously offered he punctually made good, adding a very handsome present when he himself assumed the title of Ravensdale; and Mrs. Waldron had now for two-and-twenty years constantly received her annuity of two hundred pounds, and was secured in it by his lordship for her life. It is no wonder then if her grateful heart should be deeply attached to his lordship and to every person he regarded, though as yet she did not know the young man she had then in her house was of that number; for indeed she was ignorant of his name, though had she heard it, she would have been struck with it, for she had passed part of this very summer at Ravensdale, whither she often went, and was no stranger to the gallant conduct of Evans, nor to the high estimation in which he was justly held by her noble friends.

The good lady was herself a model of every thing amiable, gentle, and humane. Somewhat past her grand climacteric, her eyes still beamed with good nature, which spread a soft lustre and prepossessing character over her mild and venerable countenance. Her person was rather full, but not inelegantly so. Blessed with a strong constitution, which a contented mind preserved still unimpaired, she felt but little of the infirmities

mities of age; and her whole appearance seemed to justify the hope that she might still continue for many years to be the delight of her opulent neighbours, and the refuge of those who were distressed.

The house in which she resided was pleasantly situated at the bottom of a bay which opened to the south, and was defended on each side by lofty precipices, whose aged bases were washed by the ocean, and where nature appeared in some of her most august forms. To the north was a hill, the summit of which was crowned with a thriving plantation; and along the sides were stretched the gardens sheltered on all sides from the winds, but open to the sun, whose genial influence matured the fruits and flowers of the climate to uncommon perfection. Between the house and the sea was a pebby strand, and through all the neighbourhood a multitude of little sheltered bays, bounded with rocks and promontories, and adorned with a vast variety of shells and corals, and marine plants. The naturalist here might have found an inexhaustible mine of knowledge and amusement. To this study her husband Doctor Waldron had been addicted, which induced him to rent this place from a great proprietor who lived in England, and to make it his favourite residence. His widow felt a similar attachment to it, and her life being in the lease, she held it for that term. A maiden lady of the name of Walker, somewhat younger than Mrs. Waldron, but with similar dispositions, usually spent a great part of the year with her, and was in the house at this time. They were both warmly interested for the young man who had been so surprisingly rescued from death, and longed to know the particulars of his situation; but they would not suffer Ed-

ward

ward to be disturbed till he awoke of himself, though William the servant had orders to stay constantly in the chamber, and to get for him whatever he required.

Several hours elapsed before Edward awoke from that deep repose into which the great fatigue both of his body and his mind had thrown him. At length he opened his eyes, and at first could hardly recollect where he was. Seeing the servant, however, he enquired of him to whom he was obliged for his humane and comfortable reception; and when he was informed, he gratified William's curiosity with respect to himself, who immediately conveyed the tidings to his mistress. Mrs. Waldron was no sooner acquainted that it was Mr. Evans she had in her house, than she immediately went to his chamber, and seated herself by his bed-side, where she was satisfied, from his own mouth, that he was the identical Evans she had heard so much of at Ravensdale. "Oh," says she, "what blessed tidings these will be for my good old Lord and my dear Lady Cecilia!" Ned would have asked her a thousand questions relating to them, but she would not satisfy him in any. She was afraid of his being taken ill in consequence of the dreadful hardships he had undergone; and it was in vain that Ned assured her that he was as well as ever he was in his life. She knew, she said it was impossible, and therefore insisted upon his lying still and taking his repose. She ordered William to get some wine whey made, and a piece of dry toast. Ned pleaded for a beef-stake and some potatoes; but this the good lady, who was a notable physician, positively interdicted, and compelled him to submit to her regimen, which indeed Ned saw he could not oppose with-

out danger of offending her. He determined, therefore, to obey her for this day, and, in gratitude for her care and attention, to lie ſtill till the morning; but he prevailed on Mrs Waldren to enquire the names of two others of his unfortunate ſhip-mates, who, he underſtood, had been ſaved. It was with true joy he learned that David Morgan was one; the other was the boatſwain: but they were both ſo bruiſed among the rocks, that it would be ſome days before they could be able to move. Poor Captain Fanſhaw, with his two boys, were never heard of more: the maid and five mariners ſhared the ſame fate. Some of the bodies were afterwards thrown aſhore on different parts of the coaſt, and were decently interred: but of all the crew who ſailed from Charleſtown, Ned, David Morgan, and the boatſwain, alone got ſafe to ſhore.

CHAP. LVI.

THE next morning proved fine, and Ned (resolved not to be again compelled to unnecessary indolence) rose at an early hour, and prevailed upon William to conduct him to the cottages where Morgan and the boatswain were lodged. He found the poor fellows still very sore from their bruises, but in a fair way to get better; and Morgan in particular, deeply impressed with a grateful sense of the mercy of his deliverance, and hardly less thankful for that of his master than his own. He returned by the coast side, and, as he viewed the rock on which he had been thrown, admired by what miraculous providence he had been enabled to retain his station on it. A tender recollection of the Fanshaw's, with whom he had lately been so happy, and over whose cold and scattered remains the ocean he was now contemplating rolled its billows, drew from his breast a sympathetic sigh, not unaccompanied with a friendly tear, the last and only tribute he could pay to their memory. The living now claimed his attention; and therefore he bent his way back to Mrs. Waldron's, whom he found waiting for him to breakfast, and under some uneasiness that he had ventured so soon abroad. The good lady, however, soon banished her apprehensions, when she beheld the demolition he caused in her hot loaf and

butter,

butter, the ruddy colour of his cheek, and the animated lustre of his eye. Indeed, the activity of his Indian life had strung all his nerves with vigour, and given to every muscle its most perfect contour; so that no statuary, even of antiquity, ever produced a more finished model of male beauty, nor any painter a richer glow of apparent health. His dress indeed was nothing but the jacket and trowsers which he had on when he left the ship, for to this his whole wardrobe was reduced; but his person did not stand in need of ornaments to set it off, and never looked more engaging than in the simplest attire.

Mrs. Waldron could hardly take her eyes off him all the time he sat at breakfast: not that she had any pleasure in gazing on handsome young men, but she fancied she discovered in his countenance a strong resemblance of her dear daughter, whose picture she had hanging at her watch. The same idea struck Miss Walker too: and however fanciful it might be, it still had the effect to conciliate, in a very high degree, Mrs. Waldron's affection, and to interest her heart in Edward's welfare, much more powerfully than perhaps any other circumstance could have done. After breakfast the ladies invited Ned into the gardens, which, though more laid out for use than ornament, were yet charmingly disposed, and abounded, even to profusion with every fruit that the climate could bring to perfection. The season was not yet entirely over for some of these luxuries; and therefore Mrs. Waldron had ordered some of the best kinds that remained to be carried to a rural seat in the garden, whither she and Miss Walker conducted Edward; and where, after he had regaled himself with

some

fome neceffaries, they requefted he would entertain them with an account of his adventures.

My indulgent readers, who are already acquainted with the moft interefting parts of them, will excufe me from entering into any new detail of them, and content themfelves with knowing that for upwards of two hours the ladies liftened with unwearied attention, and feemed to take as deep an intereft in the relation as if they themfelves were fharers in the events. Mrs. Waldron was particularly pleafed with the faithful attachment of David Morgan; and when fhe learned that he alfo had furvived the fhipwreck, and was in her neighbourhood, fhe determined to have him up to her houfe that very night, and to afford him every comfortable accommodation that was in her power to beftow. The more fhe faw of Edward, the more deeply did fhe feel interefted in whatever befel him; and faw, or fancied fhe faw, new likeneffes to the deceafed Lady Rivers, who had been the idol of her heart, and every feature of whofe face, and even the tones of her voice, were ftill frefh in her recollection. A guitar happening to lie in the parlour window, Ned chanced to take it up; and turning over a book of old Scotch fongs which lay befide it, he lighted on "Will you gang to the ewe-bughts, Marion?" and played it, accompanying it at the fame time with his voice. It had been a favourite air with Lady Rivers, and the very inftrument on which he played it had once been hers. Mrs. Waldron at firft liftened with delight; but, overpowered with the recollection, fhe burft into tears, and was obliged to leave the room. Poor Edward was extremely difconcerted till Mifs Walker explained the caufe, and then he re-

folved

folved to touch no more upon fuch tender ftrings whilft he remained at Glendemu[illegible] the name of Mrs. Waldron's houfe. But that fenfation which Ned's voice excited in that good lady's bofom had more of pleafure in it than of pain; at leaft it poffeffed that tender melancholy which a gentle and affectionate heart loves to cherifh. When therefore fhe returned into the room, fhe infifted on his taking up the inftrument again, and made him play a variety of tunes, and fing a number of fongs, that awoke all her tender recollections, and gratified every feeling of her foul. At night, when Edward retired to his chamber, Mrs. Waldron went to that of Mifs Walker. "Well!" faid fhe, "my dear Mifs Walker, what do you think of this young man we have got?" "Think of him?" faid fhe, "I think him beyond all comparifon the moft engaging young fellow I ever faw. If I were not fecured by the hoary wifdom of fixty winters, I don't know but my heart would play me a trick." "I can affure you, my dear Jenny," faid Mrs. Waldron, "he has won mine, yet not in the way of love. O Jenny, he is fo like my Lætitia!—His eye, his manner, nay his voice brings her fo ftrongly to mind, that if the dear infant to whom fhe imparted life in the moment that fhe loft her own, had not fo foon followed its bleffed mother, I could almoft be perfuaded this youth was he. He too is Edward, and his age exactly correfponds"—"I confefs to you my dear Mrs. Waldron," replied Mifs Walker, "that there are certain turns in Mr. Evans's countenance that do very much remind me of poor Lady Rivers; but that he fhould be her fon appears to me fo romantic, that I am amazed you could give way to fuch a

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ſuppoſition e[illegible] for a moment. This young man was born [illegible] Wales, and never from under his fathers ey[illegible], till about three years ago; and how then [illegible]n you reconcile ſuch a contradicti-on?"—"My dear Jenny," ſaid Mrs. Waldron, "I do not attempt to reconcile it, nor know any thing about it. I never ſaw my grandſon; but this young man is ſo like my daughter, that my heart yearns to him. There is alſo ſome-thing very extraordinary in his hiſtory. An accident the moſt uncommon introduced him to Lady Cecilia Rivers, who, I am convinced, loves him, and is determined to marry him. Should this take place, and Lord Rivers die, whoſe life is not worth a week's purchaſe, then this young man will heir Ravenſdale, and (except the title) ſtand in my grandſon's place."—"The caſe," ſaid Miſs Walker, "is extraordinary, but ſtill I cannot poſſible conceive him to be your grandſon. The character of Lord Ra-venſdale, who is honour and integrity itſelf, makes it impoſſible; and therefore, my dear Mrs. Waldron, I would not mention ſuch a thing for the world, nor even indulge ſuch a hope; but granting the poſſibility of the cir-cumſtance, then Providence ſeems to be in the train to diſcloſe this myſtery; and on this ac-count alſo I would leave it to him, and never hint to human being that I had ſuch a concep-tion, unleſs ſomething much more convincing than the mere circumſtance of reſemblance and coincidence of name ſhould ariſe."—"Your advice, my dear Jenny," ſaid Mrs. Waldron, "is what I perfectly approve, and what in-deed my own thoughts ſuggeſted to me. I have the higheſt opinion of Lord Ravenſdale, and certainly owe him an immenſe debt of gratitude.

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If I feel interested in Mr. Evans, as I confess I do, his lordship does so likewise, and I well know Lady Cecilia does still more ; so that on this head there will be no difference. The events of this young man's life are so extraordinary, and the last not the least, which has thrown him under the protection of my roof, that I feel my heart entirely at ease about him, and that I may safely confide him to the guidance of that Almighty Being, who seems in an especial manner to protect him, and to direct his outgoings and his comings-in ; and who no doubt will order all things concerning him with the strictest justice, and unerring wisdom." With this pious sentiment Mrs. Waldron retired to her room, but not to rest. Her spirits had received an impulse that would not suffer them immediately to subdue, and through far the greater part of the night agitated her imagination with a thousand conceptions for and against the strange impression she had received. At last, wearied with the perplexing contradictions which presented themselves, whatever side of the question she contemplated, she sunk to rest, and enjoyed that balmy repose which Heaven reserves for virtuous minds alone, and which frequents the cottage and the truss of clean straw, fully as often as the marble palace and the bed of down.

CHAP. LVII.

IT was not till a late hour that Mrs. Waldron came down to breakfaſt; but Edward, whoſe ſpirits were now buoyant as the air, roſe with the lark, and had *amuſed himſelf* with wandering among the rocks, and exploring the various bays, with which the ſhores about Glendemus were indented. In one of theſe was a huge cavern, not unaptly termed the cathedral, to the nobleſt of which in the Gothic ſtyle it bore a ſtrong reſemblance. Edward had a horror of caverns ever ſince his adventure in the ſacred cave of Agigua; nevertheleſs, he was tempted to peep in, and was rewarded with a ſpectacle of grandeur, which a lover of the ſublime in nature would have thought ample recompenſe for a long journey. At high water the tide flowed in to the end of this cavern upwards of five hundred feet, and at all times left a pool of the moſt cryſtalline tranſparency for nearly its whole length, and deep enough to float a ſhip. The bottom was formed of ſhells, which through the water appeared of the moſt reſplendent beauty; and all the ſides were lined with moſſes and ſea-plants in boundleſs variety. A bath ſo inviting tempted Edward to ſtrip and plunge in; and being an excellent diver, he got up ſeveral handfuls of the moſt beautiful ſhells, as well as ſpecimens of various moſſes, which he obſerved, Mrs. Waldron had a taſte for; and combined

into

into several beautiful pieces of shell-work, so as to resemble, in the most lively manner, grottos, obelisks, groves, and ruins; as also flowers so correct as to deceive even upon a near inspection. He had observed somewhat of a similar taste in Lady Cecilia Rivers, and therefore was determined to make use of his present opportunity to collect a quantity of these rarities for her. He intended, indeed, to surprise her ladyship, and throw himself at her feet, as soon as he was in a condition to travel; and only waited the answer to his letter to the agent of his regiment in Dublin, and the cash which he expected from him, to equip himself with immediate necessaries, for the shipwreck had left him nothing but the clothes on his back, and poor Weenacoba's wampum belt, which happened to be about his neck. In the mean time he was in the happiest quarters in which he could be placed; and every hour endeared him more and more to Mrs. Waldron, whose affection could hardly be greater if he really was her grandson. When he came into the parlour, and shewed her his shells and mosses, she knew by his drippling curls where he had been, and gently chid him for venturing alone to swim in those deep pools, and among slippery rocks. He smiled, and asked her if she would have one of the maids to attend him, since she thought he could not take care of himself. She said, "No:" she did not know whether she would trust him even with one of the maids; but she would attend him herself, unless he promised not to run any more hazard of being drowned while he was under her protection. "You are so kind to me, my dear Mrs. Waldron," said he, "that I should be unpardonably guilty, if I should willingly give you any uneasiness: therefore, whatever commands you lay upon

upon me I ſhall obey.—“ It is dutifully ſpoken,” ſaid ſhe (and ſhe looked at Miſs Walker :) “ if every young man were as tractable, we ſhould no longer lament the want of grey heads upon green ſhoulders.”—“ I hope the grey heads will long continue on the ſhoulders which they moſt adorn,” replied Ned ; “ but ſubmiſſion to authority, and acquieſcence with well-intended advice, become all heads, whether green or grey ; and therefore I ſhall pay it.” In the midſt of this converſation William entered the room with ſome letters, one of which Mrs. Waldron announced to be from Lady Cecilia. A deeper crimſon glowed on Edward's cheek, on hearing this news ; and he could not ſuppreſs his impatience while the old lady ſought her ſpectacles, firſt in one pocket and then in the other, and after all found them in neither. “ Oh! here they are,” ſaid he, as he ſpied one end of them peeping out of her prayer-book, where ſhe had been reading the pſalms appointed for the day. The good lady having adjuſted them to her noſe, went to the window with her letter ; and Edward's eye attentively watched every feature of her face. “ It is all over,” ſaid Mrs. Waldron. “ Dear Madam, what is all over ?” ſaid Edward : “ is Lady Cecilia dead ?” “ No,” ſaid Mrs. Waldron, “ or ſhe could hardly have written an account of it herſelf. In good truth, my young friend, I ſuſpect you were born among us, or you could not ſo quickly have acquired the art of bull making.” Edward bluſhed. “ Lord Rivers,” ſaid Mrs. Waldron, “ is no more ; and his poor father is in the deepeſt affliction. Lady Cecilia alſo is a ſincere mourner : yet her tears are not ſo wholly engroſſed but ſhe has ſome left for you, Mr. Evans : but theſe I hope we ſhall ſoon wipe away. Come, I ſee,”

ſaid

faid fhe, " your impatience. There, read the letter yourfelf. Her ladyfhip never had a thought that might not be proclaimed to all the world." Ned bowed his gratitude, and took the letter, which trembled in his hand as he read the following lines:

" Ravenfdale, October 14, 1785.

" MY DEAR MRS. WALDRON!

" WE have at length received the melancholy account of my dear brother's death. He departed this life on the fecond of this month at the Hot Wells of Briftol, worn to a fhadow, but fenfible to the laft. Though this iffue of his complaint had been long forefeen, yet I cannot exprefs to you the effect which the confirmation of the event has had upon my father. He has never been out of bed fince he heard of it; and I wifh to God he ever may! My poor brother George's death gave him a dreadful fhock; but this feems to have overthrown him altogether, and to have entirely undermined the pillars of his conftitution. We expect the body in the courfe of this week to be committed to the great ftorehoufe of its anceftors; and until this laft and melancholy duty is over, I cannot hope for any foftening of my dear father's anguifh. Ever fince George's death he has fpoken of Mr. Evans with increafed affection; but, alas! here too is another fource of forrow, and our tears are doomed to flow for every one to whom we are attached. No accounts as yet have reached us of this amiable and unfortunate young man, whofe lot makes me tremble whenever I think of it, and yet is for ever in my thoughts.

" Oh!

"Oh! my dear Mrs Waldron! how much do I regret your abfence at this time! It is cruel perhaps to invite you to the houfe of mourning; yet if you can ftand the fcene, there is no prefence could fo cheer the heart of your faithful and affectionate CECILIA RIVERS."

The ufual luftre of Edward's eyes was foftened with a dewy moifture as he returned the letter to Mrs. Waldron. "What anfwer, madam," faid he, "do you mean to give to this requeft of Lady Cecilia?" "Nay," faid fhe, "I have not thought yet. What would you have me do?" "It is better," faid he, "to go to the houfe of mourning than the houfe of feafting. I will fet out with you this hour." "What!" replied fhe, "in that jacket and trowfers?" "Yes," faid Edward, "and without a fhoe. I would go the whole way upon my knees if it would give her the leaft confolation." "Well," faid Mrs. Waldron, "then we will go together, but not to-day. You know you have promifed to obey me; and therefore I lay my injunction upon you not to think of quitting thefe premifes till I give you leave." "But when will you give me leave?" faid Edward. "When I am ready to go with you," replied Mrs. Waldron. "I fubmit then," faid he; "and can affure you that in fo doing I give you a much ftronger proof of my obedience than in refraining from the rocks; but the pleafure of pleafing you fhall be my reward; and there is only one greater I could receive on earth." "I know well what that is," faid Mrs. Waldron; "and I will venture to promife that you fhall receive it; and no words of mine fhall be wanting to exprefs how worthy I think you of it." "Now," faid Mr. Evans, "you do overpower me

me indeed. And great as was the first obligation I received from you, this which you now confer is still greater."

The heart of Mrs. Waldron now sought to vent itself in private of all those complicated feelings with which it was ready to overflow. Her impression of the near relationship in which she imagined she stood to Edward gained strength in her mind every hour; and her affection for him grew so intense, that, if she had discovered her grandson in any other person, she would have been disappointed. She anticipated the contending passions of joy and sorrow which she knew would arise in the bosom of Lady Cecilia when she restored to her, her beloved Edward; and pleased herself with the thoughts how doubly welcome that present would make her visit. Her first preparation for this intended journey was to procure a proper equipment for Edward, who indeed at present stood in need of every necessary; and therefore she ordered William to procure from the next market-town the best materials and artificers that it could furnish. Ned was somewhat surprised, when he came in from his walk, to find a levee of taylors, breeches-makers, shoemakers, &c. awaiting him. And poor David Morgan being now able to crawl about a little, and being equally destitute, he ordered him to be sent for, and they were both taken measure of for every article of dress. Ned ordered for himself a full suit of mourning, as also a regimental frock, with a complete equipment for the saddle, and (excepting the mourning) the same for David. A thousand thoughts arose in his imagination, and filled his breast alternately with hopes and fears—with doubts and with anxiety. If his expectations of Lady Cecilia were presumptuous before, they were now

more

more so by an hundred fold; for by her brother's death, she became the first heiress in the kingdom, and doubtless, would be sought for accordingly. On the contrary, he had a recent proof that he was still dear to her recollection, and that neither absence, nor the probability of his being never heard of again, had been able to banish him from her heart. Mrs. Waldron's last observation had been a cordial to his soul, and Time seemed to have lost his speed till the necessary arrangements for their journey were completed. In the mean time, however, he wrote a long letter to his father, giving him a full account of his adventures, and particularly of his present situation; and promising that, after he had paid his duty to Lord Ravensdale and his lovely daughter, from whose house he was not above seventy miles distant, he would go to Dublin, and from thence to Holyhead, where he anticipated the joy with which he would be received by his dear parents in that peaceful and sequestered residence, which, if possible, was still more endeared to him by the dangers and the difficulties he had surmounted during the three years he had been absent from it.

I will leave my readers to imagine with what joy the good parson and his amiable wife received this letter just as they were sitting down to their old and comfortable meal of a Welch rabbit and a tankard of ale before they went to bed. To bed indeed they went in due time, as usual; but sleep they had none; and the whole night they passed in alternate prayers and thanksgivings, talking about their dear boy, and calculating the hours and minutes till they might hope to see him. And now Edward received a letter from the agent of the regiment in Dublin, congratulating him on his return to Ireland, and acquainting him that

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the regiment was reduced, and he, of consequence, was on half-pay. He inclosed him a remittance of 50l. which he had ordered, and acquainted him that he had still upwards of 300l. in his hands, for which he would be ready to account whenever he chose to settle.

These comfortable tidings gave an air of fresh animation to Edward's countenance, sufficiently interesting and animated before; and the different tradesmen having brought home their orders, for which he paid them on the spot, he appeared once more habited as the Officer and the Gentleman, and (like Lothario, though of a very different character) armed for love or war, and able to conquer in either field.

CHAP. LVIII.

IN a few days Mrs. Waldron had made all her arrangements, and on Monday the 20th of October they set off together in a post-chaise from Glendemus. They went above five miles out of their road, to set down Miss Walker at her own house, and then proceeded for Limerick, which was about fifty miles of the journey, and where they intended to sleep the first night. David Morgan, who was now perfectly recovered attended on horseback, and every step they advanced dilated Edward's heart, from the consciousness of its drawing him nearer and nearer to the dear possessor of it. No unpleasing circumstance happened during the day; they arrived in safety at their inn, and the agreeable humour of Mrs Waldron was never at a loss for conversation. She drew indeed from Edward the relation of his whole life, and dwelt particularly on the earliest parts of it; but from his relation could discover nothing to strengthen the suspicion she had imbibed. He described his mother as still living, and likely long to do so—as well as his father, who had neither of them been ever out of Wales, except when his father had been at college; and that he was still an unbeneficed clergyman;—but thanks to the generosity of that truly noble earl whom they were now going to see, he had been able to add some comforts to the age of his parents, and was

himself, by the aid of the same benevolence, in a way to attain a station which was as much beyond his merits as his expectations. "If I may judge of your merits by what I have heard and seen," replied Mrs. Waldron, "I know of no station beyond them, and hardly any to which I do not suspect them to be entitled: but God will in his own due time bring all things to light; for "there is nothing hid that shall not "be revealed, nor covered that shall not be "known." Edward was an entire stranger to the cause of this remark, and at some loss to account for it, but did not think proper to press for an explanation. He replied only in general, that "the ways of Providence had been in respect to him wonderful; and that he should ever pay a cheerful and ready submission to them, whether favourable or severe."

It was one of those charming days which in this climate we often experience in October, when mellow Nature robes herself in her richest attire, set off by a golden lustre peculiar to the season, which the declining sun sheds on every object; when, on the second day of their journey, about three in the afternoon, the rich parks of Ravensdale, with their surrounding forests, and the silver windings of the Shannon appeared in view: from amidst the bosom of aged oaks, rose the summits of the noble mansion itself, whilst the calmness of the day, the deep silence of the woods, disturbed only by the rustling of some falling leaves, diffused a sober melancholy over the majestic prospect, perfectly in unison with the immediate occasion of their visit. Ned ordered the postillion to stop; they were now indeed on the very spot where he remembered to have stopped three years before to take his last look of Ravensdale, when he left it in

company

company with his dear friend Captain Rivers to embark for America, and where he offered up a mental prayer to be brought back to it again. On the ſame ſpot he now offered up a mental thankſgiving, yet chaſtened with the tender recollection of his departed friend, and of the recent melancholy breach which the family had experienced. A few ſoft ſorrows he on this occaſion borrowed from Love to pay to Friendſhip, and Love was not diſpleaſed; for Friendſhip is his next of kin, and deareſt of his relations. A peaſant now happening to appear in view, they enquired of him about the family at Ravenſdale. He informed them that the old lord took on greatly, on account of the young lord's death, whoſe body was arrived the evening before; but that Lady Cecilia was well. The name of Cecilia vibrated through the heart of Edward, and diſpelled all glooms, as the dawn of morning chaſes before it the ſhadows of night; and the poſtillion driving on, ſoon brought them to the door. A ſervant in deep mourning opened it, and Lady Cecilia, who heard the carriage coming up the avenue, and ſuppoſed it to be Mrs. Waldron, had come down to receive her. She had juſt entered the ſaloon as Mrs. Waldron, leaning on Edward's arm, met her. Her ladyſhip, amazed and delighted, ſaid, "Mr. Evans! is it poſſible?" and, overpowered with ſurpriſe, and the ſudden turn of her thoughts, would have fainted and fallen, had not Edward caught her in his arms. He himſelf was agitated to a degree, that prevented all utterance of ſpeech; he preſſed however Cecilia's hand to his boſom, where ſhe diſtinctly felt the pantings of his heart, with which her own kept time in faithful uniſon; both ready to burſt their habitations, to unite together. Mrs.

Waldron faw thefe mutual emotions with delight; and indeed they were too apparent to efcape the obfervations of the fervants; who, however, on their parts were not much lefs delighted to fee Ned return again in fafety; for it was impoffible for him to be known for any time, even by the humbleft menial, without being endeared to him. A few minutes however reftored both parties to fome degree of compofure, at leaft fufficient to enable them to walk into a drawing-room, and fit down. A flood of tears here came to the relief of Lady Cecilia, in which it was doubtful whether thofe of joy or forrow were moft abundant. At length her ladyfhip regained that fweet and ferene complacency, which was the habitual temperament of her foul. "Oh! Mr. Evans!" faid fhe, "you muft excufe the perturbation in which the joy of this unexpected meeting has thrown my fpirits; they have [illegible]ng been unufed to any pleafurable feelings, that [illegible] was not able to bear up againft the fudden tide [illegible]hich rufhed through its deferted channels. I have [illegible] thoufand queftions to afk you, but firft, I muft go [illegible] dear father, and announce your arr[illegible] event can give him pleafure in his prefent affliction, I know this will."—"My dear Lady Cecilia!" replied Ned, "ever fince I had firft the happinefs to be known to you, the honor of your friendfhip has been the fovereign cordial of my foul, and the pleafure which I feel after having efcaped fo many perils, to find myfelf again in your prefence, would perhaps be too intenfe, if it had not been damped by the affecting fituation in which your family at prefent is placed; and with whofe unfeigned forrows I beg leave to mix my own." A look of the fweeteft benignity, illumined perhaps a little by a ray of a

more

more exalted paſſion, beamed on Edward as ſhe paſſed him to go to her father: it kindled all the fires of his heart which, fanned by hope, burned brilliant, but did not conſume.

"I told you, Edward," ſaid Mrs. Waldron, when Lady Cecilia was gone, "that you ſhould get the reward you ſought." "Oh!" ſaid he, putting both her hands between his, "I am too happy. To your friendſhip I can confide my ſoul. I ſee her ladyſhip has not forgot me. I ſee I am ſtill dear to her, and the rapture of knowing it is almoſt too much for me to bear"— "Edward," ſaid ſhe, "you deſerve it all. She is a charming creature, to be ſure, yet I tell you you are not her inferior. You are worthy of her. Your hearts were formed for each other: they were created to be united, and the will of Heaven ſhall be done." Poor Edward, who had no conception of Mrs. Waldron's ſecret meaning, thought this ſpeech only a rhapſody, which her friendſhip for him had inſpired. It came, however from the bottom of her heart, and the full conviction of her mind, however inſcrutable the fact appeared. Lady Cecilia now re-entered the room. "My father," ſaid ſhe, "Mr. [illegible] has deſired me to offer you his m[illegible]tionate congratulations on your ſafe return to this houſe. No event that has happened to him for a long time has given him equal pleaſure. He has not been out of bed, only to have it made, for upwards of this fortnight paſt; but his impatience to ſee you is ſo great, that he has ordered a fire in the library, and is determined to riſe in the evening, to have the pleaſure of converſing with you. He deſires me to preſent his compliments to you alſo, Mrs. Waldron, and to thank you for this kind inſtance of your attention in coming here at this time."

time." "We are both under the higheſt obligations to his Lordſhip," ſaid Mrs. Waldron; "and ſhall be moſt happy if our company can conduce to his amuſement." In this ſentiment Edward ſincerely joined; and now Lady Cecilia, impatient to hear ſomething of Edward's adventures, deſired him to relate them. Contrary to the manner of moſt hiſtorians, he began with the concluſion of his tale, and related the manner of his ſhipwreck, and the interpoſing hand of Providence, which threw him under the protection of Mrs. Waldron. He acknowledged his having received her ladyſhip's letter at Charleſtown, which was a rich cordial to his ſpirits after the deſperate fatigues of his Indian expedition. He dwelt with a tender, yet a maſterly hand on the pathetic circumſtances of the death of her gallant brother; and here their tears flowed again in uniſon. Indeed the whole of his narrative commanded the deepeſt attention from both his hearers, till at laſt a ſervant announced dinner to [illegible]on the table. A temperate meal, which ha[illegible] the more merit as it was made in the midſt o[illegible] moſt refined delicacies, ſufficed theſe virtuou[illegible] which they made Edward waſh dow[illegible] glaſs of exquiſite wine, the richeſt vintage of [illegible]. But no pleaſures of the table were at any time much prized by him, ſave only as they contributed to bring friends together, and to promote the genial intercourſe of ſouls. The ſatisfaction of his heart at this moment aroſe from feelings which had no groſſneſs in them, and to which the higheſt delicacies of food could give no addition. In the evening after tea, Lord Ravenſdale's gentleman acquainted Mr. Evans, that his lordſhip wiſhed to ſee him in the library. There is perhaps no object more intereſting

ing to a contemplative mind than a great and good man in deep affliction: and of all the characters which the pen of any writer has ever drawn, the most instructive, and the most affecting, in my opinion, is that of Job. I will not compare Lord Ravensdale to this renowned sufferer; for certainly neither his patience, nor his virtue, would bear to be placed in any degree of competition; but his misfortunes touched the heart of Edward, and added to that veneration which he had for his high rank, his exalted character, and his just sense of the great obligations he supposed himself to be under to him. When he entered the room, his lordship attempted to rise; but Ned, seeing him too feeble, sprung forward, and, dropping upon one knee at his feet, took his hand, and kissed it. His lordship, overpowered with his effort to rise, and with the multitude of tender recollections which filled his soul, sunk back in his arm chair, and was some minutes before he could speak. At length he recovered his voice—"In the multitude of the sorrows which weigh down my soul, I know no circumstance, Mr. Evans, that could at this time have given me equal satisfaction as that which I now enjoy in seeing you here. The friend of my dear Son, in whose arms my gallant George breathed his last, exclusive of all former obligations, must ever be dear to me." A tremulous hesitation in his speech here stopped his lordship from proceeding; and Edward at that instant looking up, happened to cast his eye on a picture of Captain Rivers, exquisitely painted, which seemed to look from the canvas with an approving smile as it beheld Edward relating to his father the circumstances of his death. The effect was irresistibly affecting; and a heart much more callous than that of Edward could not fail to have been moved

moved by it. For the ſpace of near two hours he entertained Lord Ravenſdale with the recital of the moſt remarkable events which had befallen him; till his lordſhip at laſt, overpowered with the fatigue of ſitting up, and ſtill more with the agitation of his ſoul, gave him leave to retire, with aſſurances of an unalterable attachment of regard, friendſhip, and eſteem.

As he left Lord Ravenſdale's apartment, he met Lady Cecilia in the lobby, who aſked him if he would take a laſt look of her brother where he lay in ſtate. Edward complied. Her ladyſhip led him to the room which had formerly been [illegible] lordſhip's drawing-room, and which was now hung round with black. Having ordered the undertaker, who conſtantly watched the body, to withdraw, ſhe turned the key in the lock, and Edward and ſhe were left alone. On a raiſed platform, in the centre of the room, lay the body in its coffin, under a canopy of black velvet. It had been embalmed at Briſtol, and was to appearance as freſh as in the hour in which it had been ſeparated from the ſoul. Twelve wax candles of a very large ſize were burning round it. At the head lay the eſcutcheon of the family with the coronet; at the feet, a large marble urn, contained the heart and bowels of the deceaſed, embalmed, and which were to be depoſited in the vault with the body. The countenance ſeemed placid and aſleep. "Here," ſaid Lady Cecilia, "is what once was Lord Rivers." Edward wept. "I too could weep, my Edward!" ſaid Lady Cecilia, "but I viſit this awful object every day." "Oh! my Cecilia!" ſaid Edward; "when I behold this body, and reflect that all that ſtate and wealth it has loſt you have gained, my heart trembles at its preſumption when it aſks you can you ſtill think of your humble but faithful Edward?"

ward?" " My Edward! when I behold this body, my soul sickens at worldly pomp. Behold here the sad conclusion of all human greatness! The mind which has this object feelingly impressed upon it, despises wealth; and having food and raiment, may well learn to be therewith " content." " Sweet moralist!" said he, as he held her hand, while love sat trembling in his eyes: " and canst thou be content with Edward?—" Oh! my Edward!" said she, " Thou " knowest I can be content with thee. Thou " knowest my fond heart is all thy own. Give me thy love; and were I mistress of the Indies, they should be thine." " " Here then, in this awful presence, my Cecilia!" said Edward, " I devote my heart, my undivided heart, to thee. But why should I devote what is not mine to bestow? From the first hour I saw thee thou possessed it; and never, never, shall another share it." A holy kiss, in which their mutual souls hung on each other's lips, sealed this sacred promise; in which they both vowed to each other, that until the great change should happen, by which both should become like the awful spectacle before them, their hearts should know no other love. For some time they enjoyed the sweet raptures of this mutual declaration; and their eyes melting as they viewed each other, beamed unutterable love. At length Lady Cecilia first broke silence: " My Edward! (for from this hour I shall ever think you mine;) my Edward! let the solemn promise I have made you put your heart at rest, and remain contented with it for the present. Your Cecilia, while she lives, is yours; but the melancholy situation of my father prevents me at this time from avowing this sentiment. Alas! Edward, I behold him fast declining, and I would not do any thing that

 could

could add one arrow to the many which ſtick in his ſoul, no, not to purchaſe Heaven. Be patient, then, my Edward! and ſeek not your Cecilia's hand till ſhe can give it to you without a ſigh, without a ſingle reflection that can diminiſh the rapture with which ſhe would beſtow it." "Oh! Cecilia!" replied Evans, "you are too good, too virtuous, too wiſe for me, ever to diſpute your will. My tongue has no utterance that can expreſs the ſentiments with which my heart glows toward you. Let me then fold you to that heart, and ſwear by the faithful attachment it has for you, that I live but to love, to oblige, and to obey you." With theſe words he again preſſed her to his boſom, and their balmy lips breathed into each other the ſoul of love. Th[illegible]sed to [illegible] Waldron, who was all this time meditating alone in the parlour; and Lady Cecilia again entruſted to the undertaker the melancholy charge of her brother's remains.

CHAP. LIX.

THE next day was appointed for paying the laſt ſad duty to the deceaſed Lord Rivers; and as the rector of the pariſh of Ravenſdale was very old and infirm, and entirely unable to officiate, Doctor Burton, as the intimate friend of the family, took the duty upon himſelf. We have before mentioned the good opinion he had conceived of Edward, and how much he was intereſted in his future: it was with extreme pleaſure, therefore, as well as ſurpriſe, that he learned, on his arrival at Ravenſdale, that he was there before him. A very cordial interview took place between them, in which the Doctor preſſed Edward to let him ſee him at Burton Hall—a viſit which, indeed, Edward was very willing to make, but deferred at this time on account of the diſtreſſed ſtate of the family he was with. Lord Ravenſdale, who was unable to appear himſelf, had requeſted Edward to fulfil the duty of chief mourner, and to do the honours of the houſe—a taſk which he acquitted himſelf of to the perfect ſatisfaction of a very numerous aſſemblage of the principal gentlemen of the country, many of whom had never ſeen him before, but all of whom had heard the beginning of his hiſtory and wiſhed to improve their acquaintance with him, from the ſpecimen of politeneſs and attention which he this day exhibited before them. After the funeral

neral ceremony was over, they all returned to Ravensdale-house, and partook of a splendid entertainment suitable to the dignity of the living lord, and to his affection for the deceased; and in the evening the company departed, impressed with very favourable sentiments of the good sense, modesty, and politeness of Edward. It was remarked, that neither of the Mr. Nettlefields was there, though invited. An excuse came from Captain Nettlefield, that his father was ill; but as no word in it was addressed to Edward the real cause of their absence was imputed to a lurking envy and ungenerous hatred, which both their breasts were suspected of harbouring against that gallant young man. His heart, however, was clear of all resentment, and could not long retain ill will against any creature in the universe; according to the true observation of the poet,

> Forgiveness to the injur'd doth belong;
> They never pardon who have done the wrong.

When the sad duties of this day were over, and the tomb closed on the last of Lord Ravensdale's sons, the surviving branches of the family felt a heavy weight removed from them, excepting the venerable peer himself. The ruin of his house, as he called it, wrung him to the soul; and being always of a religious turn of mind, he sometimes expressed himself as if he was deserted of God. The piety of his mind, directed perhaps by the native generosity of his temper, induced him to seek the favour of his Creator by the exercise of that godlike virtue which in Scripture is said to cover a multitude of sins; and therefore a few days after the interment of Lord Rivers, he gave to Doctor Burton one

thousand

thoufand guineas, to be by him diftributed among fuch indigent families in the neighbourhood as he knew to be moft in need of it. If the bleffings of the poor could indeed at any time cure the diftemper either of the body or the foul, it is certain Lord Ravenfdale would never have felt any of them. But, alas! his diforder lay too deep; and his defpondency at times began to be truly alarming. There was no fociety which at thefe times feemed fo acceptable to him as Edward's. He felt a complacency in his prefence, which he could not account for: he often kept him for hours together in his room, talking to him of his dear fon George, hearing over and over again all the little anecdotes Edward could recollect about him; and not feldom reading his letters, in which frequent mention was made of Ned, in terms of the moft ardent friendfhip. Thefe melancholy interviews, though not quite fuited either to Edward's years or difpofition, yet he gladly indulged him in, happy in feeing his lordfhip fomewhat relieved by them, and knowing it was the moft acceptable fervice he could perform to Lady Cecilia. But as he had another duty to fulfil, which alfo lay near his heart, he did at laft, with her ladyfhip's confent, hint to Lord Ravenfdale the neceffity he was under of going to fee his father and mother, who knew that he had now been above a month in Europe, and who were extremely impatient to fee him. A vifible uneafinefs appeared on Lord Ravenfdale's countenance, when Edward mentioned going away; yet he admitted the neceffity of it. At the fame time he preffed him to return and fpend the Chriftmas: "for I know not how it is, my young friend, but I feel a comfort when you are with me that I do not experience on any other occafion." "My lord," replied Edward, "there is no circumftance can

give,

me equal joy to contributing to your comfort and consolation. And if your lordship will permit me to go for a few weeks to Wales, to pay my duty to my parents, I shall return (if God spares me) before Christmas, and pass the winter with you." This ready compliance cheered his countenance again; and the next day but one being fixed on for his departure, he went to acquaint Lady Cecilia with what had passed.

The candid confessions and mutual vows which had lately been made by each to the other, had removed from their young and amiable hearts, all the pains and anxieties of love, whilst the sweet hopes of that gentle passion blossomed there as in their native soil. Lady Cecilia, therefore approved of Edward's going to his father's, but enjoined him to remember his promise, and be speedy in his return. She told him also she expected to hear often from him, and promised that she would herself let him know all the material occurrences at Ravensdale, till she should have the happiness to seen him there again. Her ladyship and Mrs. Waldron being engaged this morning about some business between themselves, Ned took that opportunity of traversing some of his old walks, and particularly he wished to visit Doran's mother, who as yet he supposed had not heard of his arrival. He bent his steps therefore towards his door; and entering it somewhat abruptly, he found the old woman and her daughter by the fireside, but thought there was some confusion in the young one's countenance, and that just as he entered, he saw something red huddled behind the partition. His suspicion led him to young Nettlefield, for the girl was uncommonly beautiful; but as her mother was sitting by, perfectly composed, he could not think any thing improper had been

passing.

paſſing. He felt however a deſire to be ſatisfied, becauſe he had marked this old woman for an object of his bounty, and did not chooſe it ſhould be miſplaced. She aroſe as ſoon as he entered, and expreſſed her joy at ſeeing him again; but ſhe did not mention one word about her ſon.

Edward turning the converſation to the daughter, paid her ſome compliments on her good looks, and aſked her if ſhe had not got a ſweetheart yet? She bluſhed, and denied it.—"It is impoſſible," ſaid Edward, "if you are as good as you are fair, that ſo much comelineſs ſhould be overlooked." "What ſay you, dame! ſaid he to the mother.—"Indeed, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "I hope ſhe is good, and have no reaſon to think to the contrary, but as for a ſweetheart, I never ſaw one enter the houſe." "Take care, dame, what you ſay, I ſtrongly ſuſpect there is one in the houſe at this inſtant." A ruſtling was at this time heard behind the partition, and there came forward, not Captain Nettlefield, as Ned ſuſpected, but David Morgan, to Ned's infinite ſurpriſe, and indeed ſomewhat more to his ſatisfaction. "O ho!" ſays Edward, "is it you, David!"—"Yes! pleaſe your honour!" replied he, "it is I, indeed, but not in the character you ſuppoſed. It is but the ſecond time I have been in the houſe, and I came only to talk with the young woman and her mother about my old comrade her ſon, that, as your honour knows, is a brother warrior of your own, among the Indians."

"Well, David, this is a very good come-off, but why did you hide yourſelf?"—David looked a little awkard. "I do not know, pleaſe your honour. I was afraid ſeeing me here, your honour might ſuſpect ſomething and be angry,

but

but I declare both the girl and I am as innocent as the child unborn."——"I do not queſtion the girl," ſaid Edward, "but innocence need never hide itſelf; neither do I ſee any harm in a young man liking a handſome woman, provided his thoughts are honourable."——"God bleſs your honour!" ſaid David, "you know ſoldiers are always honourable."——"I know they ought to be ſo," ſaid Edward; "and that I will have no connections with any that are not ſo."——"You ſhall never have reaſon to complain of me for that," replied David, and, if Molly here has no objection, I declare before your honour, I will lay ſiege to her heart according to all the rules of honourable love.—Poor Molly bluſhed, and hung down her head. The old woman ſmiled, and Ned ſaw that the fortreſs would not be able to ſtand a long ſiege. "Your declaration is fair, David," ſaid he, "I ſhall be one of the neutral powers, but ſhall wiſh equally well to both."

The myſtery of the red coat was thus cleared up to his ſatisfaction. He comforted the old woman with the hopes that ſhe might again ſee her ſon, as he had himſelf left him but a few months before in good health; and with ſome good advice to Molly not to ſurrender but on honourable terms, took his leave.

After a little time David followed him, and got up with him juſt as he entered the grounds of Ravenſdale. Ned there renewed his injunctions to him, that if he valued his favour, not to deceive the girl. David aſſured him nothing was farther from his thoughts; that he thought her a charming girl, and that ſhe had an honeſt character, and that he thought if ſhe would take him, ſhe would make him happy. "There is no fear of her not taking you," ſaid Edward,

"only

"only be you faithful and kind to her when you get her. For a little time, however, your courtship will be interrupted; for I shall leave this for Dublin the day after to-morrow, and from thence shall go to Wales: but I intend, if it please God, to return before Christmas, and to spend the winter here."

David felt a little disconcerted that he was so soon to part with Molly; but the hopes of shortly seeing her again, and the pleasure of beholding his father and mother, and relating to his admiring friends his hair-breadth scapes, and hazards in the imminently deadly breach, revived his spirits, and set him on preparing for the journey with alacrity.

CHAP.

CHAP. LX.

SOME part of every day Mr. Evans fpent with Lord Ravenfdale, whether his lordfhip was able to rife or not. On that preceding his intended journey, his lordfhip fent for him up to his bed-chamber; he was exceedingly low, and much agitated by fome inward oppreffion of his mind, which Edward imputed to the fhock his nerves fuftained from the late deaths in his family. When he fpoke of his deceafed children, he wept much, yet took a pleafure in dwelling on the fubject. Edward, who was no bad preacher, drew fome arguments of confolation from religion; but here he found he touched upon a ftring which added to the fuffering of the unhappy peer, and, inftead of confolation, feemed to drive him to defpair.

This was a melancholy difcovery, fince of all mortal miferies religious defpondency is the greateft. He had the power, however, for the prefent, to foothe his anguifh, and to divert his mind from its gloomy contemplations. When he announced his departure for the next morning, his lordfhip faid he fent for him on that account, to remind him of his promife to return before Chriftmas, and to fpend the winter. "God knows," faid he, "whether I fhall live to fee you again. In that cafe, however, Mr. Evans, you will find I have not forgot you." Edward was embarraffed, but was going to make

make some reply, when Lord Ravensdale interrupted him:

"My dear friend!" said he, "I consider you as an adopted child. When my poor George died, he left you to me as a legacy. In this pocket-book," said he, drawing one from under his pillow, "is a small sum that was due to him, and which I was intending to send to him, when I received the melancholy news of his death. I desire you will receive it as his last acknowledgment for your tenderness and friendship in the hour of his extremity."

Edward was overpowered, and received the pocket-book with streaming eyes, and greater agitation than his lordship gave it.

"As for your journey," continued he, "when you reach Dublin, you will use my house as your own; and to carry you thither, there are a couple of most excellent hunters in the stable, which belonged to my poor son Rivers—I can have no use for them; and though that does not enhance the merit of a gift, yet it may be an inducement to you to accept of them."

To a generous mind there is no pleasure so great as that of conferring favours; and Lord Ravensdale's was so truly of this temper, that the satisfaction arising from it had a considerable effect upon his spirits, and for a while suspended that despondency which had so lately and so grievously attacked him. Edward would have expressed his gratitude, but his lordship would not suffer it. "Return soon to me," said he, "and I shall esteem that the greatest favour you can do me."

Edward bowed respectfully, and we may be sure renewed his promise, with full intention to keep it; and withdrew from his lordship to

confer with Lady Cecilia. Her ladyſhip was ſitting in her own dreſſing-room; he tapped at the door, and her ſweet voice deſiring him to come in, he related to her all that had paſſed. The ſmall red leather pocket-book he opened in her preſence, and found it contained five bank notes of one hundred pounds each.

When he mentioned the hint his lordſhip gave him of having provided for him in his will, "I am afraid," ſays he, "that will be robbing you, Cecilia."—"Never mind that, Edward," ſaid ſhe; "I ſhall contrive to make you give it me all back again."

"Dear Cecilia, what is there I would not give you?—Oh that I was an earl, and you a curate's daughter, that I might lay my coronet at your feet, and ſhew you how diſintereſtedly I love you." "I will give you all credit for the diſintereſtedneſs of your love, Edward;" replied ſhe, and really believe that if that was the caſe you would act as you ſay." "Yes! by Heavens would I!" ſaid Edward, "if I was heir to the crown; but, alas! I am heir to nothing, and all the obligation is on your ſide: yet I have this conſolation, that,

> True gratitude, by owing, owes not;
> But ſtands at once, indebted and diſcharged."

"True," ſaid Lady Cecilia, "and on that principle I will in due time give you a receipt in full. But, O Edward! you ſhock me with the account of my poor father: what is it that can affect his mind in the manner you mention?" "Nay, that," ſaid he, "I cannot tell: whatever affects the nerves generally affects the mind; and where the heart has been habituated to religious ſentiments, thoſe impreſſions

ſometimes

fometimes take a gloomy turn. But I truft that time, the great foftener of forrow, will apply his lenient balfam to your father's wounds; and as his nerves recover their tone, his defponden-cies will vanifh of courfe." "I truft they will. But, O Edward! I have feen fuch dreadful effects of fimilar imaginations, that I tremble only to think of what may be the iffue." "My dear Cecilia!" replied Edward, "if you tor-ment yourfelf with *may be's*, you will never have a happy hour while you live. I have no doubt but that I fhall fee your venerable father fenfible of the bleffings of Providence, and of the large portion of them which he may yet enjoy. It is a peculiar pleafure to me, that he feems to like to have me near him. I want not that inducement, my Cecilia! to haften my return to this happy feat; yet, it fhall haften me; and in the mean time I think it would be advifable for you to afk Doctor Burton to fpend fome time here; for his great erudition, his amiable manners, and his truly apoftolic zeal in the duty of his profeffion, point him out as the happieft refource you could apply to in a fituation like the prefent." "I have thought of it fome time, my Edward!" faid Lady Cecilia, "and you will not be an hour from the houfe, till I fend to him." "I fhall count the hours, till I return," replied Edward; "and I will venture to predict, that I fhall find you happier when I come back than when I leave you." "You may do that, indeed," faid Lady Cecilia, "and yet be no prophet: but come, Mrs. Waldron will wonder what is become of us." So down they marched together, and found the good lady in a vein of fuch high good humour, as fufficiently indicated fhe at leaft thought all was as it fhould be.

Edward

Edward now walked into the ſtable to view his new acquiſition, and to deliver the charge of them to David Morgan. The ſervants indeed had of late been ſo accuſtomed to receive all their orders from him, that they began already to conſider him as their future maſter, and whatever he deſired was implicitly obeyed. The horſes were noble animals, of a dark bay colour, and perfectly matches to each other, well trained for the field, and as the phraſe is, ſound in wind and limb. No preſent could have been more acceptable to Edward, who delighted in a horſe above all creatures who wore not the human face divine. He ordered them out into a park, that he might ſee their paces; when vaulting ſucceſſively on their backs, naked as they were, with only their halters round their necks, he put them to their ſpeed, and through all their exerciſes convinced them he would ſoon teach them to know their rider. Horſemanſhip indeed was an accompliſhment in which he particularly excelled; and when a boy he uſed to amuſe himſelf with helping David to dreſs old Blackbird, his father's only ſteed. To David then he now committed the charge of his two courſers, but comforted the old groom, who had hitherto attended them, and was ſorry to quit their care with a guinea. David loved a horſe little leſs than his maſter, and was as able, though not quite ſo graceful a rider: he received the charge with tranſport, as well as the orders to have them ready for their journey at an early hour the next morning. When the morning came, both Lady Cecilia and Mrs. Waldron had riſen long before their uſual hour, to provide breakfaſt for Edward, and to bid him adieu. Every parting was in ſome degree painful to all their hearts; but this

leſs

lefs fo than any they had yet experienced, from the expectation of fo foon meeting again, united to the fweet fenfations infpired by mutual love. They faw him to the door; they faw him mount into the faddle; and, with one foft adieu, and graceful motion of his hand, they faw him fhoot from them like an arrow out of a bow. A tear ftood trembling in Cecilia's eye, not unobferved by Mrs. Waldron: fhe foon however wiped it away; and though not cheerful through the day, fhe yet recovered her ufual ferenity.

Ravenfdale was about 76 miles from Dublin; yet fuch was the fleetnefs and the excellent mettle of his horfes that he reached Lord Ravenfdale's houfe in Merrion Square before it was quite dark. The houfe-keeper, who had been apprifed of his coming, had every thing in order for his reception, and offered him feveral delicacies for his fupper. He preferred, however, fome beef-fteaks and roafted potatoes; on which having feafted moft heartily, he found himfelf very well inclined for his bed. David was regaled in the kitchen with feveral of thofe dainties which Edward rejected, as alfo with a bottle of claret after them; for Mrs. Mulroony, exclufive of that general good-will which fhe always had for a handfome young fellow, had remembered David with affection from the laft time that he had been there, and kept him up till a very late hour relating to her the difafters of the American campaigns, and the heroic fhare which his mafter and poor Captain Rivers (not forgetting himfelf) had in them. The mention of Captain Rivers brought tears into the good woman's eyes, who lamented how there was now no fon, to inherit that fine eftate. "Oh! but," faid David, "there is Lady Cecilia; I

will

will warrant her ladyſhip will have ſons enough if ſhe gets the man ſhe has a mind to." Mrs. Mulroony now pricked up her ears; and Suſan the chamber-maid growing ſleepy, or perhaps thinking my lady houſe-keeper wiſhed her to do ſo, retired to bed, ſo that ſhe had full opportunity to ingratiate herſelf into poor David's confidence, and, with the help of another bumper or two, to get poſſeſſion of all the ſecrets he had, ſome of which ſhe no doubt found very intereſting. The reſult of this conference was her aſſuming a moſt profound reſpect for Edward, which ſhe thought on ſome future occaſion might be of uſe to her; and as David had rather overſlept himſelf in the morning, ſhe had got Suſan to apply to another young man, an acquaintance of hers, to dreſs the horſes, and have all things in order in the ſtables againſt Edward roſe, which ſhe knew he would do at an early hour.

Thus all things went ſmoothly on; and an excellent breakfaſt being ready in the parlour againſt he came down, Edward did juſtice to her ſolicitude, and thought himſelf much obliged to Mrs. Mulroony for her care and attention. After breakfaſt, he went out with the intention of calling on the agent of his regiment; but paſſing through Stephen's Green in his way, he met Mr. Grainger, who had ſo hoſpitably entertained him when Lord Rivers and he had been overturned in his neighbourhood. His little grandſon, a ſweet boy of about ſix years of age, was walking with him; they were both in deep mourning, which made Edward forbode the misfortune which really had happened, the death of that beautiful and amiable woman whom Nettlefield had ſo baſely injured. He immediately, however, went up and ſaluted Mr. Grainger, who at that inſtant did not recollect

him;

him; but, being reminded by Edward of the circumstance of the overturn, and his having passed a night with him in the country, was sincerely rejoiced to see him. "Alas! said he, "Mr. Evans, how short is the time since I had the pleasure to entertain you that night, and yet how many changes have happened in that short period! You and I alone remain of all who passed that night together." "I feared as much," said Edward, "when I saw you and my little friend Charles, whom I have not forgot, though he cannot remember me, in your present dress." "But how long have you been in Ireland, and what stay do you make in it?" said Mr. Grainger. Edward then gave him a brief history of his principal adventures, concluding, that he had only reached Dublin the evening before, and intended to go to Holyhead in the packet which was to sail that night; but that he expected to be back again in a month or six weeks. Mr. Grainger then took his promise, that on his return he would spend a day or two with him at his little lodge; and after a cordial shake of the hands, and a kiss of little Charles, they separated.

Edward proceeded to the agent, whom he found in his compting-house; with him he spent above an hour, and received from him the balance of his account in bills upon London, amounting to 336l. some odd shillings. He was also much pressed to stay dinner, but excused himself on account of his intention to sail in the evening. He returned therefore to Merrion-Square, and took a quiet meal alone.

Mrs. Mulroony and Mr. David had another very agreeable tête-à tête; and about nine at night, the horses being embarked, Edward took leave of Dublin, and set sail with fine weather and a fair wind for Holyhead.

CHAP. XLI.

TO one who has twice croſſed the Atlantic ocean, the paſſage between Dublin and Holyhead ſeems little more than a ferry, and was indeed performed by Ned with almoſt as little trouble as one often paſſes a moderate river; for very ſoon after he got on board he laid himſelf down in his birth, and gave full ſcope to thoſe pleaſing hopes which could not fail to riſe in his mind, whether he contemplated thoſe dear friends whom he was going to ſee, or thoſe whom he had lately left, and to whom he intended ſhortly to return. Theſe tranquillizing ideas ſoon ſoothed him into ſleep; from which he did not awake till David about eight in the morning came to tell him they were juſt going into the harbour. He was not long in jumping upon deck, and once more hailing the ſublime ſhores over which St. David preſides. He ſtaid no longer at the Head than to refreſh his horſes a little after their voyage, and then ſet forward to Gwindu, intending to breakfaſt with the good landlady there, Mrs. Knowles, whoſe houſe nobody will paſs who has once experienced the neatneſs, cheapneſs, and kindneſs of her entertainment. Poor Mrs. Knowles at the time when he arrived there was not able to move farther than from her bed to her eaſy chair, being confined by a ſevere fit of the rheumatiſm, to which ſhe was extremely ſubject; but when ſhe heard

heard of Edward being there, ſhe invited him into her room, and ordered his breakfaſt beſide herſelf, that ſhe might not loſe a minute of his company while he ſtaid; and indeed ſhe kept him near two hours, hearing his adventures, and entertaining him in her turn with the recent occurrences of the neighbourhood. At laſt he ſet forward again, and a little before two beheld the venerable brow of Penmanmawr, which overhung his father's dwelling. His heart beat with a quicker motion; a few minutes more brought him to the turning of the road, from whence, between two aged oaks, the humble, but neat and rural dwelling firſt preſents its unobtruſive front. This was the very ſpot in which he had taken his laſt lingering look of his dear mother, and in this very ſpot did the kind fates ordain that ſhe ſhould be at this inſtant walking, and leaning on the arm of her good and tender huſband: their backs indeed were turned, for they had been taking a little walk together, and were now returning home to dinner. They heard the trampling of the horſes—they ſtopped; they turned—they ſaw their long-loſt Edward, in all the bloom and vigour of health. The mother ſcreamed with joy. She ſnatched her hand from under her good man's arm, and ran towards her ſon. Ned jumped from his horſe,—"'Tis he! 'tis he! it is my Edward!" ſhe cried, as ſhe ſtrained him to her boſom; whilſt honeſt Evans, with more temperate but not leſs real ſatisfaction, firſt raiſed his eyes in gratitude to Heaven, and then embraced Edward in his turn. Joy ſoon communicated itſelf through the whole neighbourhood. Our honeſt curate now welcomed David h me again, whoſe father and mother alſo ſoon made their appearance and thought as much of their hero, and not

without reafon, as if they had been ever fo great. David did not think fo much of himfelf, however, as to forget the horfes. He and his father put them into the ftable, befide old Blackbird, who was ftill living, and did not feem to relifh the intrufion, but who grew better pleafed when he partook of the plentiful fare with which the two noble ftrangers were entertained.

Edward, with his mother leaning on his arm, now reached the houfe, into which the good curate followed; and now another kiffing and welcoming took place till Towler, Ned's favourite dog appeared. Twenty times did he courfe round him in circles, and jump upon his breaft and back, licking his face and hands, and fhewing no lefs faithful attachment than him whom Homer has immortalized in his Odyffey and who knew again his mafter Ulyffes after twenty years of abfence. At laft the perturbation of fudden joy fubfided, and gave place to that calm delight which beamed in the happy countenances of thefe three dear connexions, who now fat down together to regale on a leg of the curate's own mutton, fed on thofe flowery downs which are acknowledged to beftow the higheft flavour of any part of Britain. Evans and his wife could hardly eat a bit, fo completely were they filled with joy, and fo intently were their thoughts and eyes fixed on their fon; but Edward made a heavy ftroke in the little leg, and probably would have hid the whole of it, had he not remembered his fellow-traveller Morgan, who certainly was entitled to a fhare: to him therefore was configned what remained of it, with a bottle of the curate's beft ale; whilft one of excellent wine, long ftored for the prefent happy occafion, was brought out for Ned, who partook of it perhaps with more delight than he

had ever before received from any wine whatsoever. Soon after the cloth was taken away, a little boy in a white frock, with the countenance of a cherub, ftumped into the room, and immediately took poft by Mrs. Evans's knee: he fixed his eyes beaming with lively innocence upon Edward, who, naturally fond of all children whether he was acquainted with them or not, afked whofe he was? and was going to carefs him. His queftion was not immediately anfwered: when his recollection, which, however unaccountably, had been wandering before, immediately returned, and fuggefted to him how near an intereft he had in the little innocent, who had now gone to his knee. A tear, whether of contrition or affection I will not fay, trembled in his eye, and a blufh of the deepeft crimfon overfpread his countenance. His father enjoyed his confufion, which he confidered as a fign of grace, but did not let him remain too long under it. "Yes! Edward," faid he, "he is your child: his countenance will not let you deny him, for he is the image of what you were at his age. If you have finned in being the caufe of bringing this infant into the world, know that he has the greater claim upon your tendernefs; for you have robbed him of the right of an honourable birth. Repay then the injury you have done him, by a clofer attention; for, if you neglect him, your laft fin will be worfe than the firft."

Edward ftill embarraffed and abafhed, hardly had a word to fay. He took the little Edward from the ground, and placed him ftanding on his knee; then folding his arms about him, and preffing him to his heart, "When I defert thee, O my child! (faid he) then may Heaven defert me!"

Let

Let thoſe who are fathers condemn this ſentiment if they can. Edward was the child of nature, and therefore he loved his natural child. And ſurely the Almighty, if he had been ſo ſevere againſt his treſpaſs as ſome unfeeling bigots repreſented him, would not have formed the infant in one of his fineſt moulds; faſhioning his limbs in all the ſymmetry of juſt proportion, and lighting up in his eyes that radiancy of apprehenſion which marked the liveline ſs of that intelligence which reſided within.

The maid now coming in for this ſweet infant, relieved Edward from ſome part of his embarraſſment. When he aſked about the mother, Molly Price, his father informed him that ſhe had been married about a twelvemonth before to a young fellow a farmer's ſervant, and had lately lain-in, and had behaved herſelf well and decently ſince he had been away.

The remainder of the evening Ned ſpent in giving to his father and mother a particular and intereſting detail of all his moſt remarkable adventures; during the relation of which, one might trace all the paſſions alternately and ſtrongly expreſſed upon their countenances, according to the circumſtances of his narrative. His ſituation with Lady Cecilia was the only circumſtance he did not fully diſcloſe, deeming it a point of honour to keep that to himſelf until her ladyſhip ſhould think proper to avow it alſo.

And now the worthy parſon calling his little family around him, according to his invariable cuſtom, cloſed the evening with thankſgiving to Him who loveth mercy, and who had ſo lately diſpenſed it to him with liberal hand; and Edward once more preſſed that bed, the firſt on which he remembered ever to have ſlept, and

in

in which he this night experienced as soft and as undisturbed repose as health and innocence were ever blessed with.

In the morning Ned found himself quite at home, and began to betake himself to his old employments. His little round hat and switch, which his mother had so often contemplated in his absence, were still remaining; and with these, as usual, he paid his first visit to the stable.—There he found David Morgan equally delighted to resume his antient duties, and busily employed in rubbing down the two hunters, whose skins shone like a new piece of the most glossy sattin. Poor old Blackbird was standing in his usual corner; Ned patted him for old acquaintance sake, and promised him good food, and a writ of ease for his life.

Morgan reminded Edward of the many dangerous hours they had passed together, particularly that day when they were separated by the Indians in the woods of America, and how happy the present moment was in comparison.

"True!" said Edward, "but if we had never been from home, we could neither have been sensible of the happiness of our situation, nor yet have had the means equally to enjoy it." Morgan admitted this, but declared himself contented with the experiment he had made, and that nothing should induce him to take the field again. Ned did not absolutely make the same declaration, but I believe it was not very remote from his private determination.

The maid, with little Edward in her arms, now came to call Ned to breakfast. The child, smiling, stretched out his little hands to him. Ned took him in his arms (for nature would be obeyed), and, kissing him as he went, carried him into the house. After breakfast the good

curate

curate went into his garden, which it was his custom to cultivate with his own hands, assisted occasionally by hired labourers. In former times Edward used to spend many of his leisure hours in this useful and healthy exercise, and was happy to resume his labour this day, and assist his father to trench between his asparagus beds, and earth up his celery. Observing a sturdy boy at work, and asking about him, he learned that he was the son of the poor woman who had so hospitably entertained him when he was benighted after leaving the churlish Muckworm's, and that he was happy to repay that kindness by initiating this boy into the practice of gardening, and teaching him to read and write. "His mother has removed here to be in my neighbourhood," said he, "and I hope has not lost the reward of her hospitality."

"That journey was undertaken upon my account, said Edward; "and you must allow me to testify my gratitude also, or at least to assist you in shewing your own." Evans would have dissuaded him, assuring him that he was himself fully able to administer to their comforts; "for," says he, "you do not consider how rich I am through the bounty of the good Lord Ravensdale." "Neither do you consider," said Ned, "how rich I am through the same source. Look at this pocket-book," added he, "and count the contents, and know that they are every shilling at your command."

When Evans saw the eight hundred pound notes, he was indeed somewhat surprised, and perhaps not displeased, but positively refused to accept a farthing of it, advising Edward to turn it to some account, as it was too great a sum to lie idle. Ned gave into his hands six hundred pounds of it, to do with it as he thought fit, and

and kept the remainder as a fund for some benefits he meant to bestow, and to defray the extraordinary expences he might be at on his return to Ireland. And now being near the spot, where, on the morning of his departure, he had planted two suckers, one from a white, and the other from a purple lilac tree, with the fond though superstitious imagination of their being emblems of Cecilia and himself; he stole away from his father to take a secret look at them, where he had the satisfaction to find them still thriving, and so grown into one, for they had been twisted together, as to appear but one bush, which in the season bore a profusion of white and purple flowers. The circumstance, though in itself trifling, was yet pleasing, and raised a sensation of tender delight in his heart, softened by love, yet happy in the certain knowledge of that love being sincerely returned.

CHAP. LXII.

FOR feveral days Edward amufed himfelf with vifiting his old acquaintances, particularly Farmer Watkin, in the neighbourhood; and he prevailed with his father to take a ride over as far as Conway, to fee Doctor Jones, who was delighted to find him returned fafe to his own country, and to hear fuch good accounts of Lady Cecilia, for whom he entertained the moft affectionate refpect ever fince fhe had been his patient. It was on the evening of that day they had been at Conway, a little after dinner, the poft from Bangor founded his horn at Evans's gate, when Edward went out, and received a letter, which he knew to be her ladyfhip's hand: he retired with it to his own room, and there read to the following purport:

Ravenfdale, Nov. 6, 1783.

"MY DEAR EDWARD!

"I fit down to take my willing pen to inform you of the moft material occurrences which have happened here fince you left us, and hope this letter will find you fafe arrived and happy in the embraces of your good father and mother, who will ever be dear to my affections on their own account as well as yours. But when I tell you I take up my willing pen, I muft confefs to you

you, it is becaufe I always find a fecret pleafure in difclofing my heart to you, let its contents be what they may; and not that I have at this time any thing pleafing to communicate, for, oh! my Edward! my father's fituation chills me with horror, as I am fure it will you, when I tell you I fear his intellects are deranged. The very day you left us, I went up to his room, and found him exceeding low. He afked for you. I told him you were gone as you informed him the day before, and that you had defired me to prefent his lordfhip with your dutiful refpects—' Lordfhip!' faid he—' Lordfhip!—damned title!—and he gave a deep groan.—It harrowed up my foul, for it was the firft time in my life I had ever heard an impatient word pafs his lips, and I faw no occafion for it at the time—' Did he fay when he would return?' (faid he again, meaning you)—I faid you promifed to return before Chriftmas. ' I wifh he was come,' faid he: ' he would protect me from that fiend.'—' What fiend, my lord?' faid I.—' Call me not lord! That fiend that tears my foul—he never troubles me when Mr. Evans is near.' I thought it needlefs to make any reply, but furely I would have given the earth to have had you back again; yet what purpofe could it have anfwered? I fent immediately for Doctor Burton, as you had recommended to me. He was not at home, but he was fo good as to come the next day. I told him my apprehenfions. He was exceedingly fhocked, but promifed that he would not leave us for fome days. Laft night he took me afide—' My dear Lady Cecilia!' faid he, ' you muft not be alarmed. I hope your noble father will do well, for he feems already better; but he has taken an imagination into his head, which I fuppofe to be

entirely

entirely nervous, and the effect of the late misfortunes in his family, which, however, he has disclosed to me in such a collected manner, that for his peace, and yours, I am determined to make enquiry about it, and, if I find any reality in it, to search it to the bottom.'—'Good God, Doctor!' said I, 'what can it be?' 'It is of a very delicate nature,' said he; 'yet I think it proper to communicate it to you, that you may not be shocked with any imperfect hints of it that might drop from himself. His lordship has taken it into his head that he has usurped the title, and caused the infant son of the late Lord Rivers, his nephew to be murdered twenty three years ago.'—'Good God!' said I, 'it is impossible! My father is incapable, and has been all his life, of doing a base thing by any mortal—But murder!—it is madness.'—'Indeed, Lady Cecilia! I think so too. Nevertheless, he affirms that he has done it by the agency of one Laurence Flinn, who lived with the last Lord Rivers at the time, and who now keeps an inn in the county of Clare; and that he not only set him up in that inn, but pays him an annuity of one hundred pounds to this hour to keep the matter secret. I shall go,' said Doctor Burton, 'to-morrow morning to see if there be any such man as this Flinn, and, if there is, to probe this story to the bottom. Lord Ravensdale has desired me to do so, and seemed infinitely relieved when I promised to obey him.' My Edward! he has left us this morning; and though I have not the smallest conception of its being any thing else than a chimæra; yet I must lament the state of mind that could create such a horrible fancy, and wait with infinite anxiety the doctor's return. I am uneasy too, in a high degree, about Mrs. Waldron. She is the

grandmother

grandmother of this child; and if ſhe ſhould get any intimation of this ſtrange imagination, it would ſet her diſtracted alſo, or at leaſt make ſuch a noiſe in the country as I cannot think upon without horror.

"Amidſt all theſe diſturbing circumſtances, I thought I would give vent to my feelings, by diſcloſing them to you.—Is there a thought in my heart that I do not wiſh you to know?—No, my Edward! When I learn the whole truth, you ſhall know it all: and till then I remain

Your ever faithful and affectionate

CECILIA RIVERS."

The contents of this letter filled Edward with aſtoniſhment, and alſo with deep concern. His veneration for Lord Ravenſdale was almoſt as unbounded as his love for Cecilia; yet he did not flatter himſelf as ſhe did, that the whole was a mere chimæra, ſeeing Doctor Burton thought the circumſtances ſo clearly related, that he undertook a long journey to bring them to the light. Should they prove true according to Lord Ravenſdale's own confeſſion, the conſequences muſt be fatal, no leſs than bringing his head to the block; and what effect ſo horrible a cataſtrophe might have on poor Lady Cecilia, who, though innocent as an angel, muſt yet ſhare in the diſgrace, was ſuch as he trembled to think on, knowing her high ſenſe of honour, and the tender and dutiful affection ſhe bore towards her father. For ſome days theſe diſtracting thoughts deprived him both of ſleep and appetite, and greatly alarmed his father, to whom he could not impart the cauſe of them. He was alſo at a great loſs what to ſay to Lady Cecilia, the ſubject was ſo delicate; and he did

not

not, like her ladyſhip, flatter himſelf that the perturbations of Lord's Ravenſdale's conſcience were merely the imagination of a diſordered brain, ſeeing that on all other ſubjects he was perfectly collected and compoſed. To delay writing to her, however, was what neither his love nor his good manners would allow, and he therefore by that very poſt addreſſed to her the following lines:

"Tregwin, Nov. 11, 1783.

"DEAR LADY CECILIA!

"How impoſſible did I think it, that any letter which your ladyſhip ſhould do me the favour to write to me, ſhould ever be a cauſe of uneaſineſs or regret! yet I confeſs, that which I this day received has filled me with both. The extraordinary matters it diſcloſes are in the higheſt degree alarming, in whatever light I can view them; and though I think with you, it is impoſſible that your noble father could be guilty of what he apprehends, yet the collectedneſs of his mind on other matters ſeems to juſtify a fear that it cannot be altogether without ſome foundation. I wait with the utmoſt impatience to know the reſult of Doctor Burton's enquiries; and be they what they may, I am determined to ſhorten my ſtay here, and haſten back to Ireland, that in every poſſible exigency I may be near at hand to yield you all the comfort or aſſiſtance that the moſt devoted heart can give you. O my Cecilia! how often in ſome of thoſe tender meetings with which you have indulged me, how often have you wiſhed that you have been born in an humbler ſtation, and that even the mountains of Wales had ſheltered your cradle!

—Cheriſh

—Cherish the thought! and let those mountains hide in their deepest and most retired bosoms, two hearts which live but for each other, and which, when united, will find all their heaven within themselves. May God preserve you in every trial and grant a favourable developement of the mysterious circumstance you have related, and a happy meeting with your most sincere and faithfully devoted

EDWARD EVANS."

As soon as Edward had finished this letter, he ordered Morgan to saddle Brilliant, which was the name he had given to his favourite horse, and determined to ride himself to Bangor, to put it into the post-office with his own hands. He had not been gone an hour when a post-chaise drove to the door, in which was a gentleman alone, and seemingly a clergyman. Another chaise waited at the outer gate, in which was a man seemingly an old soldier, between two understrappers of the law. David Morgan happened to be out of the way when the carriage came to the door; and Mr. Evans was therefore obliged to go to receive the gentleman himself. This gentleman was Doctor Burton. Evans soon saw he was a clergyman of distinction, and of course asked him to alight. Doctor Burton introduced himself to the worthy curate with that ease which always accompanies men who have kept the best company, and asked if his friend Edward was at home? It was with great regret he heard he had gone to Bangor but an hour before; but as he was expected back perhaps to dinner, or at least in the evening, Doctor Burton accepted of Evans's pressing invitation to stay. He was then introduced to Mrs. Evans,

who

who offered him the refreſhment of a glaſs of wine; and the three perſons in the other chaiſe were invited into the kitchen. As Evans had been well acquainted with Doctor Burton's character by Edward, and his connection with the Ravenſdale's family, he began with making affectionate enquiries about Lady Cecilia, whoſe hoſt he had ſo long the honour to be; and alſo about the Earl, to whom he lay under ſo many obligations. Doctor Burton anſwered, in general terms that Lady Cecilia was well, but that his lordſhip, ever ſince the death of his laſt ſon, had been in a very melancholy ſituation." "Indeed, Mr. Evans," ſaid he, "it is in relation to a moſt extraordinary circumſtance concerning that nobleman, which I beg leave to communicate to your private ear, that I have taken the liberty to call upon you; and I muſt plead my acquaintance with your gallant ſon as my excuſe." Evans replied, that Doctor Burton could ſtand in need of no excuſe for honouring any perſon with his viſit. And Mrs. Evans now withdrawing, the doctor opened his buſineſs in the following terms:

"I have ſaid, Mr. Evans, that an extraordinary circumſtance relative to Lord Ravenſdale has induced me to call here this day; and indeed it is one ſo ſurpriſing, that no perſon who knew him ſo long and ſo intimately as I have done could have ſuppoſed it poſſible to have happened; yet the fact is indubitable, as you ſhall hear.—His lordſhip has always been eſteemed a nobleman of the moſt diſintereſted generoſity and unblemiſhed virtue; and, excepting in one inſtance, which the juſtice of Heaven ſeems to be now bringing to the light, he has really deſerved this character. But then—that one inſtance of frailty is a crime of ſuch enormous magnitude,

that

that a whole life of subsequent virtue cannot atone for it. You are perhaps already acquainted, that the last Lord Rivers, who was nephew to the earl we are speaking of, had married contrary to his father's inclination, who in consequence would never see him more; and had the further cruelty to withdraw the allowance suitable to his rank, which he had hitherto given him, leaving him to subsist, with his wife, on the pay of his commission, a captaincy of dragoons. His uncle, the present unfortunate earl, really did all in his power to reconcile his brother to his son, but without effect; and when that failed, he supported him himself with a handsome annuity, under certain stipulations of reimbursement when he should succeed to the estate. This event never happened. He died soon after, leaving his wife big with child, who lived only to be delivered of a son, and died also. Lady Rivers had a mother, who is still living, but unfortunately was in a distant part of the country at the time; and Colonel Rivers, as he was then called happening to be in the neighbourhood, a sudden thought (oh! that it could be blotted out of the registers of the Almighty!) occurred to him, that if the new-born infant could be any way disposed of, so as never to make his appearance in his real character, the injury would be nothing to the child, and the advantage gained to himself would be immense. He ventured to sound at a distance one Laurence Flinn, who had been servant to Lord Rivers, and whom, alas! he found too ready to come into his measures, for the consideration of a sum of money—considerable indeed to him, but little to give in exchange for his soul." "Alas!" said Evans, "what would either have gained, though they had got the

whole world?"—"Colonel Rivers returned to his own house; and soon after he was informed that the child had died at nurse; and the same account was transmitted to Mrs. Waldron, mother to Lady Rivers. Here the matter rested; and all the world supposed that the case was really so. When Lord Ravensdale died, Colonel Rivers, as next heir, assumed the title and estate; and has ever since maintained the most noble and irreproachable character that is any where to be met with. But the all-seeing eye of Providence discerned this deep-laid train of guilt, and has commissioned his great vice-gerent Conscience to bring it to light. Lord Ravensdale has really a deep sense of religion, and a thorough persuasion that there is no darkness nor shadow of death in which the workers of iniquity may hide themselves." "It is a true persuasion,," said Evans, "and a great pity he did not recollect it sooner." "Every person must lament it," said Doctor Burton. "But to proceed. The late grievous misfortunes in his family he considers, and perhaps justly, as the beginning of Almighty vengeance; and it was under this impression that he unburthened his conscience to me, by disclosing all that I have now related to you."

A person at this time wanting to speak to Mr. Evans, he was obliged to apologize to Doctor Burton, for quitting the room, but promised to be back in a few minutes; and we will avail ourselves, in this interval of the narrative, of the opportunity it gives us to reflect by ourselves upon the vanity of all worldly happiness, founded on the basis of worldly considerations.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIII.

THE worthy curate, whose curiosity (as we may suppose) was wound up to the very tiptoe of expectation, hastened to return to the parlour, and the good doctor resumed his narrative.—"I own to you, Mr. Evans," said he, "when his lordship, in the agonies of his soul, made this confession to me, I hardly knew how to believe my ears, and sometimes thought the whole was a mere chimæra of his own brain, formed by the influence of a strong nervous affection: but then he was so clear and connected in all the circumstances, and expressed such a deep and contrite sense of his transgression, that I determined, both for his peace and in pursuance of what I conceived to be my own duty, to search the matter to the bottom. The first step I took was to go to this Laurence Flinn, who I understood kept an inn, between sixty and seventy miles away from Ravensdale, in a remote part of the county Clare. I found this man at home; and taking him to a place where there could be no listeners, I told him I came to him through the special agency of God to enquire what he had done with the infant son of the late Lord Rivers.—It is impossible for any language to express the astonishment and confusion into which this abrupt and peremptory question threw him.—'Tell the truth' said I, 'and the whole truth, as you shall answer at the

the dreadful bar of God?'—The fellow was a Papist, and not a little burthened with superstition.—He fell on his knees, and after two or three crossings, begged I would not hang him. 'What have you done with the child?" said I: have you murdered him?' 'No; God forbid!' said he: 'he may be living yet, for aught I know:—I have neither seen nor heard of him these three-and-twenty years.' 'Oh! thou agent of Satan!' said I; 'what hast thou done with him?—Thinkest thou that I am ignorant of thy vile collusion with him who calls himself Lord Ravensdale?"—The wretch, trembling and pale as death, confessed, that seduced by the great offers which Lord Ravensdale, then Colonel Rivers, had made him, to put the child out of the way of being troublesome, he had prevailed with his wife, who nursed it, to say it died in a fit; and they actually got a fictitious infant buried as the child of Lord Rivers. In the mean time he gave the real child to one Michael Carrol, a soldier, whose wife was giving suck; and with the child he gave him twenty guineas to carry it to London to put it in the Foundling Hospital; and he told him it was the natural child of a gentlewoman who wished it to be concealed, and that it had been christened by the name of Edward. 'This, added the wretch, 'is all I know of the matter, as I shall answer at the day of judgment.' 'A dreadful day indeed it will be to you,' said I; "but where is your wife?' 'Dead!' said he, 'many years: she did not long survive the loss of the infant.' 'And what is become of this Michael Carrol?' said I: 'is he dead also?' 'No,' said he, 'I believe not: I know a few years ago he was living in Dublin, a soldier in the Old Man's Hospital.' 'Well!' said I, 'Mr. Flinn, you have a great

a great deal to anſwer for, more than all the Ravenſdale eſtate would make you amends for: but go directly to Lord Ravenſdale, who is lying under all the agonies of a guilty conſcience for his ſhare in this nefarious buſineſs;—go, and comfort him with the knowledge that there is at leaſt a poſſibility that the child may be yet alive, and that he may not, as he fears, have his blood to anſwer for.' I wrote a letter by him to the unhappy lord, and I did not quit his houſe till I ſaw him fairly ſet off upon his journey.—I ſet out myſelf immediately after for Dublin, and enquired for Carrol, whom I found living, as Flinn told me, in the Royal Hoſpital. I immediately got a warrant for apprehending him, and he was put under the cuſtody of two conſtables, and theſe three men are now in your kitchen!" "Well," ſaid Mr. Evans, "and what does Carrol ſay? What did he do with the little innocent?" "Carrol acknowledges the having received the child from Flinn, with the twenty guineas, and that he and his wife, who ſuckled it with her own infant, did leave Ireland with the intention to put the child into the Foundling Hoſpital at London, as had been agreed; that they came over in the packet to Holyhead for that purpoſe, and ſometimes walked, and ſometimes got a lift, as it happened: that in going through the village of St. Aſaph, it chanced to be a very warm day, and they were both greatly fatigued, when reſting themſelves under a hedge which encloſed a little garden, they ſaw a gentleman walking two or three times diſconſolately, and at laſt ſat down in an arbour that was at the end of it; he ſeemed to be a clergyman, and in ſome diſtreſs." [Here Evans ſeemed greatly agitated, and wept.] Doctor Burton continued: "Carrol and his wife thought this

a good

a good opportunity to get rid of their charge, and save all farther trouble and expence, by throwing the poor infant on the mercy of this gentleman. The woman, he says, took the infant, which was sleeping in her arms, and gave it to her husband, when she retired:—he took a small slip of paper, on which he wrote the name Edward with a pencil; and, being a Papist also, and as superstitious as you please, he made with a penknife the sign of the cross on the back of the infant's neck, to make it cry, and laid it down just at the back of the arbour, into which he saw the gentleman enter. He retired a few paces to watch what would ensue, when presently he saw that meek and charitable stranger come from the arbour to where the child was, and take him up in his arms. 'Whoever thou art,' said he, 'sweet innocent, thou art welcome; I accept thee as a present from God, and thou shalt be my child.' The words were so remarkable, he says, they yet sound in his ears; and immediately after the gentleman with the infant returned into the house." Evans, all whose tender passions were worked up to the highest pitch," could contain no longer; he burst into a flood of tears, to the surprise of Doctor Burton, and falling on his knees, cried out, "Gracious God, whose path is in the deep waters, and whose ways are past finding out, I humbly adore thy providence, and thank thee that thou hast made me an instrument of shewing forth thy mercies to mankind."—Rising he said, "Oh, Doctor Burton! I am the man—I was that afflicted clergyman who found that infant in the situation you mention; and Edward, my Edward whom you know, and whom Lord Ravensdale has so long entertained, is that infant himself." Doctor Burton's astonishment was now

now not lefs than Evan's, neither was his joy lefs than his aftonifhment. His joy would have been great wherever he had been able to difcover the child; but to find him in the amiable and accomplifhed Edward, who was already fo dear to all the family, was an unlooked for happinefs that feemed to be the peculiar boon of Providence himfelf. Evans now begged that Carrol, with his attendants, might be brought in: he there related the whole ftory again circumftantially with his own mouth. Evans went up ftairs, and returned with a fmall drawer of an efcritoir in his hand. "Here, Doctor Burton! here, Michael Carrol! here is a depofit which I have now kept by me thefe twenty-three years; here is the little frock in which I found my dear Edward, and here is the flip of paper with his name Edward written, which I found with it.—See, Carrol, do you know it?" Carrol croffed himfelf and faid he would know it in any part of the world.

The matter was now fufficiently clear; and Carrol being difmiffed, Mr. Evans faid, "Well do I remember, Doctor Burton, that morning, which I then thought fo unhappy, but which, by the relation you have now heard, has turned out fo fortunate. It was on the feventeenth of July, 1761, about eleven in the morning, a poor little infant, the only one I had, who had been born about a fortnight before, expired in his mother's arms: he had been ill about two days, with what the midwives call inward fits, and I was fitting by his mother's bed-fide when I faw him breathe his laft. We had loft a little girl fome years before, who had attained her feventh year, and thefe two were all the children we ever had. My wife's grief was inexpreffibly diftreffing to me when added to my own; and

when

when I saw the child was certainly gone, I went down, as you have heard related into the garden to get a little fresh air, and retired to that little arbour to shed my tears in secret. There the loss was instantly supplied in the surprising manner you have heard. It struck me at the time as if it was the Lord's doing, and I carried the little babe up in my arms to my wife. 'The Lord,' said I, 'hath taken away, and the Lord hath given; blessed be the name of the Lord!' my wife was amazed; but being naturally fond of children, she accepted the present and put it to her breast: the child sucked heartily, and looked like a little angel. She saw blood upon its frock; the stain of which you may see still remaining: we then stripped the babe, and found it proceeded from the mark of the cross, which, as Carrol, said, he had cut in the back of its neck. The child was a lovely infant, apparently about two months old, in high health and vigour, and soon found the way to endear itself to my wife, and, I may add, to myself; so that if he had been ten times our child we could not have loved him better. From that hour to this we have had nothing with him but pleasure; and surely it is needless to tell you, that a more beautiful figure or a more virtuous mind can hardly meet in man. He himself knows nothing of his destination. He believes himself to be our child, but I will venture to engage that he will fill the high station to which he is entitled with as much grace and dignity, as he has the humble one to which he has been accustomed with cheerfulness and contentment.'

"I know enough of him," said Doctor Burton, "to vouch for all you say, and to assure you that I think it the greatest blessing that could have befallen him, that, unknowing of his rank,

rank, he has been educated under your care." Mrs. Evans now came into the room; ſhe had got ſome intimation of the diſcovery from the people in the kitchen, and her huſband and Doctor Burton explained it to her fully. "But how," ſaid ſhe to Doctor Burton, "did you not meet Edward (for I muſt ſtill call him ſo) by the way? did you not come from Bangor? "No," ſaid the doctor, "I came from Conway. We had been at St. Aſaph, expecting that Carrol would have brought us to the very gentleman, or at leaſt the houſe, where he had depoſited the infant. He did indeed bring us to the houſe, but no perſon there could give us any information about the matter: however, upon enquiry, an elderly woman who kept a ſhop told us, that at that time we mentioned, the houſe was inhabited by you, and that poſſibly you might give us information about any matter of conſequence we might deſire to know. It was alſo my intention to call here in my way back, for, as I ſailed from Dublin to Parkgate, it was not in my power to do it before; but no circumſtance could give me equal ſatisfaction with finding in this houſe the end of all my enquiries in the perſon of that amiable youth you have hitherto called your ſon, and who will always honour and reſpect you both as if you were indeed his parents." This converſation had hardly ended, when Edward himſelf arrived. He had rode hard from Bangor, and the air and exerciſe had contributed to enliven his ſpirits, and recall the animated glow of health and cheerfulneſs to his countenance, which Lady Cecilia's intelligence had ſomewhat abated. When Morgan told him Doctor Burton was in the parlour, and had ſome great news to diſcloſe

to him, he flew like lightning to the houſe, impatient to be informed of his dear Cecilia, and not dreaming that he himſelf was the object of the intelligence. When he entered the room he immediately advanced to his reverend and reſpected friend, who ſaw in his open countenance and beaming eye the ſincerity of that pleaſure with which he took him by the hand and welcomed him to the humble hoſpitality of Ti-gwin.

It was agreed between Evans and Doctor Burton not to mention any thing to Edward of his exaltation, till after dinner. His enquiries therefore about Lord Ravenſdale and Lady Cecilia were anſwered in general terms; by which, however, he had the ſatisfaction to be informed that her ladyſhip was in perfect health, and that ſome events had taken place which were likely to reſtore his lordſhip too—an intelligence in which Ned expreſſed the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction, and which enabled him to play his part at the neat and plentiful meal which the good Mrs. Evans now uſhered in, with all his accuſtomed appetite and cheerfulneſs.

CHAP. LXIV.

AFTER the cloth was removed, and a glass or two of excellent old Oporto had gone round, the conversation about lord Ravensdale was renewed, and Edward expressed much anxiety on his account; particularly as he acknowledged to have heard from Lady Cecilia that the state of his mind was highly alarming. "Pray, Doctor Burton," added he, "can you give me any new information upon that subject?"—"I can assure you," replied the doctor, "that Lord Ravensdale is at this time in perfect health, both of mind and body."—"God bless me! said Edward, "you surprise me. How is that possible, doctor? It was but within these few days I received a letter from Lady Cecilia, assuring me the very contrary, and that you had left Ravensdale house on some important business relative to his illness, of which, however, I am ignorant. How then can you tell me that his lordship is in perfect health?—"All this is very true," replied the doctor; "yet I still solemnly vouch for the fact. Lady Cecilia does not know Lord Ravensdale as well I do—nay, she was not with him at the time she wrote that letter."—"My good doctor!" said Ned. "if his lordship's complaint has any thing of phrensy in it, I am afraid he has bit you in some of your com-

communications together, and has infected you with his dieafe."—" No!" faid he; " I appeal to my venerable friends here, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, if I am not perfectly correct, for his lordfhip is in this houfe at this inftant."—" Oh! where?" faid Edward, and he looked at the worthy curate for an anfwer. Doctor Burton rofe, and with a benignant, but yet ferious afpect, faid, " Thou art the man." " Yes truly," faid Mr. Evans; " My Edward, your real name and defignation is Edward Rivers, Earl of Ravenfdale."

Mrs. Evans rofe, and folded him to her bofom, and faid, " We do not jeft or deceive you, my Edward! I am not your mother, though I have a mother's affection to you; you loft your mother the day you were born: you are really whom we tell you, the true Earl of Ravenfdale."

Edward was for a few moments thoughtful and filent. He faw both Mr. and Mrs. Evans in tears, yet tears that did not feem to flow from forrow, but from tendernefs and fatisfaction. " My father!" faid he, " my mother! for I know you by no other names, nor ever fhall forego the bleffings I have received from that dear connection; I look to you and to Doctor Burton here, for the explanation of this ftrange myftery, which if true, however advantageous it may be to me in a worldly view, will hardly compenfate to me the regret with which I am informed that I am not your fon."

" My Edward!" faid Evans, " for I muft ftill call you fo, do you recollect the morning that I parted with you at Holyhead, when you firft went to join your regiment?"—" Yes," faid Edward, " perfectly; I never can forget

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it,—I remember well, that just before I went down to the shore to embark, you took me by the hand and told me you had something to reveal to me, which might some time or other be of consequence to me, but at that time could be of none and therefore you suppressed it. And I also well remember, my father, the present that you made me immediately after, and the promise which I gave you relating to it, and which I trust I ever shall perform."

"Well," said Mr. Evans, "the circumstance which I intended to reveal to you, was, that you were not my son—but as I at that time did not know to whom you were indebted for existence, nor ever indeed till this day, that the providence of God has so wonderfully brought it to light, had any information on the subject, I thought to acquaint you with the circumstance would at that time have served only to afflict you, and therefore I suppressed it. But now I have to give you joy of it with the most heart-felt satisfaction, as the fact is indubitable, and all the circumstances which led to the discovery, such as singularly point out the all-directing finger of Providence, whose eyes are on the ways of men, and who spieth out all their goings."

Mr. Evans now gave Edward a minute detail of all those circumstances relative to his first finding him, with which the reader is already acquainted; and Doctor Burton related Lord Ravensdale's contrition and agony of mind, and the active part which he himself took in searching out the matter to the bottom, which was now elucidated beyond all doubt, and for the happy issue of which he sincerely added his congratulations; "and I trust," added he, "that your lordship will long live to enjoy your here-

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ditary honours and great eftates, fo as even to furpafs the illuftrious anceftors from whom you are defcended." "Gentlemen!" faid Edward, "the circumftances you have related are fo extraordinary, that if I had heard them from any lefs authority I could not have given credit to them: and even now, cannot help finding myfelf very highly embarraffed by them. I befeech you, therefore, not to call me by any title which I have not been accuftomed to bear, and which I certainly cannot believe I have any right to, unlefs it is recognifed by the legiflature of the kingdom. My father," faid he, turning to the good curate, whofe eyes were gliftening in tears, "let me be your Edward ftill, and not lofe the endearing appellation of your fon (to me the moft grateful title I fhall ever bear) until there fhall be a neceffity for doing fo." "My Edward!" faid Evans, "you will be ever dear to me, by whatever title you are called; nor can the fplendour of rank add any thing to the affection which I felt for you when all your poffeffions were a linen frock. If you take a pleafure in ftill calling me your father, furely I muft have both pride and pleafure in calling you my fon." "Such," replied Edward, "I am, and fuch I ever defire to remain. The father to whom I owe my being I never faw, and the unfortunate mother who brought me into the world, only beheld me, and loft fight of me for ever. Here is the mother (taking Mrs. Evans by the hand) on whofe breaft I hung, the firft face I ever beheld with attachment. Here is the father (taking Evans in his other hand), who, owing me no duty, fulfilled all the moft tender parent could perform. To my natural parents I indeed owe my body, who, however, never had it in their power to beftow a fingle

comfort

comfort. To you I owe my mind. You formed my heart; nay, you alſo cheriſhed that body which I received from others, and which, but for your care, would never have attained the ſtrength or ſtature of a man. To you then am I juſtly indebted for both; and every faculty of my body and mind, ſhall be exerted to repay the immenſe debt of duty, love, and gratitude which I owe you." Edward, who was ſtill holding both their hands, with theſe words raiſed them to his lips, and, impreſſing upon them alternately the warm kiſs of true affection, returned to his ſeat. The graceful manner in which the noble youth expreſſed theſe endearing ſentiments, and calm tranquillity with which he received the ſudden intelligence of his great and unexpected elevation, confirmed Doctor Burton in the high opinion he had before formed, both of his virtue and his underſtanding, and raiſed in him the moſt juſtifiable expectations that he would be an honour and a bleſſing to the country that was going to claim him. Evans and his wife were melted into the ſofteſt tenderneſs by the affectionate ſweetneſs of his behaviour; and they were all in danger of growing too ſerious, had not Edward filled a bumper to the health and perfect recovery of peace and happineſs of the old Earl, whom he declared, that next to Evans, he loved and revered of all men living. This was followed by another bumper to Lady Cecilia; and the glaſs beginning to circulate again freely, carried round with it mirth, freedom, and good humour. They continued their hilarity as long as they could within the bounds of that perfect temperance which neither Evans nor Doctor Burton ever tranſgreſſed; and as ſoon as the glaſſes were taken away,

Edward

Edward went out to look after Brilliant and Belifarius, his two hunters, for whom he had conceived a very warm affection, and did not think them unworthy of being fometimes rubbed down even by an earl. He was actually amufing himfelf with this employment when David Morgan entered the ftable, Edward perceived an unufual fhynefs in David, who ftood at a diftance with his hat off, and neither faid nor did any thing. " What's the matter with you, David?" faid he: " have you got any bad news from Moll Doran?" " No, God blefs your honour! but I hear your honour is a lord." " Well, and are you afraid of a lord? or are you forry, if I fhould be one?" " No, pleafe your lordfhip! but I did not know as how whether your lordfhip would choofe to fpeak to fuch a poor man as I." " Is that the way you would ferve your old friends, David, if you too fhould turn out to be a lord?" " Lord help me!" faid David, " how could I be a lord?" " Nay, I do not know," faid Edward; " I am fure I thought as little of being one two hours ago. But know this, David, that whether I be a lord or not, I never fhall forget that I am a man, nor be unmindful of thofe who have affifted and fhared with me in the diftreffes which man is liable to." " Now, God blefs your lordfhip! for I wifh your lordfhip was a king." " I fuppofe you think that would be better for you." " I fhould hope fo," faid David. " Indeed, David, it is a great doubt whether it would or not; but I have no doubt but that it would be much worfe for myfelf; nor do I believe, David, that I can be happier in any ftation, or under any name, than I have been under that of Edward

Evans,

Evans, by which name I defire you will continue to call me until I tell you I am entitled to the other." "Why, and are you not then a lord?" faid David. "I am told fo, I confefs, faid Edward; "but I do not know it; and till I do, I fhall content myfelf with the name I have always borne, and which I never wifh to change: and fo, David, finifh the horfes, and prepare for a vifit to Moll Doran, for I think we fhall foon be for Ireland again." Ned then returned to the houfe; and David wondered at the indifference with which he treated his title and 16000l. a year. If I had got (thought he) but the fixteen-hundredth part of it, it would have put me out of my fenfes—furely mafter has a foul that cannot be changed either by the happinefs or the mifery of this world.

When Edward returned to the parlour, Doctor Burton and Mr. Evans were ftill talking of the train of wonderful incidents which led to the interefting difcovery they had made: in which nothing appeared more extraordinary, nor more clearly manifefted the interference of a particular providence, than that when Ned had fuffered fhipwreck, and been faved almoft by miracle, he fhould have been carried to the houfe of the neareft connexion he had in the world, and fheltered in the bofom of one who did not know fhe was giving protection to the child of her daughter. "Are you certain, Doctor Burton," faid Edward, "that Mrs. Waldron did not know or fufpect that I was in any way related to her?" "I believe not," replied the Doctor; "I left her at Raventdale, and never heard of her ever having intimated any thing of the kind." "I cannot be certain either." faid Edward; "but fhe has

ſeveral times expreſſed herſelf to me in terms ſomewhat enigmatical, which, I confeſs, at the time they were ſpoken, I did not entirely comprehend, but which led me to imagine that by ſome means or other ſhe had information that I was her grandſon." "This is truly extraordinary," ſaid Dr. Burton, "for I cannot conceive by what means ſhe could have any ſuch information, unleſs it were by ſome divine communication." "That I cannot pretend to ſay," replied Edward, "neither can I believe that Heaven in theſe days diſpenſes miraculous communications, eſpecially where the object does not juſtify the interference; but certain it is that ſhe has more than once made uſe of ſentiments and expreſſions to me, when alone, that now convince me that ſhe has had ſome knowledge of the matter, though I cannot form any idea by what means ſhe attained it." "This will be a very intereſting enquiry," ſaid the Doctor, "which I ſhall not fail to make as ſoon as I have the pleaſure to ſee Mrs. Waldron again." "I agree with Edward," ſaid Mr. Evans, "that communications ſtrictly miraculous are never now indulged by Heaven to mankind for any purpoſe whatſoever, and far leſs for one merely ſecular and private: but to a being who has all the events that can poſſibly happen in the univerſe abſolutely in his power, and at the ſame time who poſſeſſes the moſt perfect knowledge of every thought of every heart that ever was or ever will be—I cannot conceive it difficult for ſuch a being ſo to direct the ordinary occurrences of things, as to ſuggeſt what ideas he pleaſes to the mind, and this, ſtrictly ſpeaking without any miraculous interference: and ſomething of this ſort may have happened

happened to Mrs. Waldron; but as you fay, Doctor, it is an enquiry that to us, at leaft, muft be highly interefting."

The tea-equipage being now introduced, put an end to this difquifition. Ned, as ufual, handed the kettle and the bread and butter. After tea the Doctor and the good Curate took a bit at back gammon, and Edward fought in his own room a fhort retirement to reflect on the furprifing change in his fituation.

CHAP. LXV.

THOUGH Edward had betrayed no visible emotion on being made acquainted with his great elevation, we are not to suppose that he was indifferent about it, or by any means insensible to the many advantages of high birth and a great fortune. He must of necessity then have felt a very considerable degree of internal complacency and satisfaction in the intelligence which had that day been communicated to him; but the circumstance in it which he contemplated with the greatest delight, was the situation it placed him in with respect to Lady Cecilia, on whom he could now confer a higher title than that which she had been accustomed to enjoy; and instead of receiving from her disinterested love the possession of a great estate, he could manifest the sincerity of his own, by laying that very estate at her feet. These were the contemplations which filled his heart with sensations of the purest and most lively joy, and which he was indulging alone with all the secrecy of silent rapture; when his meditations were suddenly disturbed by the noise of a carriage and horses driving to the door. Mr. and Mrs. Evans were surprised who this new visitor could be; and Edward went to see: he met a

lady

lady juſt alighting from the chaiſe, whom, as it was night, he did not immediately diſcover; but whom, as ſoon as ſhe approached the parlour, he found to be Mrs. Waldron herſelf; it was in the ſame moment ſhe firſt diſcovered that it was Edward who conducted her. She turned inſtantly to him before ſhe ſpoke to any other of the company. Oh! Edward!" ſaid ſhe, "my ſon! my ſon! my Ravenſdale! thou precious remains of my dear Lætitia! let me fold thee to my boſom." "My mother! my benefactreſs!" replied Edward, "it is but this day that I have diſcovered the tender relationſhip in which I ſtand towards you." After a mutual embrace, which nature demanded without any regard to the forms of ceremony, Edward continued. "Here, Madam, is the only mother whom till this day I have ever known; here are the parents who foſtered my helpleſs infancy, and reared me up to the ſtate of manhood in which you now ſee me."

Mrs. Waldron could not behold the nurturers of her grandſon without the tendereſt emotions; ſhe thanked them over and over again with tears of gratitude, and bleſſed God, who, by reſtoring Edward to his long loſt rights, would enable him to repay their piety and affection. She now ſaluted Doctor Burton, whom ſhe always revered, and, whom ſhe was particularly rejoiced to find there; and being ſomewhat overpowered with the variety, and the greatneſs of her emotions, ſhe ſat down.—Mrs. Evans ordered back the tea-things, and would not permit Edward to fatigue Mrs. Waldron with anſwering his enquiries until ſhe had taken ſome refreſhment. "You know," ſaid ſhe, "you have been accuſtomed to obey me,

and

and I will not give up my authority the firſt moment that another puts in their claim to it." "My dear mother!" ſaid Edward, taking her by the hand, "your authority ſhall not loſe its weight with me while I live. I cannot expreſs the joy my heart conceives in ſeeing the two to whom I am moſt indebted upon earth, now ſitting together for the firſt time." "My Ravenſdale!" ſaid Mrs. Waldron, "for I can aſſure you, Edward, that title belongs to you, my joy in this meeting is not inferior to your own; for I muſt ever feel myſelf bound by ties of unutterable gratitude to thoſe who have ſuſtained my child for three-and-twenty years, and now reſtore him to me, every thing my heart could wiſh." The tea now again made its appearance, and Edward reſumed his aſſiſtance, whilſt the two ladies viewed him with eyes of equal tranſport and affection.

When this ſecond tea-drinking was over, Ned ventured to reſume his enquiries about Lady Cecilia and Lord Ravenſdale.

"Cecilia," ſaid Mrs. Waldron, "is well but as for Lord Ravenſdale, you muſt no longer give that title to the hoary hypocrite who has uſurped it—that title, Edward, is your own, and God be thanked that I have lived to ſee his juſtice manifeſtly diſplayed in reſtoring it to you." "That the title will be mine, my mother, I cannot doubt, after all that I have heard; but if you regard my feelings, I beſeech you not to call me by it, until it is recognized by parliament, and far leſs to reflect on that venerable character, for whom I muſt ever retain the moſt heartfelt gratitude and affection; who was a noble friend and benefactor to me when I ſtood in need of both; and who, if he erred in

aſſuming

affuming the title, has made ample amends by the open and candid manner in which I underftand he difclaims it."——"Why yes, Edward, he does indeed difclaim it; and I can tell you he is prepared to acknowledge you as the true poffeffor of it."——"How did that happen?" faid Edward; "it is but this day that we have known it here ourfelves."——"To tell you the truth, my Edward, I did fufpect it from the firft day I faw you at Glendemus: and though I could not account for it, I did communicate my fufpicions to Mifs Walker, and in fome meafure even to yourfelf."

"Yes, my mother!" faid Edward, "I did indeed take notice of fome expreffions which feemed to cover fome myfterious meaning which I did not comprehend, and which you did not think proper to reveal; and it was but this evening that I was mentioning them to the prefent company; and I am fure you will gratify both them and me extremely if you will explain the caufe of your furmife."

"Until the day I faw you, Edward," faid Mrs. Waldron, "I always conceived the ftory fo artfully obtruded on the world of my grandchild's death to be a genuine truth; and I felt myfelf, as I conceived, infinitely indebted to what I thought a noble generofity, which conferred upon me a penfion after my poor Lætitia's death, which had been fettled upon her: but now I find all this generofity was a bribe to Heaven to cover the moft atrocious iniquity, which, however, the juftice and the purity of Heaven would no longer conceal. The firft day I had the pleafure of feeing you at my houfe (Oh! may that day be bleffed! and bleffed be the Power who faved you from the boifterous

element,

element, to put you under my protection!)—the first day, my Edward, that I saw you, recovered from your fatigue, and shining with manly grace, though disfigured in a jacket and trowsers, that day I was struck with the surprising resemblance which I thought I beheld in you to my poor deceased daughter Rivers. You chanced to take up a guitar which once had been hers, and sang a Scotch air, which you accompanied on the instrument. It had been a favourite air with her; and allowing for the difference between a man's voice and a woman's, there were so many turns which strongly reminded me of her, that here again I was impressed even to astonishment. I know not whether there are any secret instincts of nature, which by some inexplicable sympathy can draw the affections of a parent to an unknown child; but I am sure I felt something like this, and conceived a tenderness for you, which I never felt for any other being, except my daughter. I was no stranger to the gallant services you performed for her whom we used to call Lady Cecilia Rivers—to your passion for that amiable girl, nor to the unbounded and disinterested love with which she repays it. Her brother dies; and then I thought you likely to succeed to all that property by your union with her, which had my grandchild lived, would have been his of right. Surely, thought I, he is my child, and God, in his own way and time, is restoring him to his inheritance. This was an abiding impression on my mind, which I neither could, nor indeed desired to get rid of; but the matter was of so delicate a nature, and involved in it so many important consequences, that until I had more conviction, I though it imprudent to say any thing upon the

the ſubject. I determined, however, in my own mind, to take a journey to this place, to enquire from my new and ever to be valued friends, if you were indeed their ſon. Whilſt this was in my thoughts, the ſtings of conſcience diſcloſed to my reverend friend here, Doctor Burton, that ſecret iniquity which it could no longer bear, and the circumſtances of which I firſt learned from the vile agent in the buſineſs, Laurence Flinn. This was farther confirmed by the letter which Doctor Burton wrote from Dublin immediately upon finding out Michael Carroll; relating the circumſtance of the child's having been dropped with a clergyman in Wales, and his intention of immediately going thither to enquire about it. This poor Cecilia in the candour of her heart confeſſed to me; and never were my ears bleſſed with ſuch joyful ſounds, for then the whole myſtery was unravelled, and I in my turn acknowledged to her the ſuſpicions I had for ſome time entertained, and filled her with inexpreſſible delight when I aſſured her that our Edward here was the man.

Upon the ſtrength of this, ſhe conducted me to her father. I own I went filled with reſentment, and determined to upbraid him with his perfidious ſupplanting of my child, and depriving me for ſo many years of the conſolation of a mother.—But when I beheld the miſerable ſhadow of him whom I uſed to contemplate with reverence and affection; when I ſaw ſorrow and contrition deeply marked upon his countenance; and above all, when the beautiful and amiable Cecilia was ſtanding by my ſide, bathed in tears, I own my reſentments were diſarmed, and I told the old man, 'I am come to ſpeak

peace

peace to your ſoul, and to bring you forgiveneſs both from God and from myſelf.' I then related to him all my ſurmiſings, before his own uneaſineſs of mind had diſcloſed any thing of the matter, and aſſured him he might conſole himſelf with the firm belief that he would find in Edward the only, yet the certain remedy to heal his broken heart. A viſible gleam of joy brightened his countenance at theſe words. "God grant it!" ſaid he; "that young man has been long dear to me; and if he ſhould turn out to be the child I have injured, I ſhall no longer lament thoſe whom God has taken from me, but conſider this new gift as a ſign of pardon and returning favour." The eaſe that this information gave him has conſiderably recruited his ſtrength and ſpirits; and when I told him that I was coming here directly to ſearch this matter to the bottom, he determined himſelf to ſet off for Dublin the next day with Cecilia, where, I make no doubt, they now are, impatiently expecting to ſee us all return.

Edward, with ſome eagerneſs, whiſpered Mrs. Waldron, "Have you no word from her ladyſhip for me?"—"No," replied ſhe, "not a ſyllable; Cecilia's ſituation is now changed; and it will henceforth belong to your lordſhip to to beſtow thoſe great advantages which her generous and faithful heart was once willing to confer on you; and wh[illegible] I am ſure ſhe would not receive from an[illegible] hand. "Oh! that I was at her feet," ſaid Edwad, "to make offer of myſelf and all that I ſhall ever poſſeſs on earth!"

"You muſt ſoon be ſo, replied Doctor Burton; "this alliance was indeed ſometimes

talked

talked of in the country, and I for one always wished it success; but now it becomes indispensable; for the marriage seems to have been already made in Heaven." "We will consummate it on earth then," said Edward, with a smile; to which both the reverend gentlemen replied, "Amen!"

Evans now related to Mrs. Waldron all those little circumstances relative to his first finding Edward which she had not yet heard, and brought her the little frock which he had on when he first saw him. Mrs. Waldron looked at it, and wept.—"This frock," said she, "is my own work; it was one of many others which I made for my poor Lætitia against her lying-in.—Here," said she, "I could swear to the stitching of these gussets in any part of the world!" Some tender emotions which the sight of this frock, and the recollections connected with it caused, now visibly appeared in Mrs. Waldron's eyes, which Edward endeavoured to divert, by begging of her to keep the frock for the little lord whom Cecilia should in due time present her, adding, "it was a pity such beautiful work should have been so long concealed." This turn restored her to her spirits, and enabled her to spend a charming evening, when Edward sung, after supper, some delightful Scotch and Welch airs, and joined with Doctor Burton and Evans in several catches and glees; so that perhaps this was the happiest night that several of the company, though advanced in years, had ever passed. To Edward himself, it certainly was so, though far short of many which we hope fortune has yet in store for him,

and

and to the enjoyment of which we ſhall conduct him with all the ſpeed that is compatible with the neceſſity of letting the good Doctor Burton and Mrs. Waldron repoſe a little after their journey.

CHAP. LXVI.

IN the humble dwelling of Ti-gwin, there was fome difficulty in finding accommodation for all this good company who had fo unexpectedly met together. Mrs. Evans however contrived it fome how or other, packing Edward with her hufband, whom he ftill (and probably ever will continue to do) called his father, and to whom he told as he went to bed, "that he was glad of that opportunity to introduce his new coronet to his old night-cap." Evans replied, "he was forry his coronet fhould keep fuch bad company, but hoped foon to turn his night-cap into a mitre, when they would be fitter companions for each other."—Thus did thefe two deareft of friends manifeft how little they were to be intoxicated by any worldly advantages, and foon funk into that ftate which, next to death, is the greateft leveller of diftinctions, and which prefers a night-cap both to a coronet and a mitre.

In the morning the fame happy company met again to breakfaft, refrefhed with their night's fleep, and perfectly in health both in mind and body. It was determined to continue that day at Ti-gwin, and all of them to fet off the day after for Dublin, the prefence of Mr. and Mrs. Evans being neceffary to afcertain the great dif-

covery.

covery they had made. Carroll, with his attendants, was ſent off that ſame day, to be ſtill however detained as witneſſes, but with an aſſurance that no evil could happen to him, as there really did not appear in him any guilt.

And now Edward having ſome viſits which he wiſhed to pay, ordered his horſes, whilſt Evans took Doctor Burton to ſhew him his garden, which he cultivated with his own hands, and Mrs. Evans entertained Mrs. Waldron with a thouſand anecdotes of Edward's ſweetneſs from his earlieſt infancy even to that day; to which ſhe liſtened with that ſecret rapture, with which we may ſuppoſe a mother to be delighted on the firſt diſcovery of her child. Whilſt the good Mrs. Evans was thus fondly deſcanting on Edward's virtues, and particularly dwelling on his early piety and juſt ſenſe of religion, Fortune, which is always a ſlippery jade, played her a trick and ſent the little Edward into the room, to the great ſurpriſe of Mrs. Evans, who had ſtrictly charged the maid to keep him out of ſight. The child, to be ſure, looked as beautiful as any that nature ever ſent from her hand, and Mrs. Waldron who loved all children, ran to embrace it. "Whoſe is this pretty creature?" ſaid ſhe to Mrs. Evans. Mrs. Evans bluſhed, and was ſilent. The child called her grandmama.——"Oh!" ſaid Mrs. Waldron, who was quick in diſcerning countenances, "I believe, my dear madam, that our friend's ſenſe of piety and religion has not always been equally [illegible]." "It is true," ſaid Mrs. Evans; "in this one inſtance he has erred, and I believe from my ſoul in this one only. He confeſſed this to his father; as the dear youth then thought Mr. Evans; and this

little

little creature was born a few months after he left us; I took him as the memorial of my Edward, whose perfect image he is; and I intend never to part with him."—"You must part with him a few few minutes to me, however," said Mrs. Waldron, who took him up in her arms, and almost devoured him with kisses. "We cannot approve of these children, to be sure," said she; but oh, nature! who is able to resist your laws?" She then enquired about the mother, and it was agreed between her and Mrs. Evans that she should take no notice of having seen the child to Edward; she, however enquired for the servant who took care of him, and gave her five guineas to encourage her in her attention. Poor little Edward was remanded to his retreat, and the maid, who perhaps brought him into view with the very expectation which so well succeeded, went with him perfectly pleased.

In the mean time Edward arrived at the cottage in which poor Molly Price, the mother of his sweet infant resided; she had heard of his great exaltation, as indeed news so extraordinary is seldom slow in finding wings, and almost despaired that he would now bestow a thought upon her—but when he entered the door, she beheld the same sweet countenance which first won her virgin heart, and which received in return the same tribute of maiden innocence. The meeting was tender, as was suited to both their natures, and virtuous as became the relative situations in which they were both of them now placed. Molly indeed was employed when he entered, in the tenderest office of nature, suckling the little infant she had borne about two months before to her husband. Ned asked how he behaved to her, and whether she was happy? She

She replied, that no husband could behave better, that he gave her all his earnings, and that she would be as happy as perhaps any in her station could be, if she could forget—"Alas, Molly!" replied he, rather say, if you could forgive."—"Forgive!" said she, "whom have I to forgive!"—Me said Edward; "Oh! Mr. Evans!" said she, "if I do not mistake in calling you by that name, I have no complaint to make of you; it was my own heart betrayed me; and if you did wrong, I surely was alike to blame."—"The fault," said Edward, "perhaps was mutual; but to repair it as far as I can, with respect to you, must be my part." He then, sent her to fetch her husband, and with that condescending sweetness which characterized all his actions, rocked the cradle in which she had just laid her infant, till she returned. The husband, whose name was Richard Parry, was a strapping young fellow about his own age, well enough featured, and cast in that mould which nature wisely thought best suited to his condition. Edward told the young man, he had sent for him because he wished him well, and because he wished to see him and his wife together, as he knew he had had a regard for her before he had married her. Richard replied, he was not ignorant that Molly had had a misfortune, which many another honest girl had as well as she; but that she made him a good wife, and as he did every thing to make her happy that was in his power, he hoped she would be grateful, and remain true to him. Edward commended the sentiment, and added, that it should be his care to supply them with some of the ingredients which in the general opinion of the world were essential to happiness.

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He then briefly told them of his being to return to Ireland the next day, where he had the prospect of a considerable property; and that as he did not intend immediately to take the child over, he would commit it to the care of its mother, sending with it however a servant; and to enable them to do this with care, he told down fifty guineas, which he presented to Molly in the presence of her husband. Neither Richard nor Molly had ever seen so much money before at any time, and were expecting nothing less than to be the owners of such a sum; they received it with expressions suitable to their surprise and gratitude, and Edward took leave of them, promising to be still more permanently useful to them, as long as their good conduct should entitle them to his regard. From Molly's Ned went to the old veteran her father, whom he had not yet seen since his return. They had been antient friends, Ned having spent many an hour in his days of boyhood, listening to his harp, and learning from him to touch the strings himself. When old John heard that he was in the house, he inwardly rejoiced, for he loved Edward in his heart, though he could not help charging him with somewhat of unkindness for the tune he had played with his daughter. Ned made the best excuse he was able, which he strengthened by a powerful argument, similar in kind, though less in force, with that which he had used with Molly, and thus regained the friendship and good wishes of the old man.

He invited John up to the house to get his dinner and a cup of good ale in the kitchen, and ordered him to fetch his harp, which the good old soul set immediately about tuning, that he might give them a specimen of his performance. In

his way home he called upon Mr. and Mrs. Watkin, who however were abſent at their daughter Colebroke's, ſhe having lately lain in, and her firſt child, a boy was to be chriſtened. Ned was ſorry that by this accident, and his unexpected return ſo ſoon to Ireland, he miſſed ſeeing them at this time, altogether; and ſo without prolonging his ride further he went home. When he got in, he found his mother, that is Mrs. Evans, buſily employed among her trunks. The journey ſhe was next day to undertake, appeared to that good woman like a voyage to the Eaſt Indies; nor is it to be wondered at, ſince the circuit of her whole travels might be compriſed in a circle of forty miles diameter. To quit Wales therefore, was in ſome degree to her like quitting the world; and was a journey, which on her own account nothing would have tempted her to undertake; but to which ſhe looked forward with leſs dread, when ſhe reflected on the great object that was to be accompliſhed by it, and that ſhe ſhould be accompanied by all ſhe held moſt dear in the world. When Edward ſaw her preparations, he could not help ſmiling; he prevailed upon her, however, to undo all ſhe had been doing, by aſſuring her ſhe would have no occaſion for any thing but her body linen, and a couple of gowns; as all the reſt ſhe held moſt valuable ſhe would find of no uſe but to make pin-cuſhions or work-bags of; and that in future ſhe muſt look to him for all things neceſſary. He then told her he had ſeen Molly Price, and that he had determined to leave the child with her, till there was a more proper time to take it to Ireland. Mrs. Evans agreed in the propriety of this, though ſhe was determined to come back and live with it, rather

than

than want it; but Edward aſſuring her ſhe ſhould have it at her own diſpoſal, ſhe was eaſy; and having replaced all the things in their repoſitories, where many of them had lain unmoleſted for thirty years, ſhe packed up thoſe only which Ned recommended, and then went to ſuperintend the diſhing of the dinner.

Farewel ye temperate and ſimple meals, as delicious as ye were wholeſome! farewel, ye mountain flocks, able to pleaſe the palate of Apicius! farewel, ye ſavoury ſteams of toaſted cheeſe, converted to a rabbit by the power of a toaſt and nut-brown ale! This is the laſt day we ſhall be allowed to regale upon your ſimple luxuries. But often amidſt the pomp of plate, and of attendants; often amidſt the puzzling variety of unknown diſhes, ſhall we remember with regret the pleaſant though ſmall parlour of Ti-gwin, its neat though unadorned ſide-board, its hoſpitable though ſimple entertainment.

Perhaps the thoughts of this being the laſt dinner they might eat together in that room, which for more than twenty years had witneſſed the happieſt of their domeſtic intercourſe, might in ſome degree have depreſſed the ſpirits of our honeſt curate, and his amiable wife, notwithſtanding the brilliancy of thoſe ſcenes which were juſt opening to their view. But Ned, aware of this effect, called in the all-powerful aid of muſic, to chaſe away all melancholy, and having ſeated Price in a corner, ſupported by a noble flaggon of ale on his right hand, and David Morgan to help him to it on the other, and puſhing with unuſual gaiety at his own table the warming juice of Oporto's grape, ſorrow was baniſhed from all hearts; and the hours winged with joy, and beguiled by muſic, flew uncounted. Poor Price himſelf, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, was the firſt that tired, but not

till such an hour as justified all in thinking of their repose. The honest old fellow had no reason to repent his evening's entertainment; he was well paid for the amusement he afforded, and the good-natured curate lent him old Blackbird to carry himself and his harp home under the guidance of David Morgan.

In the morning two chaises, as ordered the day before, were ready at the door by eight. It was however ten before the good Mrs. Evans had adjusted all her concerns, and given the important charges she thought necessary to David Morgan's father and mother, whom she left to take care of the house; her last business was to steal up to the room in which little Edward stayed, and to water his little cheeks with her tears: but the thoughts of soon either sending for him, or returning to him, consoled her; and after being twice or thrice called for by the good curate, she at last went down, and was handed by Edward into the chaise, where Mrs. Waldron had been seated ten minutes before. Doctor Burton and Mr. Evans went in the other chaise; and Edward and David Morgan, mounted on Brilliant and Belisarius, drew up the rear.

They continued their journey without any accident, and arrived at Holyhead time enough to get a tolerably comfortable dinner before the packet sailed in the evening. About six they were informed it was time to go on board. It was dark and the weather rather squally. Mrs. Evans was frighted, and would have gladly turned back again for Ti-gwin; but Mrs. Waldron assuring her that no packet had been lost within any person's recollection, she suffered Edward to conduct her on board; and the two ladies being accommodated with one of the state rooms, they went immediately to their births together.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVIII.

IT was said of the old duchess of Bedford, that being asked on her return from Ireland (where her husband had been Lord Lieutenant), how she liked that country? she replied, "there was one good thing in it, there was always a fair wind to carry you out of it." Her Grace's assertion could not be contradicted by the experience of our present voyagers. The wind certainly blew from that kingdom and seemed determined to give them all the opposition in their approach to it, that was in its power. Edward, who was now so well accustomed to the sea, as not to be incommoded by its highest rage, as long as he was in a good ship, and had sea room, would not have minded its present turbulence, but for the terrors of all the female passengers, and the sickness with which both Evans and Doctor Burton were affected. He passed the whole night in assisting them, and indeed every person else in the cabbin, and in soothing all the ladies, whose terrors at the perpetual cry of "luff! luff!" and the thumps which the vessel received as she buffeted the waves, were often expressed in screams, which he did all in his power to compose; at length towards morning the wind abated, and grew somewhat more favourable, so that about two o'clock the next afternoon they passed the bar, and in less than an hour were landed at the Pigeon House. Here they soon

got

got a coach, which they ordered to drive to the Marine Hotel.

Edward profited by his experience in his first voyage to Ireland, so as not to be a second time taken in by the officious impostors who never fail to surround strangers on their first landing, and conducted Mrs. Waldron and Mrs. Evans, with the good curate, into the house where he got them a comfortable room and some refreshment. Mrs. Waldron and Doctor Burton went together in a coach to Lord Ravensdale's, to acquaint him and Cecilia with the arrival of Edward and the Evans's, and the happy and important discovery they had made. Edward remained with Mr. and Mrs. Evans to allow time for this communication, and that they might get themselves a little in order after their voyage, before they should be introduced to his lordship. In about an hour Lord Ravensdale's coach came for them to the hotel, and Evans and his wife were, for the first time in their lives, seated in a carriage with a coronet. Edward got in after them, and I will leave it to my readers to imagine the feelings of his heart as they turned into Merrion Square, and approached Lord Ravensdale's house. The carriage stopped and the porter opened the door. Two footmen in laced liveries were behind the carriage. Edward alighted, and handed Mrs. Evans up the steps; the good curate followed, and Doctor Burton met them in the hall. In the drawing room they were received with all the emotions of the sincerest friendship by Lady Cecilia, who took Mrs. Evans by both her hands and kissed her, and who conferred the same favour on Evans himself. The worthy curate was somewhat abashed, and endeavoured at a bow in the best style he could. Edward smiled, and just got a

glance

glance of Cecilia's eye, which dropped and trembled as it met his. He was going to approach her, when Doctor Burton whispered to him, that the old Lord wished to see him in his dressing room. "Will you come with me," said Edward? "Yes," said the Doctor; "I mean to accompany you." As he went out, Ned turned his face towards Cecilia, whose eyes again met his. The intelligence they communicated was instantly understood by both, and more expressive than any language could convey. When Edward entered the room, the old Lord rose, visibly in much emotion. Edward advanced towards him, and dropped upon one knee at his feet: the old Lord clasped him in his arms, and wept aloud. "Weep not, my lord!" said Edward, "I hoped that my return would have wiped away all tears from your eyes." "They are tears of joy," said the old man, "tears which wash away from my soul a burthen which has oppressed it for more than twenty years. Come then to my arms, my deliverer! and let me restore you to those riches and honours, of which I basely wronged you; which had well nigh brought me to perdition, but which will sit light and easy on their true possessor." "My Lord!" said Edward, "I request"——"My Lord Ravensdale!" interrupted the other, "I beseech you no longer to call me by a title which it was my shame to have been ever known by; but which I here resign with ten thousand times more pleasure than I assumed it, which truly belongs to your lordship, and which I have already taken steps to put you in the legal possession of." "How then am I to call you?" said Edward. "Call me Rivers, call me what you please, call me any thing but Lord Ravensdale." "Oh!" said Edward, "there is a

name which if you would allow me to call you by, would fill up the meafure of my happinefs, and without which all the honours and riches you are fhowering upon me, will be but fplendid mifery." "Say then what is it?" "Let me call you father. Let me lay thefe new acquired poffeffions at the feet of your charming daughter, who has long been the miftrefs of my foul, and let me have your fanction to requeft her fharing them with me." "My Lord! (faid colonel Rivers, by which name we muft in future call him) if any circumftance could increafe the fatisfaction which I feel this day, in reftoring to your lordfhip your long ufurped rights, it would be the happy alliance you have now done me the honour to propofe." Edward or rather Lord Ravenfdale, which title he from henceforth muft affume, was going to exprefs his gratitude, when the old colonel interrupted him, by propofing to go down directly to the ladies, to introduce him in his true character, and that he himfelf might be introduced to Evans and his wife. "My Cecilia!" faid he, as he entered the room, "let me prefent to you the Earl of Ravenfdale, who by coming to that title, has fomewhat abated the rank which you have been accuftomed to move in, but who, with a gallantry infeparable from a great fpirit, entreats your acceptance of a higher." Cecilia blufhed, but yielded her willing lips to the fervent kifs, which the young Earl then impreffed upon them. As all the company were now connected in the deareft ties either of friendfhip, or of confanguinity; this happy difclofure of the intended marriage was received with mutual congratulations and fervent joy. Mrs. Waldron and Mrs. Evans gazed on Edward, in whom they thought they had an equal claim, with rapture, and joined his hand to Cecilia's with the moft heartfelt

felt fatiſfaction. Indeed the marriage might have been ſolemnized on the ſpot, as there were two clergymen preſent, and all the parties were agreed, but the colonel wiſhed firſt to have the matter of the peerage ſettled. The parliament was to meet in a few days, and on the firſt day of it, Edward's claim to the title was laid before the houſe. As the whole matter had been previouſly made known to the chancellor and the other law lords, there was little difficulty afterraining it, and he took his ſeat as Earl of Ravenſdale, a few days before the Chriſtmas receſs. On that ſame day the biſhop of Limerick, who had long lived in habits of the greateſt intimacy with the Ravenſdale family, and in whoſe dioceſe the eſtate of Ravenſdale lay, went home from the houſe with colonel Rivers, in order to be introduced to the new Earl, and dined with him. Cecilia did the honours of the table, and looked like beauty itſelf. Doctor Burton had been long acquainted with the biſhop, but Evans had never ſeen him before, and was now introduced to his lordſhip by the colonel, with that eulogium on his character which it juſtly deſerved; and the biſhop received him with every token of reſpect. His lordſhip was the only perſon preſent that was not of the family; and after the cloth was removed, and a long and happy enjoyment of his titles and eſtate drank to the new Lord, who had that day taken his ſeat, he roſe, and expreſſed his deſire, that as he then really felt himſelf, for the firſt time, to be the poſſeſſor of thoſe titles, which he had been accuſtomed to revere and love in thoſe who had formerly enjoyed them, he wiſhed to crown the happineſs and juſtice of that day, by laying thoſe titles and poſſeſſions at the feet of her who had long poſſeſſed his heart, and by reſtoring to

her

her that rank in society which he had been so unexpectedly the cause of her losing. Colonel Rivers seconded the motion, while Cecilia, covered with blushes, was yet too ingenuous to invent delays, for what had been already agreed on, and which she had so often confessed to be the wish of her heart. The bishop claimed the right of performing the ceremony. "I," said his Lordship "gave her the first name, and I shall rejoice still more to add this new title to it."

Cecilia retired with Mrs. Waldron and Mrs. Evans, and a little before tea came down to the drawing room, arrayed in a simple gown of white muslin. Her lovely tresses were bound with a string of oriental pearls, and hung down her back in natural curls, glossy as the richest silk, unstained with powder, and unconstrained by the disfiguring art of the hair-dresser. The young Lord Ravensdale, in whose countenance the sweetness and modesty of Ned Evans still beamed with unaltered lustre, stood up beside her, and exhibited a person which no painter or statuary would have disdained to study, as a model of male beauty. The bishop read the service with the dignity suited to so solemn and sacred an obligation, and a little before seven pronounced that blessing, which joined in holy union two bodies, whose souls were united long before, and whom Heaven itself by its almost miraculous interference seemed to have created for each other.

No marriage that was ever solemnized seemed to give more perfect satisfaction to all concerned; the old colonel recovered all his usual gaiety and spirits; joked with Lady Ravensdale and the other ladies with a flow of humour which he had not exhibited for many years, and prolonged the festivity of the evening with the bishop and

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the two reverend gentlemen to a late hour; long after that which admitted Edward to the paradise of Cecilia's arms.

These important events being all happily adjusted, and the Christmas recess approaching, the young Lord Ravensdale and his bride wished to go down to their seat in the country, to dispense at that rigorous season of the year, the blessings which ought always to accompany the festival, among their tenants and dependants; and to enjoy, amidst the shades of Ravensdale, those raptures for which both their bosoms were formed, but to which the noise and parade of the capital were little accommodated. Colonel Rivers joined most heartily in this intention, for he was always fond of a rural and retired life, and seldom went to Dublin except when his parliamentary duties called him thither. Of these he had now taken leave for ever; for though he might command a seat in the house of commons, yet having been so long a member of the house of lords, he thought the situation would be somewhat aukward. His intention was to live in future at his own seat of Riversfield, about nine miles from Ravensdale, excepting the time he might spend with his daughter, and which her lord desired to be as much as they could prevail on him to bestow. In the disposal of their affairs they had no occasion for the interference or delay of lawyers. The Colonel surrendered all the Ravensdale estates, together with a great sum of money which he had saved out of them, to the young Lord, together with the house in Dublin and all its furniture, his horses, carriages, &c. and all the family plate. He reserved to himself his own paternal estate, which he had improved to be worth near three thousand pounds a year; and this too at his death was to go to his daughter and her children.

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The next day but one after the marriage, the whole family took leave of Dublin. Lord and Lady Ravenſdale went in their own travelling chaiſe and four, attended by David Morgan riding Beliſarius, and leading Brilliant. Colonel Rivers and Evans, with Mrs. Waldron and Mrs. Evans, went in a poſt coach which had been his before, and was now alſo Lord Ravenſdale's. Doctor Burton remained in town for a few days, but promiſed to be at Ravenſdale with Mrs. Burton and Lady Ravenſdale's dear friend Sophia, very ſhortly after they got there. At ſo late a ſeaſon of the year, the journey could not well be performed under three days. The tenants had notice of their approach, an innumerable crowd of whom met their young lord at the gates of Ravenſdale Park, and taking out the horſes, drew his carriage to the houſe. They paid the ſame compliment to the Colonel, whom they always loved, and whom they cheered with three huzzas as he got out of the carriage. The whole company ſtood a few minutes on the ſteps, where the young lord expreſſed his gratitude for the affectionate reception they had given him, and the ſatisfaction he felt in obſerving the eſteem and regard they manifeſted to their late maſter, in whoſe ſteps it ſhould be his pride and ambition to walk. He preſented to them Lady Ravenſdale, whom they had long known and revered in another character and whom they now welcomed with the loudeſt acclamations. Her ladyſhip made them a low and graceful curteſy, and they were all invited into the great hall, where a barrel of ſtrong ale was broached, which they emptied with flowing cans and ſincere hearts—to the health and proſperity of the houſe of Ravenſdale.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIX.

WE might here have cloſed this narrative, having brought the hero of it to the ſummit of earthly felicity, by means which diſcover the ſecret direction of Providence in the affairs of this world, and how his almighty hand can make the unruly paſſions of ſinful men ſubſervient to the moſt righteous purpoſes; and events ſeemingly trifling and accidental, yet in the great chain of cauſes and effects to lead to the moſt important conſequences. This indeed is a truth we have long had occaſion to obſerve ourſelves, and which we have endeavoured in this ſtory to impreſs upon the minds of our readers. Before we take our final leave, however, it may be pleaſing to ſome, to know what became of thoſe who have appeared as ſubordinate characters in this work.

Among the firſt viſitors who came to pay their reſpects at Ravendale-houſe, was Captain Nettlefield, who perhaps could not induce his proud and envious ſpirit to pay any compliment to Edward in his new character, did not the neceſſity of his affairs require it. He appeared before him with all the ſervile awe with which conſcious wickedneſs is always overwhelmed in the preſence of virtue. Edward knew his character well, and always deſpiſed it; he had himſelf received the baſeſt of injuries from him, but he nobly thought that it did not become the

Earl

Earl of Ravensdale to remember the wrongs offered to Ned Evans, and therefore shewed him a greater civility and respect than he would otherwise probably have been tempted to do, and asked him to stay dinner. Nettlefield accepted the invitation, and in the evening, when his heart had been *somewhat* warmed by a bottle of the best claret, he desired to speak to Lord Ravensdale alone. His lordship took him up to the library, where he usually sat in the morning; and Nettlefield began by professing his extreme contrition for his conduct towards him in America, which he acknowledged to be base and unmanly, but which he begged his lordship to ascribe to the effect of sudden rage, which was an unfortunate disposition interwoven in his constitution, and not to any premeditated malice, which his soul abhorred:—that besides this, which had long laid upon his mind, there was another business which made him solicitous for the honour of this interview, and which he had his father's commands to lay before him, and this was the unhappy situation of his affairs. He then entered into a detail of the incumbrances, which amounted to near ten thousand pounds, to be paid out of an estate of six hundred pounds per annum. Mr. Nettlefield concluding with stating, "that as six thousand pounds of this money was due to his lordship himself, and as there was no possibility of satisfying the other creditors without bringing the estate to an immediately sale, his father thought it his duty to make the first offer to his lordship, in which he entirely concurred, and had therefore presumed to wait upon him for that purpose."

Lord Ravensdale replied, "As to what passed between us in America, Captain Nettlefield,

field, I have long fince forgotten, as well as forgiven it; and I defire to fhake hands with you upon this fubject, and never to let a fyllable about it efcape from either of our mouths again. As for the derangement of your affairs, they give me great and real concern, as I do not fee that if your eftate is fold, there can be any reverfion adequate to the maintenance of the family." "It is true, my lord," replied Nettlefield, but there is no alternative; a fmall reverfion there will be, and I muft remain at home, and affift my mother and fifter with my pay." "I am happy to hear from your own mouth," faid Lord Ravendale, "a fentiment fo full of dutiful affection, which gives me hope that you will acknowledge the propriety as well as the neceffity of what I fhall now take the liberty to propofe to you——

"I have the honour to be the intimate friend of Mr. Grainger, the very mention of whofe name I fee covers you with confufion; his amiable and innocent daughter is no more, but a beautiful and lovely boy remains, of whom no parent out to be afhamed. If, Mr. Nettlefield, you will do juftice to the memory of that unfortunate and much injured lady, and acknowledge your child, I will find means to fave your eftate, and to extricate your father from his difficulties.

"My lord," faid Nettlefield, "I am indeed covered with confufion; I ftand before you felf-convicted, and felf-condemned. I acknowledge the unbounded generofity with which you have treated me; and I befeech you to believe that my heart is not fo depraved but that I can love and efteem virtue, though I have never yet been able to practife it. From this moment I beg leave to furrender myfelf to your lordfhip's

difpofal, entreating of you only to command me what to do, and I will do it."—" Do as you would be done by," faid Lord Ravenfdale; " there is no other command neceffary: and let me affure you, Mr. Nettlefield, that if you will make this command the rule of all your future actions, you will find yourfelf not only more refpected, but alfo much more happy than you have hitherto been." Nettlefield bowed, and withdrew.

Three years have now elapfed fince his lordfhip took poffeffion of his titles and eftates, and fince this happy union with the beautiful and virtuous Cecilia, as many lovely children have crowned thofe years, a boy to inherit all his father's virtues, and two girls, the lovely likeneffes of their all accomplifhed mother. Nor is there any reafon to doubt, but that, if Heaven fhall pleafe to fpare the parents, many more young fcions fhall arife to continue the name and virtues of the family.

Colonel Rivers is ftill living, and fpends much of his time with his daughter and her children. —The moft cordial friendfhip and affection fubfifts between Lord Ravenfdale and him; nor does his lordfhip ever take an important ftep either in public or in private life without confulting his experience.

For two years, the worthy Evans and his wife lived entirely at Ravenfdale houfe, experiencing the fame affection and the fame dutiful attention from Lord Ravenfdale that he had ever fhewn them when he thought himfelf their fon. Laft year the old vicar of the parifh died, and the bifhop immediately prefented Evans to it. It is worth a good fix hundred a year; and he bids fair to be as much loved and refpected by his congregation in Ireland, as he had ever been in

Wales.

Wales. He is at present busily employed in making great additions to his garden, which are to connect with Lord Ravensdale's pleasure-gardens, so that he will have an extensive range of the most beautiful scenery, in a manner within his own premises. The good old man continues to work himself in his garden, in which wholesome exercise Lord Ravensdale often delights to share, and assists him with the same pleasure as when he called him his Ned Evans. The old woman and her son, who had been so hospitable to him the night of his disappointment at Muckworm's he has brought over from Wales, and they now live with him. John is a stout lad of about sixteen, and he educates him for a gardener.

Mrs. Evans has assumed no new airs upon the great change in her situation; she attends as usual upon her domestic concerns, and retains that happy evenness of temper which long endured poverty without repining, and now enjoys affluence without being extremely elated. Her chief care is indeed directed to the sweet little cherub whom she calls her grandson; who lives entirely with her, and who is an exact counterpart, both in features and disposition, of what her Edward was at his age. This circumstance has endeared this child to her in an extreme degree, and she seems to have transferred to him that tenderness of maternal affection, which she felt so intensely for his father. Nothing can place Lady Ravensdale's heart in a more amiable point of view than her conduct to this child. It was by her express desire, and without her lord's knowledge, that she had him brought over from Wales, who was never more astonished than when he saw him in her ladyship's arms. It was an endearing compliment she paid him,

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when she presented the infant to his lordship, and requested him for her sake to provide for him as if he was hers. Lord Ravensdale is now in treaty for the purchase of Tregwin estate, which is worth about five hundred pounds a-year, and which he intends to settle on the little Edward.

Mrs. Waldron spends part of every year with Lord and Lady Ravensdale, but passes the summer for the most part at her own house of Glendemus. It is a charming retreat, and exquisitely convenient for sea-bathing. The children are usually sent there for a couple of months, to reap the advantage of that wholesome practice; and Lord and Lady Ravensdale usually go for them, and bring them and Mrs. Waldron back to Ravensdale house. His lordship has increased the annuity which Mrs. Waldron enjoyed, to five hundred pounds a year—a sum which is fully adequate to all her wants and wishes. David Morgan renewed his addresses to Molly Doran, and was too handsome a fellow and too advantageous a match for her, to be long in gaining her consent. Lord Ravensdale has set him up in a farm, of which he has given him a lease for his own life, and two sons, whom Molly has already borne him; and he is likely to succeed well. The old woman, his mother-in-law, lives with him, and she had last year the consolation to see her son return from America. Doran immediately waited on Lord Ravensdale, who received him as a brother warrior. He related the extreme grief of Awattahowee, when the time had elapsed for his return without his appearing: but the season having turned out very fine for hunting, and Awattahowee being uncommonly successful, he imputed it to the intercession of his

dear

dear friend Warbifheondar with the grea[illegible], and the whole nation got drunk at a [illegible] feaft of bear's broth and dog's flefh, wh[illegible] had given in gratitude to his memory. Lord Ravenfdale was well pleafed to hear this account of his friend's faithful attachment, and has placed Doran in a lucrative ftation about his own [illegible]fon. Captain Nettlefield has kept the pro-[illegible] which he made to Lord Ravenfdale, and [illegible]dged his fon Charles. His contrition [illegible] fincere, that Mr. Grainger has been [illegible] fee him, who has now built a fmall [illegible]e village of Ravenfdale, to be near [illegible]p, whom he juftly confiders as his [illegible]nd, and to fuperintend the education [illegible]andfon. Old Nettlefield died of a [illegible]troke about a year ago, by which his [illegible] daughter have been relieved from a [illegible]ffive tyrant, and they are happy in [illegible]nate attention of their fon and brother, [illegible]is reconciliation with Lord Ravenf-[illegible] entirely reformed, and endea[illegible] [illegible] and Mr. Grainger, all other [illegible] the eftate are paid off, and the [illegible] is fettled upon Charles. Under the wife and œconomical management of thefe truftees, the eftate will be clear before he comes of age; whilft an annuity is referved for the family, on which they live with much more comfort and refpectability than ever they did before.

Doctor Burton and his family are frequent vifitors at Ravenfdale houfe, where Sophia in particular fpends a [illegible] part of her time. An old attach[illegible] her and Nettlefield is fufpect[illegible] to be reviving; and if he continue[illegible]behave with as much propriety as he

he has done for these last three years, it is p[illegible]ble they may one day be united. He has [illegible] qualities to recommend him both to man and woman, to which if he could add virtue, he would be wholly unexceptionable.

And now, reader, having throughout these pages endeavoured to amuse your mind without injuring your heart, I trust I have in some degree succeeded; and that the events here artlessly related, some of which have really happened, and none of which transgress the bounds of nature or probability, may lead you to believe that the eyes of God are on the ways of men, an[d] that he spieth out all their goings; that his [Pro]vidence can, and does direct their m[inutest] affairs, though without any miraculous, [or visi]ble interference; and that (as we are assu[red by] the highest of all authorities), "thoug[h two] sparrows are sold for a farthing, yet [one of] them shall not fall to the ground witho[ut our] Father who is in Heaven."

FINIS.